

The World Civilisation of To-day
OR
The Far East and the New West.

By the same author.

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১৯১৭ খ্রীঃ অব্দে প্রথম প্রকাশিত

Well spoken of by the Indian Press

The World Civilisation of To-day
OR
the Far East and the New West.

BY
NOLINI M. CHATERJE,
Barrister-at-Law,

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GYANAT MOOKTI,

Knowledge is the salvation of mankind

Kapila.

TO MY BROTHER

ROHINI MOHUN R. CHATERJE

You have travelled and met a large variety of human beings in all stages of culture and civilisation. This book, which I dedicate to you with love and affection, will brighten your memory. *Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre.* I offer it to you to 'drink a little out of it as a seal of friendship.

PREFACE.

These pages were originally intended for publication in the *Bulletin of the Indian Rationalistic Society* of Calcutta. They remained in the bundle and nearly became the food for the moth and were just rescued from destruction on my return to India. The *Bulletin* had ceased to exist. The members of the society became spiritless, lost inspiration and gave up the search after truth in the grove of Academus. They preferred to set a reward on their tongues by going to the law Courts, the home and nurse of pleaders, in the multiplicity of law suits with a neat-herd for a juryman. In India we have men advanced in years and yet most fit to be regarded as mere children; they leap from mood to mood, their love and hate both go to ~~the~~ extremes, on whomsoever or whatsoever centred. It is all one broad farce, the people are all actors without a particle of constancy or sincerity in their nature. They live in fear and will never be free. A portion of these papers appeared in the *Moha Bodhi*, the Buddhist journal of Mr. A. Dharmapala, the eloquent preacher and writer on Buddhism.

This is the second time that I have done a daring thing; I have put on permanent record my experiences in the Far Eastern countries and the United States of America and a portion of the Dominion of Canada. The story that I am relating may be a poor thing, but it is true and my own.

There is good, there is middling, and there is more to blame in my poor book; but all books are the same:—*Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura, qui legis hic; aliter non fit, Avite, liber.* It is encouraging to an author to hear the candid opinion of a Roman writer on his own writings and on the writings of others. The Romans were great in many things; they were still greater in intellectual verity—in critical judgment, on

others and on themselves. No European race has equalled them in intellect or in intrepid criticism, self-examination and humility, but in scientific thought and achievement the European race is the successor and continuator of the Alexandrian Greeks and their works. I have often read and listened to cheap sarcasm levelled at the Asiatics, by the so-called educated Europeans, regarding lack of original thinking and scientific discovery. Modern Asiatics may be decadent but their ancestors had the list and best laugh at the progenitors of the modern Europeans, and were as brutally sarcastic for they called them barbarians.

The faculty of investigating nature, inherited from their ancient fathers, is not lost in them, it is latent and unused, and is sure to quicken in contact with modern European and American minds. In the journey of life, the European smilingly rides on the high road, leading in the train the Asiatics in gloom and despair and it is not beyond the range of possibility that on the return journey the smile will be on the face of the Asiatics. I have ascertained, through long and intimate association with Europe, the modern human truth, that natural sciences and respect for labour are the unshakable pillars which support the magnificent structure of European and American civilisations. In order to bring home the truth to my countrymen that two years ago, I travelled in Europe and made notes of my experience and had them published in the book, "*Rambles in the Evening Countries*". For some time past I had a desire to get to know the life and civilisation of the Far Eastern Countries and of the United States. My friend and companion and I had heard many reports from our countrymen and Europeans regarding the Americans and the Japanese. The stories they had to tell were sometimes agreeable, sometimes dubious and sometimes sombre but they all seemed to have looked at these races in a superficial manner, and passed judgment upon them not without national, social and political biases. Each individual regarded these peoples from his own point of

view; and in the diversity of opinions we could not come to a clear and definite conclusion in respect of these two great races. Their experiences, however, stirred in us an earnest longing for visiting the United States and Japan, to study on the spot the essential features of the American people and of the Japanese—the oriental people who in scientific knowledge have taken the leaf out of the book of the Europeans and the Americans. The Americans are the issues of the intermixture of the white races of Europe, having a permanent coloured people in their bosom; and we wanted to understand the effect of the intermingling of races on the modern American. We went to China, the object of commiseration of the white races, to understand its Spirit. China is a political non-entity in the international council. We found the Chinese affable, of gentle manners and aristocratic bearing, reduced to animal humbleness by the ignorant monks and selfish, ambitious and uninstr~~uct~~ed rulers. The Chinese entertain reverential regard for the people of India. The respect is attributable to the great name of the Buddha.

We discovered the Japanese quite different from the picture which we had formed in our minds from the description of the travellers. The Japanese are oriental to the root of their hair and manifest towards their customs and manner of living a passionate love and consideration. The European dress is limited to a microscopic portion of the population, the heaven has not changed the true nature of these people. They have a liking for the people of India, the countrymen of the Buddha, and take an interest in their well-being.

The Chinese and the Japanese have a tremendous fellow-feeling for the Hindus, but the caste system and untouchability of India keep them from approaching the Hindus, and from revealing to them the fraternal feeling which lies hidden and dormant in their breasts. The Chinese have no love for the white men or foreigners as they call them. While I was in Japan among a reticent people, a feeling came over me that the air was laden with menacing whisper of American hos-

tility to this progressive, oriental nation. I was determined to sift the matter and get the sounding of American mistrust. The Japanese cannot be turned into swabbers. They have their eyes fixed on the sky, and gaze on the sun like the erected spirits in the rabbinical heaven. The menial service is just for those human creatures who have not yet emerged from the invertebrate mental condition. China has irretrievably put its neck under the yoke of the foreigner; she is a toy in his hand. Japan, in all the East, is first to find its soul and to recognise it. The foreigners do not regard this discovery with favour. If we take, with impartiality, the conspectus of foreign diplomacy, we will find that one of its aims is to keep Japan out of the Eastern waters and to confine the navigation of her ships to her inland sea. Her population is too large and energetic for the little strip of island, menaced for all time by the burning fire of the rock-laden earth. Japan must eat and live, which is the paramount instinct of nature. Her people are hard and conscientious workers and thrifty, yet the standard of living is high. Is thrift a vice, is extravagance or exuberance of living a virtue? Japan has been, for years past, pulling and straining against the strong undercurrent of European diplomacy. Diplomacy, as an art of making agreement, or a skill in removing difficulties between nations in amicable manner on the principle of give and take, is a good thing, but when it is practised as a skill in gaining advantage by smooth words or a show of violence, it becomes an evil; for it leaves an acrid taste in the mouth of the party which suffers detriment. The world has been cut up into two main divisions, the occident and the orient. Each has its own diplomacy. The occident, mighty in sciences, has laid down the supremacy of its diplomacy, and decried the diplomacy of the orient for its elastic and sinister tendency. Is European diplomacy unbending and honest? European diplomacy dwells in deep, sunless cavern of the mind, where in cheerless mood it forms hidden plans and springs them upon the world with the innocent look of a sun-baby with its

words of song. Silent propaganda, friendly or inimical, is a branch of occidental diplomacy. Oriental diplomacy is a child's frolic, it is a ping-pong—a domestic game, and practises its skill in dynastic and individual quarrels, and cannot convey dismay outside its narrow, nursery walls. Japan, for safeguarding herself from extinction, has given up the child's diversion, and learnt at the feet of the occidentals the art of sinuous diplomacy of bluff, of setting peoples by the ears and profiting by the deal. Her adaptability to, and success in, the international game have been the *teterrima causa belli*. The world has often heard of the tyranny of the Japanese rule in Korea. I have been in this unhappy country. All countries, which are incapable of governing themselves with modern notion of the sovereignty of the people and social freedom, evoke my pity and the compassion of all civilised peoples.

The Japanese are doing ~~people~~ work in the country. Their rule is more unobtrusive and humane than the rules of many countries in the East and the West. The American missionaries had somewhat educated the Koreans, before the Japanese took over the country. But their education has turned the Koreans to politicians of intransigent type. They have become irreconcilable nationalists, desiring to return to the old, ignorant and superstitious rule of their ancestors who had sapped the foundations of life and dragged the country through unspeakable, human miseries to lifeless condition. The Koreans have not the large and magnanimous heart of the Chinese or of the Japanese. They know India to be the birth place of the Buddha, but evinced no feelings towards the Indians. They are neuter in mind and intellect, and have no depth of belief in any system of religion, and their faith in the religion of the Buddha or in Christianity is like a running stream, turning and twisting in its course, finally losing itself in the sands.

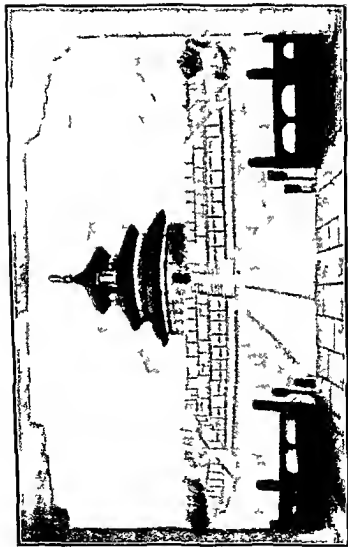
When we started for America, without an introduction, without a name in the world, not even the newspaper pat-on-the-back which is a passport to fame, honour

and dignity, our hearts misgave us that a wretched prospect was before us. The imaginary spectre of troubles and difficulties vanished from our view, and the prospect opened with the gorgeousness of the morning sun in summer. A cultured and kindly man, a delegate from the Foreign Department of the Chamber of Commerce greeted us on landing at Seattle, and gave us an unprecedented and unparalleled introduction to the wealth and influence of the City.

The foreign department of the Chamber of Commerce made our path easy by giving introduction to other commercial bodies in other States, enabling us to get to know men of weight and importance in the country, even so, the fellow passengers in the train recommended us to their friends in business and industries. They expressed their esteem for the ethics and philosophy of India, they harbour kindly thoughts for the advancement of its people, and wish to see India carry on its life with honour and dignity, unimpeded by the untouchability and religious discord. Their sentiments were so amiable that even the heart of Mr Gandhi would have been touched. His name is respected even by a school boy and negro shoe shiner. The tradesmen, the commercial magnates and the great industrialists have neither the time nor the inclination to give themselves up to politics. They have been so natural and frank that we were let a good deal into the secrets of their domestic and foreign politics. The lawyers take to politics, who do not command the respect of the majority of the electors and are looked upon as big children and merry andrews. The country, on the whole, is not proud of its foreign politics and the policies in regard to the Asiatics. Some of the lawyer politicians sneak into English manner of thought and ways, but an ape is an ape for all he wear golden trappings—*Simia simia est, otiansi aurea gestet insignia*. The people guard the domestic policies with jealous care and do not let the politicians tamper with them. The jews, for their adaptability to modern conditions of life, their submissiveness

and oriental colour, and genius for making money are not disliked. The negroes enjoy ample 'consideration and freedom in daily life and in politics. They have been rapidly brought under the influence of civilised and modern environment and manner of living ; and the constitution of America, rich in noble and humane conceptions of liberty and freedom and equal opportunity for all, has profoundly affected the coloured people. They have found out that the divinity in man is the moral and intellectual qualities of conceiving great thoughts and doing great deeds in the cause of the human race, and have just begun to get a glimpse of it in themselves. Physical characteristics and features change with painful slowness, but they do undergo modification under better climatic conditions and superior environments and commonsense breeding. The negroes in America, by reason of their situation, have changed for the better from the same races inhabiting Africa. The negroes are not admitted to the table and other social functions. They should not complain of the embargo placed upon a portion of their free life in the country. The contempt and revulsion of freeing of the Brahmins of the *Rig Veda* against the black races in India has been inherited by the Europeans and Americans. From the ethical point of view the feeling is regrettable ; but it stares us in the face and mankind has to submit to what it can not help and make the best of a bad bargain. Europe is unaffected by the onerous condition of harbouring a vast black population within its confines. A few who reside in Europe for education are not precluded from exercising the human right of eating in the hotels and restaurants. For sordid political reasons the negro chiefs have been invited to the highest social functions, who in ordinary affairs of life are kept at a distance and away from the parlours of the society. The Americans have not the African chiefs to deal with, and are logical and straight about it ; and it comes about that although the bar is placed across the path in this regard, the coloured people enjoy the fullest political rights. The Americans are not angels,

none of the races of the world are the inhabitants of paradise, where fabulous beings with spreading wings flit and glide in balmy, fragrant air, embracing and kissing each other in flights. It seems that the Hindus are inscrutable to the Americans. Their philosophy and social life and conduct are strangely contradictory. The priestly class, like the monks in China and Korea, are affected with cretinism. In spite of all the defects of the Hindus, which militate against their advancing liberal ideas, the Americans are well-affected toward the Hindu people. There is, on the face of it, a consensus of opinion in favour of the law against spirituous drinks. Throughout our journey and a long sojourn in the States, we did not perceive the faintest reek of alcohol in the air. There was no drunkenness, no street brawl, no foul language and none of that painful and ugly spectacle of women in drink. This poor earth is filled with congenitally wicked people, who are taken in by the school boy, immature phrase—one can not turn a person moral by legislation—and beat the big drum of opposition. Canada, in many respects, follows the liberal movements of the United States; and it will be cleaner and more spiritual if it could only be courageous to banish alcoholic drinks from the land. The people of Canada are friendly to the Americans and wish to continue to be neighbourly. American good will and friendship are eagerly sought after by all the nations of Europe. Will it be wise for the Asiatics to foster or estrange the kindly sentiment of this nation? America is rich in men, money and intellect. She is ever increasing in strength in all directions. Her destiny is clearly to lead the world in international amity and spirituality. No nation can be discourteous to her with impunity. It will be an act of madness on the part of India to defy American opinion so friendly to it, and to cast to the winds the fraternal advice. Is India to stand for eternity a shadow of a mighty name, and is her history to have for ever its tears?



The Temple of Heaven Peking

THE WORLD CIVILISATION OF TO-DAY. OR THE FAR EAST AND THE NEW WEST.

S. S. SADO-MARU.

This is a boat belonging to the fleet of *Nippon Yusen Kaisa*. I am travelling to the Far East across the world. I will traverse thousands of miles by sea and

ERRATA.

Hornbeck—Dr Stanley K —316, 317 321, 322, 323, 324

On Page 27, 2nd para — 'The Mandarins decked, etc.'
This paragraph should follow the paragraph ending with the words
'beyond its pale' on page 32

On Page 29, 2nd para — 'It was about 40 years ago, etc.'
This paragraph is to come after the 2nd paragraph on page 27

... up the heavens, and the boisterous sea sub-
sided into stillness and serenity. They were honoured
by the Greeks for their fidelity to each other.

Wali-ul-Huq has been unswervingly affectionate and
faithful to me, for over a decade. His has been a classic
faithfulness. One has to ransack the mythologies of the
ancient pagan countries to find a character similiar to his.
Sado-Maru has made history. She took an active and
prominent part in the naval action against Russia in the
Russo-Japanese War. She won the victory. The fire
and brimstone, which she had belched forth in her belli-
cose days, do not defile the calm, restful atmosphere of
her avocation now. We two inoffensive and unwarlike,

" Siamese twins, " the shining light of Ind, may shed knowledge, enlightenment and concord among the battling spirits whom we meet with on the deck of this steamer. Here on board, Scotland, England, America and Japan jostle one another in friendly rivalry. One breathes, lungful, the air of civilisation and self-respect and consideration for others' comfort and convenience. One enjoys the delectable sensation and pathos of at-homeness and the charm of Far Eastern manners and etiquette. The most modern Japanese, none could be more *de siecle* than the sailors and the merchants abroad, is a happy *blending of the best of the occident and orient*.

Their women are free and without veil. They look dainty, almost fragile, but they give birth to heroes. Japanese etiquette at the meeting and introduction of their women is pleasing; it is winsome. They make three low bows in a perfect artistic way. The pose is graceful. This ceremony is hygienic. They do not kiss or shake hands, and thus save the community from harmful microbes and contagion. The elegance of it excels the gracefulness of the Europeans and Americans. They are not austere or rigid in social communion like the Europeans and the Indians. The ship lay tranquilly in the Kidderpore docks. A few kind friends took the trouble to drive down to wish us bon voyage. Shrafudin Husan and his cousin Mahmood, Sibcharan Roy and Rashmohan Roy and their young compatriot of Shillong, and Virumull Lilaram had already ensconced themselves in the steamer waiting for our arrival. Shrafudin is a lion cub, " dear to sire and kind to child, " and like all lion cubs has an ambiguous temperament and nature. He made all plans and preparations to join us in our wanderings, but they were brought to naught. Some sort of social ceremonies came in the way of the realisation of his desire. Social customs, however ridiculous and purposeless they may be, bend our backs and interfere with our generous aspirations and exalted instincts. Sibcharan and

Rashmohan are rugged children of the mountains. They are loyal and stout-hearted friends. Their natural environment has turned them out robust in character. Virumull is a mild and generous Hindu and has a zephyr nature. He covered me with flowers and garlands. It is sweet to have such recognition; but the witchery of it is gone; for it has been degenerated into a meaningless rite. Ramendra Maulik came up to the gangway and was last to leave. The ship was hospitable. We could give a cup of tea and 'delicious cakes to some of our friends, who stayed to tea. Ramendra left soon after the gong for dinner was struck. Ramendra is a young man with large and liberal views. He is a missionary, as all cultured young men should be, and preaches his wide and progressive ideas among his backward countrymen. He is too outspoken for the diplomatic and secretive world.

The dinner menu was typed on artistic paper. It acted as an appetiser, and we felt the keenness of appetite. There is an enormous list of courses to select from. The *chef de cuisine* is a true artist in his department. He keeps the table better and more varied than his confreres in other liners. The Japanese are so gay, communicative and sociable that Wali-ul-huq threw off his natural reserve and philosophic mood. He began to crack jokes and mingle in the gaiety of the passengers. We have two berth cabins. They call these state rooms. They are spacious for the elbows to move round, and are all built on the upper deck. We have in our midst a cultivated young Indian-born Englishman, who has taken to music for his profession. He is quitting India for want of appreciation of the noble civilising craft of an artist. It is a shame that India could not keep a man of refinement and talent in ease and comfort. In India, the Europeans and Indians do not possess an artistic sensibility or a rhythmic nature. They are not truly civilised. Money making has taken the sunshine out of their hearts. This young man is going to try America: I hope the Ame-

ricans will have the good sense to retain him as a civilising influence among them. The Scotsman on board is going to Shanghai to set up a jute mill on behalf of a Japanese company, and he will cross over to Japan to put up a second mill. He regrets that the inhabitants of Bengal do not start jute mills of their own. He says that the Bengalees do not trust one another. The distrust is the cause of their stagnation in industry and commerce. I told him that the Indians are gobe-mouches and ziska drums in politics. They scalp each other with tomahawks, like the old red-Indians, to gratify their foolish, low passion which they have not been taught to discipline. Blood feud is in their nature. It is a sign of a low type of civilisation.

Voltaire once said that by chastisement, ridicule and raillery he cured the French of their religious superstitions, and liberated them from the tyranny of the priests and inspired them with self-respect. The Middle East has the skin and brain of the rhinoceros. They are impervious to intellectual flagellation. No amount of reasoning and coaxing will stir them up or lead them out of the beaten track of immemorial time. A Japanese, he is the Burra Sahib of his firm, for he was garlanded by a knot of Marwaris who came on board with him, in opening a conversation bluntly told me, that India is scrapped and lost in the intellectual and political world, owing to its senseless adherence to the caste system and untouchability and gross ignorance, illiteracy and superstition. Every other man played on the same string. The ship's doctor sat near me like Patience on a monument and answered my queries regarding the system of education in Japan. They have four State universities and two private universities. A student of medicine has to take a seven years' course. It is the German system of medicine and surgery which is followed. For a medical student the German language is compulsory. In the secondary schools the English language is obligatory, as it is useful for trade and

commerce. The French language is getting obsolete in the Far East. The French themselves are becoming effete in commerce and industry. It will be a pity if the French language is elbowed out of modernism into classicism, and merely confined to France. The Japanese people are a practical minded race. They hate logic chopping, verbal quibbles and long syllogistic arguments. One of them said to me and Wali-ul-huq that the Bengalees are "too logical" with their eternal "because." What this man meant was that the Bengalees are fondly addicted to argumentation and excuses. The words within the inverted commas are his own. The Indian mind has got into a twist. It should make strenuous efforts to free itself out of the narrow groove.

We reach Rangoon on the 3rd of March, to-morrow. The ship will stay long enough to give us time to look about the city and its neighbourhood, without rush and bustle. I will write again from Singapore.

Before weighing anchor at Kidderpore Docks, the doctor came in with the solemnity of a churchwarden for the examination of the passengers. A stout middle aged lady, who was pointed out as lady doctor, followed the male Aesculapius with the air of a grave digger. We had to exhibit our tongues to the Medical Officer. The Japanese stewardess was horrified at the sight of the formidable parade of the organs of human speech. When her turn came round, she felt scandalised, and reluctantly put out the little wagging thing, which bears on it the honey and the sting of the bee, for the observation of the Port Health Officer. She seemed to have got a shock, for it was long before she again appeared on the deck. The "medicine woman" gravely watched the proceeding. The English Police Officers who came to check the passports and incidentally to nab an anarchist or a Bolshevist were cheerful and vivacious. Their sprightly and nimble talk dissipated the gloom which temporarily hung over the ship. I gave away the garland and the

bouquet of flowers to the more sparkling of the two officers, with a request to present them to his wife. He thanked me and took these home to his family. He soon returned to the ship to thank me on behalf of his spouse. This punctilio, the outcome of good breeding and refined environment, calls forth kindly feelings for humanity. We have fourteen Buddhist priests travelling with us. Two of them are quite ancient. Their religious zeal and the immense love, they bear to the memory of the greatest of teachers, induced them to cross divers seas and lands, to render homage to the land of the birth and of the attainment of Nirvana of the most charming personality in the history of mankind. The most rational and practical scheme of life is framed within the system and teachings of Buddha; yet in Japan there are thirteen sects of Buddhists carrying on constant contentions among themselves, and imposing dogmas upon their followers. It is the inordinate vanity of the teachers of religions, which creates dogmas and disturbs the peace of mind of the uneducated followers. The Master was restful; his acts and words are clear and shining, nevertheless, the empty pride of the overweening self conceit of his disciples turned and twisted them to fit in with their modest intellect; and in consequence, brought in discord and disunion among mankind.

The Christian and Hindu religions are split up into numerous antagonistic sects bewildering and nauseating *to persons of clear mind and sound education*. It is the intellectual charlatanism that has transformed the true and simple ethical systems into the cold and fetid charnel-houses of dogmatic religions. In politics and religions, the ignorant conceit of man has caused disruption and misfortune to human society. We have theurgists en masse, even in these days of enlightenment. Science is derided and satirised by the vulgarians of the world. Scientific men are often burlesqued by them as mad men; but the intellectual fopdoodles forget the truth which lies

buried in the expression, *qui ne sait pas être fou n'est pas sage*; it takes a wise man to make a fool. They forget that the world we live in, its wonderful development and achievements, is entirely the creation of the scientific brain. I have advised the priests to get rid of the schisms, and to combine into one powerful national body. They have invited me to visit them in their University at Kyoto. The elderly priests are assiduous in the devotional prayers. In the morning, they stand facing the sun, utter in silence their prayer, and clap the hands three times. The sea has been as smooth as glass. We went down to a sumptuous dinner. After gratifying the primal instinct of nature, we all trooped upstairs on the deck; and in an instant the healthy and buoyant youths of Japan burst into musical mood and spun round the deck to the rag time tune of the occident. They are a witty people, full of humour and exceedingly affable and sociable. We meet with Europeans and Americans of poor mental fibre; who look sour and crabby like a bear with a sore head. In the Japanese youths, even in their wild enjoyment, one cannot discover the least trace of the vulgarity of a backwoodsman. Even so the aged priests insinuate themselves into the spirit of joviality of the young and throw themselves into the full swing of the joyousness and amenities of life. What a contrast between these fine men and the Christian, Hindu and Mahomedan priests! The Europeans and the Americans think and brood over the prestige and let the ease and naturalness of life slip through the fingers. They make life graceless and prevent the enjoyment of full and square living in social communion. Life constructed upon amiable natural civilisation is worth more than a groat of the civilisations of the politicians and theologians or of the civilisation of the golden calf. If the life on this ship is the foretaste of what I am going to get in Japan, it will fully compensate the sacrifice in money and trouble.

Rangoon.—In the afternoon of the 3rd, the ship rode on the broad river and lay alongside the wharf. The doctor and the police officers boarded the steamer. In the latter group, there were two Indian police officers of the great and powerful Sikh community. They looked solemn and glum. Their sombre looks were galling to us all. They show the stamp and the clog of the slaves on their features. Even the dark Eurasian fellows, who examined the passports, had gay looks on them. The whole affair passed off almost in a jiffy, and we stepped on shore and hired a taxi cab for a look round the city. We visited the two fine lakes—the Cocaine lake which is at a distance of 5 miles from the city, and the Royal lake within the ambit of the city. This country luxuriates in pagodas built on knolls. The religion of Sakhya Muni is perverted into image worship. All around the temples, one meets with images of men and animals of monstrous appearance. The man, who revolted against the image worship of the decadent Brahmins, has in his turn become the object of worship, being carved on wood and stone by his degenerate followers.

The Burmese word for pagoda is Phai. The big one is really a work of art. It contains over a hundred images of Buddha with Mongolian features. From the main thoroughfare to the place of worship, it is a pretty long climb of steps. On both sides of the passage, it is a sort of tunnel, there are rows of shops mostly kept by women. The top of the hill had been planed and the temples of different magnitudes were constructed round the circumference. One has to remove every species of footwear, shoes or boots and socks or stockings, before gaining entrance. They burn sticks of incense in front of the images and offerings of flowers are made to the spirit of Buddha. It is a fair sight. The women sit on clean mats holding a bunch of flowers swaying it from right to left, and bend low, almost touching the ground. The men hardly sit down, they make a low

bow in front of the image in the well of the temple. The Burmese make you take off your boots and socks and walk barefoot, but they think it a slight circumstance, a mere bagatelle, to smoke long, stout cigars in the premises. The custom is inexplicable. The Hindus visit the temple with offerings. They worship a man who knew no distinction between man and man, who turned down the castes and emancipated man and woman, whose universal love was limitless, who never uttered an unkind word to the worst of miscreants; yet these pretenders keep to the caste, which is an insult to God and humanity; which has ground the Hindu race to powder and paste. It is an acme of hypocrisy. Cultivated minds are baffled and chilled by this rude and rustic contradiction.

In the Pagoda we saw two Chinese ladies with the most diminutive of feet. They were dressed in trousers, wide at the ankle, and coat and shoes made of high class silk. They are of medium height; and look very pretty in this dress. They walk with labour and hobble with the ugliest of gait. The painful and hideous trot gave us the turn. If it is beauty, the powers of heaven help the Chinese. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*, is that it? An American party consisting of two ladies and a man came on board at Rangoon. They are bound for Java, transshipping at Singapore. They have travelled in Europe and Constantinople and found Constantinople quite settled down to normal conditions of life and business. They have gold in their purse and some brains in the cranium. It is a rare combination. The man is bursting with vanity and self-importance, like Balzac's characters, the doctors Bianchon and Crevel, looking superior and proud. The ladies appeared shy and uncommunicative and were pleased to remain in the seclusion of their own little narrow circle. The society of the Orientals does not appeal to them; moreover it seems to wither them, as the flowers

that fade in the close air of the mean confine of a room. Two young Englishmen, who accompanied the pilot, brought the morning freshness with them which wafted over the drooping reticent women, expanding their hearts and loosening their tongues. The languishing willows looked up, cool and vigorous; but on their departure, they plunged into the sad anti-social life. The young fellows had a good time of it, dancing with the Japanese boys and making themselves agreeable to all.

The ponies in those parts are sturdy beasts and trot with remarkable swiftness. Burma has abounding resources. It is rich in rice, cotton, lead, oil and precious stones such as rubies. In certain parts of the country they have had a peep of gold. The country lay asleep for a thousand years, and had remained untouched and unexplored until the energetic and living races from the West, with adequate knowledge, pried into its secrets; and made it yield them up for the benefit of mankind. Our ship took in a thousand tons of rice, eight hundred tons of lead and the same quantity of cotton. The Burmese are a lazy, happy-go-lucky people. The male portion are fond of smoking big cheroots, and seek rest and pleasures; the women work in an indigenous indolent manner.

Rangoon is more of an Indian city than Burmese. It is completely overrun by the Indians and Chinese. The small skiffs plying on the river, they call "Sam-pans." They are of singular shape. The poop and the forecastle are turned upwards. They are quaint and look similar to the gondolas in Venice. The boatman, standing on the stern, sculls it along. The boats are manned by folk from East Bengal. The hackney carriage drivers come from the United Provinces, the porters are all Tamil men. They are dirty and ill-clad. The traders and merchants hail from Bombay Presidency. The invasions of clerks and lawyers come from the fecund soil of Hindu Bengal. There is a large

store owned by a Burmese Company. It has a sale on. The management attracts crowds of customers with music and the soft cadence in the voice of a Burmese lady, singing to the accompaniment of a violin and a piano. The lilt fascinates the Burmans. Outside the premises, the Burmese musicians play the native air announcing the sale. The sale price is quite as high as in the sales in European shops. I believe all sales are a fake and a glittering dust in the eye. They are invented by men with a profound acquaintance with human nature, specially female human nature. Human beings burn with the desire of acquiring articles at a cheap price, and have a longing for more things; these sales encourage this frailty.

It is not the case of "man wants but little here below." Greed is rooted in our nature. It is the memorial of our animal ancestry. Development of intellect is the only cure for it. Intellectual man is of simpler habit than the man of undeveloped intellect. First class phaeton charges Rs. 1-4 per hour. Second class (close carriage) 4 annas per hour for one fare. In the evening we gave a surprise visit to our friend Mr. Salah Tyabji; when we invaded him in his office room, he was seized with wonder; we could have knocked him down with a feather. Our friend is a politician of the English type—stern and unbending. He is a man in business, generous and hospitable and of liberal and progressive views. He made prisoners of us both, and carried us off to his sister and cousin in their nice comfortable home, looking out on the race course. We were not allowed the breath to squeak a protest. He drove us in his pony trap. We were ushered into the verandah and introduced to his sister Mrs. Sarifah Hamid Ali; Mr. Hamid Ali is a member of the Indian Civil Service. We were also presented to Mrs. Akhterunnissa Tyabji, and his cousin Mrs. Safia Jahir Ali, the daughter of our great Budruddin Tyabji. They gave us a cordial

welcome. The ladies speak English wonderfully well, but preferred to converse with us in Hindusthanee. Mrs. Sharifa is a delightful talker and a charming politician. She has remarkable grasp of world politics and is a sincere social reformer. All of them are singularly broadminded, and passionately adhere to the old culture of Hindu-Moslem India. In social and table etiquette there is a manifest theological leaning. In some of the expressions used by them one detects theological seasoning. They become too pious in the ordinary social use of words. In a country where men are not rational on the subject of faith and belief, who cling to the letter of the law of religions, and pompously make a display of them, it will be superfluous and strange to expect rationalism in the womens' thoughts and actions. The Hindus need it more than the Mussalmans. The Hindus make themselves objectionable to every body all round. They are fretful and uncompanionable owing to the wicked notion of touchability and untouchability.

On this vessel all the passengers regret and openly object to this unfeeling conduct of the Hindus. With the orthodox Hindus no race of men can have friendship and fraternity. The caste makes them unsociable. The Hindus will ever remain completely isolated from the bigger and the more vigorous world. Mrs. Tyabji and Mr. Jahir Ali took us on the lake in their boats in the moon light, and as we glided on the vast sheet of pellucid water under the mellow light of the moon, we were listening to a fine strain of music, floating weirdly over the waters of the lake. It was the military band that seduced the air with the sorcery of its tune. The ladies honoured us with a visit on the ship and seemed pleased with its perfect appointment. They entertained us at their hospitable board, and after a luxurious repast we bade adieu, *Khōda Hafeez*, in the most friendly manner. Freedom of association and commensality bring people together and fasten them with the tie of

friendship and common progressive ideas. The young Buddhist priests and their acolytes mourned over the caste system, and wondered why Buddhism has disappeared from the land of its origin and growth. One of the reasons was, that the populace that turned Buddhists in the remote ages were originally image worshippers and were oppressed by the caste system. Buddhism, in its pure form, released them from the heavy load. Centuries afterwards the Buddhists began to deify Buddha, and made images of him and laid prostrate before them. The Brahmins, who were ever on the watch, caught these people on the vulnerable part, and in a psychological moment proclaimed Buddha an incarnation of God, and installed him in the Hindu pantheon, thus enabling them to coax the people to return to the old fold with this new God. The populace, being of the same race and country, gradually slithered back into decadent Brahminism which Buddha by his bold, free and rational thought and teaching had suppressed and nearly killed. I told them that no man or woman could be a true Buddhist who believes in a deity with human endowments, or with the attributes which man himself conceives to be of the best. Buddha's system is a practical plan of life, qualified by the natural instinct of kindness and love. It is a system which the biologist would gladly accept. They inform me that in Japan there are three religions working together more or less in harmony. The Buddhists compose the largest portion of the population. Shintoism comes in the middle, Christianity is the smallest community. As they are not encumbered by caste, they live in close social and political relations. They are all inspired in equal and intense degree by the love of the mother-land. The Imperial Government for some years past have been supporting Shintoism but it is not a State religion. The Japanese during the last 35 years have been receiving purely secular education with the result that they have grown up without religion and philo-

sophy; but with the fervent love of and noble sacrifice for the country. The Buddhists' hierarchy has recently set its mind to introduce philosophy into Buddhism, transplanting it from India and China. The priests with whom we are travelling are amiable men of acute understanding, of cheerful disposition and delicate handsome manners.

Our ship is carrying a dozen Indian deck passengers to Singapur. The Hindus lie and walk about in bare body; the Musalmans cover their bodies in *Kurtah*. The Hindus appear to the Japanese a race without self-respect and almost savage. The Mussalmans seemed to possess self respect and decency and the Japanese feel a respect for them. I wonder when you will be able to knock the idea of self respect into the head of these Hindus. The priests and myself had a discussion on Jainism and the illogical position the followers of this sect of Hindus hold in the intellectual world. They would not eat a morsel of food after the sun goes down for fear of taking life. Their ignorance is gigantic and reeling. They should be told that there are insects invisible to the eyes which settle on the food and are eaten with it. Even so one breathes in through the nostril and the mouth. These infusorias have as much life and activity as any big animals. So at every instant of our life we are killing lives. After the battle of Kurukshetra, Yudhistira, sickened by the terrible carnage and the stream of human blood, made up his mind to forego the throne, to retire in the forest living on fruits to avoid taking life. His wife and brothers, with the wonderful knowledge of the world and irreproachable reasoning, pointed out to him that even the fruit contained in it the minute and microscopic organisms which the naked human eyes could not see; and it would be impossible to escape the sin of killing. The rational argument prevailed, and he occupied the throne and led a rational life. Upon this the priests told me that there is a sect of priests in Japan numbering about

one hundred heads who eat two meals a day—once in the early morning and again before midday. These abnormal people are troubled by a like fear. It is a queer world we live in. These messengers of antiquated doctrines ignore that the air we breathe is full of organic life and that the space in the universe is not azoic. The Americans who came on board at Rangoon gave Waliul-hug a lot of information in regard to America. One can live, according to him, well and cheaply in the Y. M. C. A. or in Commercial hotels from two to three dollars per day for a room; and if one takes his meals outside, the cost is between thirty and forty cents for each meal. It is something to hold on to; whether we shall be able to profit by this advice will depend upon the circumstances when we arrive in America. The weather is insufferably hot. It rains frequently in the Straits. It is not the driving rain of India but short and sharp showers; it cools the air as long as it lasts.

Singapur.—We started on our course over the calmest of calm waters in the afternoon. The captain, aided by the engineers, is making headway for Singapur. The pilot, amazingly rotund, *des joues bouffies*, took us out on the sea. He is rather irascible, and flung out at his young assistant a swear word and a curse, while climbing down the rope ladder on to his boat pulled by tawny coloured, burly Tamil sailors. He was safely landed in his vessel, standing peacefully on the mouth of the river. His assistant piqued at his angry words asked him not to shout. There the little episode ended, so far as we were concerned. What arguments and heated controversy they had between themselves over a peg of whisky in the house-boat, we shall have to consult the spiritualists and the clairvoyants for our knowledge. The sea has been fatiguingly dull and uninteresting. I might as well have crossed the sea in a bowl. But wanting in the wisdom of the three wise men of Gotham, I would not attempt the adventure. The sea is as fickle and inconstant as

the 'daughter of Eve or the opportunist politician. We reached this place at the break of dawn; and within a few minutes of its arrival, the cranes and winches were at work and raised a pandemonium. The infernal noise, as if hell were let loose, woke us up from our slumber. We slept on the deck en *plein air* on exiguous cane chairs, supplied by the company. It is a thoughtful innovation. The European vessels are not considerate in this respect. They compel the passengers to cart their own chairs. We get very good rest. We sleep more happily and better than the American millionaires and mushroom aristocrats, who keep up a constant growl and snarl at the supposed poverty or mediocrity of the conveniences of life. We waited submissively for the pompous advent of the pass-port officer. The ubiquitous Sikh was at his elbow and followed him like Mary's lamb. He stands or sits by the side of the officer as a deaf-mute, sombre, dreamy, without a shade of humour or a happy look on his face. He is the solemn picture of the stupendous tragedy of his race. Nature must have carved out the Indian races from the black Carpathian rocks. The permit to land was stamped on the pass-port, and we were sent out cleansed of all the impurities and wickedness of an imaginary felon. The theological owls with their constant 'tutu' and the political red-wings with bright feathers are hooting and crying aloud for trust and confidence among nations; and this is the way they act and behave to bring about the wished-for end. The method is tortuous and full of guile and suspicion. At every port the passengers are supposed to be misdemeanants and criminals, until the blessed pass-port is exposed to the scrutiny of the officer. The lawyers have a phrase, if one comes to the court of equity he must come with clean hands. Lave and cleanse your hearts of mistrust and eradicate the evil of proud dominance before preaching the virtue of goodness and friendship and international kindredship. Horace has said somewhere "If thou

wishest me to weep, thou must first shed tears thyself." Let the moral teachers remember this saying big with inward meaning. All the religions of the world have glared obliquely with red eyes at one another and caused broil and confusion among mankind. The Japanese for the last fifty years have been reared upon secularism and rejected religious faith and belief and cloud-weaving philosophy. In spite of this daring mental feature and confident conviction, they are as fine a race of people as any in the world. They have not quarrelled over religions, nor persecuted men for religious belief nor burnt people at the stake. They are a wonderfully happy and cheerful people, with an affluence of self respect and an abundant sense of duty.

Singapur is a delightful city. Its wide, clean and smooth roads and simple architecture are pleasant to the artistic eye and sense. Its Botanical gardens are one of the most beautiful things one can ever desire to see. They claim engaging attention. Its situation on an upland, with numerous undulations, covered with beds of finely tinted flowers and gorgeous plants, affords a vision of an enchanted place, fit for ethereal spirits to flit in the midst of the shades and colours, and Ariel like to lie on the cowslips' bell and honeysuckles. They cheer, and have an urbane influence upon the mind of persons of refinement ; the impression lasts. But can it permanently affect *l'esprit saugrenu*? Nature study and its appreciation are a few of the grandest and sweetest experiences of life. They call forth, from the depth of our nature, the feeling of the oneness of the universe. We must have the real training to subject ourselves to the spell of nature's wizard. From Constantinople to the extreme end of Hindusthan, one fails to observe the genuine love and taste for the flowers. The Hindus cull flowers not for their own moral, aesthetic and spiritual elevation but for the gratification of the aesthetic sense of the gods. It is the vicarious way of enjoyng the elegance

and beauty of life. The owls do not love the enchanting hues of flowers nor do they care for light and air. They prefer to hoot in the dark and in the stillness of the night. The man who loves flowers rises from the feast of life cheerfully ; and is never insignificant and ill-tempered.

From the wharf to these gardens it costs between 2 and 3 dollars in an automobile. There are two excellent hotels, overlooking the sea and a well kept common. We visited the hotel D'Europe and the Raffle's hotel. In one we had cool drinks and in the other we took our tea. The waiters are mostly Chinese dressed in trousers and coat buttoned up to the neck. They wear shoes and socks, not like the Indian waiters with naked feet. The Police constables are partly Sikhs and partly Malaysians. The Sikh, ever with his morose countenance, preserves law and order in the country. The Malaysians have genial faces. The ginrickshaw men and porters or coolies are nearly all Chinese. They are clad from the neck to the ankle. The dock labourers are chiefly Chinese with a sprinkling of Tamil men, some of whom work at rubber plantations and some carry on the sweeping and scavenging work.

The rickshawmen are clad from the neck to the ankle. They keep their feet bare. The Chinese women cover their bodies well ; it is due to self-respect and a sense of decency. It is the South Indian men and women who are employed as sweepers. What malevolent fate dogs their steps ! Even in a foreign land, liberated from the crushing oppression of the ignorant and imbecile priesthood of the country of their birth, they have to bear the same infamy and reproach of carrying on the foul and unclean occupation. " The Indian does this work," says the Chinaman. What a compliment to the Brahmins and the touchable classes. The Chinaman knows no difference between a touchable Indian and an untouchable Indian. He thinks that the Indians make either policemen or *Dhangars*. If ever the Chinese come

into their own, I believe, they will try to get all the starved and half-starved classes of Indians to do the cleaning and sweeping of the streets and cesspools of China. Their own men can do the police work quite efficiently and suavely. Wherever I turn, I find the Indians doing the dirty jobs. The Moghul rulers had employed these poor and depressed classes for the foul and ignoble occupation, but had the good sense to give them a respectable name. They called them *Mehthers*, which means "chiefs." The Brahmins and other high class Hindus, puffed up with their so-called spiritual civilisation, have not had the common humanity and prudence to bestow on them a decent designation. The law of degeneracy is nature's ukase of destruction and it has reached the Hindus.

It is curious that the Japanese priests know nothing of the Brahmins as a class ; the only thing they are aware of is that the Hindus are divided up into innumerable castes, and that politically and socially have made *hara-kiri* of themselves. The rickshawmen charge 52 cents. for an hour's drive and 13 cents. for quarter of an hour. Rice and rubber and timber are the three chief products of the country. The municipality is very efficient. The streets are swept clean, even the poor quarters are not mean. In this part of the world one does not come across the regiment of overseers and sub-overseers that one encounters in Calcutta. They do not waste the money of the rate-payers to provide for a long queue of useless failures in life, as is done in India. The brightness and the purity of the city and its quiet discipline, without noise and uproar, are an example and a model for Indian municipalities and worthy of imitation. One regrets to hear from the natives of this place that the Indians are considered 'dirty and unhygienic by habit and nature. Let me speak to the working men and women of India in the words of Jehan Rictus as he spoke to his brother worker :—" *La*

saleté, c'est l'esclavage, c'est l'absence de dignité, c'est aussi l'imbecilité. Et v'là pourquoi, t'es méprisé berné, maltraité, exploité." The Chinese coolies and dock labourers cover their legs up to the waist. They leave their bodies bare owing to the moist heat of the country. But the Indian coolies are seen with their eternal loin cloths. When they are off duty, the Chinese coolies protect their bodies from public gaze. The Indians, on the other hand, do not put on anything over their bodies. I believe the Chinese have more understanding than the Indians.

We sail again to-morrow for Hongkong. We took in one first class and two 2nd class passengers. The Japanese residents in Singapur came to meet the Japanese passengers on board the steamer. They came on the boat solely with the object of welcoming their countrymen ; and in return they were received with great cordiality. This is true patriotism. Our countrymen never gave us a word of welcome, although a multitude of them came on board as exchange brokers. They pestered us to change money, yet never for a moment inquired of our nationality. The difference between the two natures was striking. The Indian has no idea of patriotism ; his mind and heart are steeped in selfishness and aggrandisement. Mr. Jack Dewar, the first saloon passenger who joined us here, is going to Hongkong. He has a business here and travels a good deal in the Far East. He is a man of information and well read. His conversation is exceedingly interesting ; he is a good listener and is eager to learn. I must break off here to satisfy my inner man. The cravings of nature are too urgent to be neglected. You should not grumble at the unfinished letter ; for it is better to have half a loaf than no bread, or if you like it, *faute de grives on mange les merles*.

^u Mr. Dewar has been long in residence in the East. His temperament and mental equipment have saved him

from the sin of boorishness and grousiness. He loves mankind; the scientific bent of mind and common sense have schooled him to think that human nature at bottom is the same the world over. He is not tainted with prejudice against any religion, but shows impatience towards those who dogmatically lay down the virtues of the one in disparagement of the other. He is of opinion that the European woman's mind moves in a vicious circle, for they have been brought up from infancy upwards to read fantastic stories of the people outside Europe. They came out, with their minds fashioned and shaped, to live among races of half formed human beings and of impenetrable thickness of skulls, who cannot be brought under the civilisation and influence of education. This habit of mind and narrow vision has been the perennial source of trouble in the East. European men in general acquire a broader outlook and a more accurate idea of the human species, and believe the peoples in the Orient are capable of receiving education and higher ideas of life. But often they conduct themselves with bad grace and *gaucherie*. He could not explain the reason for such unamiable behaviour. I offered him my solution of the doubt. In the first place it is the result of the lesson they have had from the disparaging description of the peoples by the religious missionaries, and in the second place it is the heightened and inordinate pride of conquest which urges them to have resort to their clumsy and uncouth bearing. However, Mr. Dewar is a liberal minded sympathetic man with a sound instinct for art. He sings and plays on the piano with the feeling and gesture of an artist. Hongkong looks a beautiful picture from its fine harbour. It is a happy mixture of Naples and Genoa with something more attractive than these. It is its magnificent roads, its immaculate cleanliness which strike the eye. The ship lay alongside the wharf at Kowlan, the main land of China. It is under

British possession and exceedingly pretty You land here and walk on to the Ferry station to take a steamer to cross over to Hongkong The fare is 30 cents The Hongkong dollar is slightly different from the Singapore dollar Hongkong is a rock, its peak is 1200 ft. above the sea level, on its brow the Governor's residence is situated The houses are all dotted over the hills The Europeans reside in them They have an electric tram way which takes the residents to their habitations There are four stations from the bottom of the hill to the peak It reminded me of a similar way at Bergen Science is the parent of civilisation, and the brain of man, plucked from the intellect of the Almighty and trained in science, has evolved a luxuriant garden of flowers and artistic shrubs out of, at one time, the bleak and barren rock We called at the Post Office, which is a fine building, to post our letters The officials and assistants are more expeditious and polite than your Indian man The municipality is much superior to that of Calcutta There is not a corner that is not absolutely sanitary and clean We traversed the whole length and breadth of the city by tram, passing through all the quarters of the poor, the middle class and the wealthy, we did not perceive the nauseating odour that one gets in the Calcutta roads and streets and lanes It is ludicrous to brag of Calcutta as the second city of the Empire Yes, it is so in population, but a stygian hole in uncleanness, in in-artistic frame and surroundings Hongkong is a huge port and shipping place It cannot grow anything, yet it is quite busy and the people look cheery The Sikhs are here as guardians of the peace They are perfect automata, and I am sure, they do not feel they have a country They think of their distant hamlets over the waters where their wives and children eke out their existence Beyond this their vision does not extend We approached two of these specimens of humanity for some information They were on duty and naturally

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spoke to us with courtesy as their 'discipline' dictated. But for this, we might have dropped out of Mars or arrived from Timbuctoo. They did not show the least sign of fellow feeling and kinship, although I had told them we were coming from India. This detached condition of mind and stand-alooness are entirely due to the 'depth of ignorance, illiteracy and religious superstitions. As we stand in the world, it must be confessed with a pang in the heart, that in the higher and genuine conception of patriotism, nine-tenths of the human beings in India are but slightly removed from our arborial ancestors. The white man and the yellow man are also the descendants of monkeys ; but they have the herd instinct as well as lofty patriotism. The Sikhs under the training of the Europeans in India become brutal and rough to the Chinese pedestrians. The Chinese police men have a suave dignity which compels obedience.

The Japanese passengers, wherever they landed after leaving Calcutta, were welcomed by their countrymen and women either in the ships or in the streets. It is a glorious and illuminating tableau they present to us ; and we two frail human beings from India carry in our hearts the lowering, dismal picture of our relations with our compatriots in foreign countries. We are strangers to each other even in China. When you come to these parts of the earth, be careful to take with you your cotton clothes. You have the need for them up to Hongkong. The tramcars take you round the island for 60 cents. I have daily conversation with Rev. Ryochu Shioiri, the young Buddhist priest, on various subjects, specially on the image worship of the Buddhists in Ceylon, India, Rangoon and China. He does not countenance the practice of image worship as it tends to idolatry. He visited one or two mosques in India, and was impressed by their simplicity of decoration and complete absence of any kind or sort of symbols or images. I

told him that Islam enjoins the worship of one invisible supreme Being, and rejects the theory of incarnation. But unfortunately, it has the weakness of all its predecessors in the belief in heaven and hell. He was very pleased to know that there is a religion which has forbidden all symbols and images in its temples. He was at pains to explain to me the immediate and important duties and work the Buddhist priests would undertake in Japan. They would preach peace and goodwill among mankind throughout the world ; by this movement they hope to break the back of militarism and curb the monstrous spirit of revenge and avarice of the nations of the earth. This is the epitome of the action they would take, as priests of the religion of Saksyamuni. I wished him all success in the momentous pursuit of the noble object in view.

It was pointed out to him that human nature, for a hundred centuries or more, has been indulged in these evil deeds and thoughts with the connivance and aid of the Church, the Temple and the Mosque ; and that it would be a difficult and uphill task for them to make appreciable impression upon the militant spirits of the races of mankind. But they would do it, he said with great force and emphasis, in spite of all the obstacles and perplexities which their undertaking might entail. The other religious bodies, it is earnestly hoped, would take lessons from men of such noble and exalted ideas. We have on board a professor, Mr. R. Hatani of the Rigu Koka university in Kyoto. It is the Buddhist University, where secular and religious education is imparted to the students who join the University. Mr. Hatani is returning home after a tour round the world. He has been absent for three years from Japan. He gave a short discourse on his impressions of Europe, America, Ceylon, and India. He spoke in his own mother tongue with fine delivery and sedate manner, and was forceful and fluent. What struck us most was

the eagerness displayed by every Japanese, passenger and crew, to learn of things of other countries. Everybody came and sat on the floor of the deck spread over with soft carpets, and listened with deep attention to the lecture. I could hardly believe the European crew in European vessels to come to listen to the lecture of any person, for they do not care to gain knowledge to improve the mind. Our own educated youngmen would not condescend to attend any lectures on any subject other than politics and religion. In temperament our people are emotional and nervous. Politics merely tends to excite the nervous system; and their interest is even ephemeral. Politics is a game which can be played by men, mentally and physically well formed and developed, in a community which is liberated from religious and social superstitions and prejudices. Politics degenerates into despotism and tyranny if it be indulged by unprogressive and unchanging peoples.

Professor Hatani is a skillful fencer and has often given us an exhibition of the ancient Japanese art of fencing. The fencers wear a kind of frock with slits on two sides and three flaps of heavy make hanging from the hips, a pair of woollen gloves lined with soft kid skin, a breast protector, a kind of metallic plate and a head guard. The fencers hold in their hands bamboo sticks with hand guards fixed at the bottom of the handle. Nearly all the Japanese are proficient in fencing. They take their position facing each other, and before the real business begins, they mutter a few words to each other, which sound like a challenge. As the thrust and hitting go on, one hears a sound something like "Whoop." In the mediaeval age in Europe and Asia they had similar equipments. They are all proud of the old game of their country. The ship has improvised a swimming bath on the main deck in the open air. Most of the passengers have their swim and frolic in the

bath every afternoon. We have half a dozen Japanese ladies on board; none of us were shocked at the playfulness of the swimmers.

The ladies did not scream or fall into hysteric fits nor did they threaten to move their parliament to forbid this exhibition or to punish the commander for permitting such an indecorous and immodest spectacle. Obviously Japan has not Mrs. Grundy in its midst, and is not afraid of her. In the countries which are submissive to the priests, the people have to keep up an appearance and show of church-made decorum, although some wag may write a satire on it:—

“ They do this and that and various things,
And go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God
And more of Mrs. Grundy.”

I felt a regret for not having purchased a bathing costume. I had thought they would be as prude as the Christians and the Mohamadans. But it is pleasing to note that this race is as natural as the Scandinavians. Mr. Shioiri tells me that in Japan there is a large amount of literature about Mr. Gandhi; and that many books on the truths of Gandhi's principle in the Japanese language are on sale. And with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, made the comment that “ active Japan thinks Gandhi passive ”; these are his own words. Mr. Shioiri and Mr. Seijitsu Ohara, the divinity student, gave me an insight into the mystery of their marriage ceremony and rite. Their marriage is as simple as marriage under Islam. The bride who is generally twenty years of age goes with her parents and intimate friends to the house of the bridegroom, who must have attained the age of thirty, where she is greeted by his parents and close friends. The bridegroom sits face to face with the bride, the relatives and friends of both the contracting parties sitting around them. Wine is poured into a cup or a

tumbler out of which the groom takes a sip and passes it on to the bride who in turn drinks a mouthful. The loving cup is thus passed and repassed three times. At the end of this ordinance, the guests and the relatives drink the wine and make merry over this most intimate social incident.

There is no artificiality or complexity in the performance of the natural event of life. It is purely a rational affair. There is no priest to preside at the ceremony or to inflict on the parties and the assembly a solemn exordium with which we are familiar in the priest-ridden ceremonies. They have now, since ten years, begun to visit a Shinto shrine to invest this ceremony with a sort of reverential tradition. The Buddhist priests are only called in when there is a death in the house to perform the funeral rites. What grim and gruesome duties to which these poor priests are invited! I made fun of it and they immensely enjoyed the joke and the persiflage. The Mussalmans in India having adopted heaps of rites and ceremonies of the Hindus have complicated their marriage. Although they resort to these Hindu ceremonies yet the Hindus regard their own countrymen of different faiths as aliens and enemies.

Hongkong.—The Mandarins decked in gorgeous silk robes, reaching down to the ankle, and the long sleeves shooting out quite two inches from the finger tips, cavalierly saunter about the city, careless of the happenings and troubles in the country. It is a fair sample of the degeneracy of the Asiatics. We have to land at Hankow which is on the mainland of China. There are very fine boulevards. The Japanese, with their remarkable spirit of adventure, have opened beautiful shops, delightfully tidy and attractive. We drove round the city in the electric tram car and went to a quarter called Happy Valley, where we saw the race-course and a huge playground. On the opposite side of the race-course, at the foot of a hill, the burial grounds of the people of different religions are

situated and marked out. The cemeteries are well looked after by the keepers engaged by the municipal authorities.

The Indian Mussalmans do not seem to have the generous and kindly feelings for their dead, as they do not trouble to keep their cemeteries in Calcutta and other large cities clean and respectable. I once attended a Mussalman funeral in Calcutta. The cemetery looked cheerless, dismal, and wild. The Hindu disposes of the dead in a rude and rugged primitive fashion. He has no need for a cemetery, he cremates the dead. Cremation is hygienic; it is the outcome of scientific civilization. His religion has ordained that a near relative of the dead should light a stick of sandalwood and lightly touch the face of the dead with it while the priest recites the prayer. But cremation should be done with decorum and refinement. If the Hindu ever becomes progressive, he will adopt the modern method. We have a modern crematorium in Calcutta. Before leaving for this tour, I was present at the funeral of an Englishman, a member of the Bar at Calcutta. His last wish was to be cremated; and his wishes were respected by me, a Brahman. He left no money for the last rites and the fulfilment of his last wish. It was by a mere chance I came to know of his death and the pecuniary trouble regarding his cremation. I paid a cheque to the city undertaker to arrange for a decent funeral. His friends and fellow countrymen drew the bolt in double doors and slept secure. The crematorium at Calcutta is a serviceable thing. It is neat and clean, and stands in a well kept flower garden. The coffin with the body is wheeled into a receptacle surrounded by gas pipes. The powerful gas jets, lapping into the coffin, burn it and its contents into ashes within four hours. I can not imagine any other clean and quick method of disposing of the body than this. It is an improvement upon the archaic method. The foolish ancient dogmas and ideas of religions

stand in the way of progress in science and hygiene. The Brahmins repose tranquilly on the impregnable notion of reincarnation; the Jews wait for the Messiah; Saint Peter and Saint Paul got their Messiah; Mohamed had the last word on the religious salvation of the Semetic races.

All these great and bewildering systems never seriously deliberated on the mental, material and physical salvation of mankind, or on clean and sanitary living. It is the prophets of nature—the scientific thinkers—who have been wrestling with these ancient modes of thought, and have achieved results beyond the dreams and inspiration of our primitive ancestors. The high souled ancient philosophers had lived in an age when it had just turned the corner from savagery to enlightenment. It was an epoch of speculation and blind faith, when they ran their mind full tilt in a single limited direction. Their mental compass was small. — Such men are soon caught and overpowered by men of square and wide visions. They say, *souris qui n'a qu'un trou est bientôt prise*. Faith's radiant dream is passed; the fierce light of commonsense, of experiments and facts beats upon us.

It was about forty years ago, the Japanese priests, by the injunction of their religious law, had been forbidden to enter into matrimony. It is but recently that this preventive law has been abrogated, and the bar has been removed by an act of parliament. Public opinion in Japan is strongly against the marriage of men and women under the ages of thirty and twenty respectively. The population of the country stands at present at sixty millions. A small island with an enormous population must distribute its children over the habitable world for subsistence. This has caused much heart-burning and intense

named Chosen. For a day or two we shall be kept engaged gathering together our goods and chattels, and putting them in apple-pie order. In Hongkong, the municipality has wisely set apart a long stretch of land near the race-course for the cemeteries of different religious communities. The Christian burial ground lies by the side of the Hebrew, Parsee, Hindu and Mahomedan burial grounds. They are clean, neat and well looked after; decorated with nice plants and *plate-bandes*.

It is a fine clean town. One need not carry under his arm or in his pocket a bottle of sanitas or other kind of disinfectant in walking through the Chinese part of the city. Here, they do not throw the sweepings and other decayed matter in the streets making the air heavy and fetid. The municipality seems to me to be quite efficient and up to date and the inhabitants themselves appear to be proud of the city. Even the Chinese quarter boasts of odourless thoroughfares. It does not wallow in muck and mud and putrid matter. We had a long tram ride. The electric trams have two storeys. The seats on the top are of higher price. I had a European seated behind me. He looked at us from time to time and smiled. I thought the man was silly. But in a moment he commenced talking to me with cordiality. He began on the topic of self-determination of the Chinese and other nations of the world, and expressed his idea of self-determination of the Asiatic nations, with frankness and reasoned argument. He is in favour of the Asiatics getting their own rule and government. He has been twelve years in Hongkong in trade, and finds the Chinese as good and honourable as any European people. His belief is that with education and less poverty the Chinese will rise to great eminence and be able to face and meet any nation on equal ground. He spoke magnanimously of Gandhi and his movement, and expressed his high appreciation of Gandhi's lofty and noble ideas. Poverty, he said, is degrading to the individual

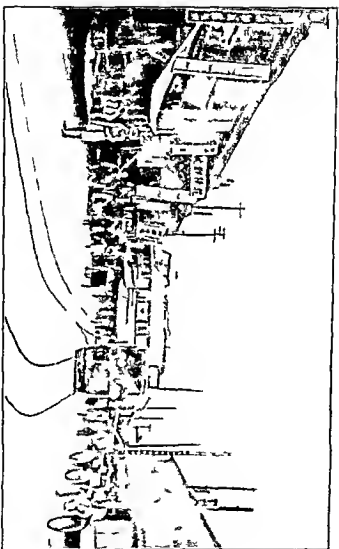
as well as to the community. The poor of Europe are no better than the poor of China.

From a distance, and as we approached, Hong-kong bears a striking resemblance to hilly sea-board towns. The city is built at the foot of the hill. The residential quarters are situated over the hill. They are all occupied by the Europeans, who seem to live completely detached from the Asiatics. The American tourists have crowded the place and have engaged all the rooms in all the big hotels. One jostles among them in the streets and the shops. They are immense travelers, and know how to make money and spend it to their advantage. Travels abroad, and the study of different manners and customs and governments of various peoples inhabiting this earth, open the windows of the mind to let in fresh and fragrant air to refresh and enlarge it. It is necessary to have the mind cultivated to be able to derive benefit from the observation of other peoples in other lands. Hongkong is a clean city, up and down. The inhabitants who are nearly all Chinese have been taught to keep the streets clean and proper.

Here, also, the Chinese are well clad ; no one is seen without clothes or foot wear. All savages, European and Asiatic, are dirty and unclean. They need to be schooled into clean habits to keep their dwelling houses and their surroundings spotless and sanitary. Insanitary condition brings about mental dimness and depression and impurity of thoughts. But there are very few people, unselfish and patriotic, who will care to take upon themselves the heavy yet merciful burden of instructing these rude and wild peoples. They are *ferae naturae* and require taming and domestication. It is the function of civilization to undertake the beneficent work ; but civilization is divided against itself and runs the risk of being swamped by uncouth and unfashioned races of mankind, who feel vexed and galled by the controlling influence of the arts and refinement of life. Politics is

the poison to civilization ; it prevents and paralyses it from taking the reins in hand to drive its team of benevolence and reformation through the wild and ferocious nature of men beyond its pale.

Shanghai.—It is a gorgeous city, cosmopolitan in character. The Chinese decorate the city, the true native city, with multicoloured flags and gilded nameboards floating and oscillating in front of their shops in Hankow Road. There always blows a brisk breeze in Shanghai. The whole run of the street is *enfete*, morning and night. In the night it looks prettier with the blaze of electric lights on both sides of the shops. The effete imperial Chinese government granted concessions to the big powers of Europe. The selfish and ambitious men, who called the republic into being, are themselves too weak and uninstructed in modern science to cope with Europe, alert, adventurous and scientific. The customs department is slothful, no one came to examine our luggage. This is oriental efficiency. I wonder if the Chinese get any revenue from the customs department. On landing, we visited the British Consul's Office to get our passport for China. The Englishman in charge told us that we had to obtain a separate passport to visit Peking and Manchuria, and that we should have to pay an extra fee for it. Having said this, he left the room, requesting us to wait a while. He returned into the room in two minutes, and informed us, with a blush on his cheek, that no passport was necessary to enter China. This is an example of European efficiency in the East. The man ought to have known without consulting the Chinaman in the next room, that the passport was not necessary for China. It is a great relief to travellers, and it also shows the unsuspecting nature of the great Chinese nation. It has its drawback. The avaricious nations of the world taking advantage of Chinese simplicity, spread themselves comfortably over the land, and in due course make a legal and moral claim of the rights



Nantao Shanghai

of the white man to remain in perpetuity in the country. Edward the Seventh Avenue marks off the British concession from the French. The Germans and the Russians have disappeared. The British and the French are the supreme rulers in their respective zones of influence.

The Sikh is *en evidence* as regulator of the traffic and guardians of the peace. The Sikhs are rough and treat the common people with characteristic rudeness. The placid Chinese policemen look at the outrageous behaviour with sorrow and surprise. The conduct of the Chinese constables on the beat towards the crowd is mild and helpful. The tragedy of the Sikh community is well described by Lord Dalhousie. He says, "The Sikhs fought at Rangoon whose countrymen only three years ago were fighting out a national struggle with the British power, almost in the very scene from whence these men now volunteer to move more than 2,000 miles by sea and land, in the service of the British government and for its defence. As they say themselves, "they fight for their bellies," and they serve him most faithfully who feeds it most regularly and most fully. It is a curious trait in the Asiatics."

The Asiatics have long lost their self respect. Even the wild horses of Tibet have more grit and haughtiness than the human beings in Asia.

It is a pleasure to drive in a Motor Car through the Bubbling Well Road leading to the Race Course and Jessfield Park. We went inside an inn called Jessfield Inn. It is a refreshment room; the proprietor and the waiters are all Chinese. They are dressed in clean long robes of the country and extremely attentive and polite to the guests. They ran about to be serviceable to the customers in all possible manner. They wear simple pleasant looks and saturate the air with human kindliness. We felt quite at home; a gentle current of affinity flowing between us, the orientals. I cut many jokes with them

which they seemed to appreciate. The Chinese in their own country have a natural quiet disposition for fun.

They smiled approvingly, and respectfully. The proprietor spoke rather mournfully of the chaotic state of the country, and grievously complained of the sordid selfishness and personal ambition of the so-called rulers of the country. He thought the country had been set free from the tyranny of a single ruler, and ushered into the peace, comfort and strength of a republic; but the present political condition of the country was deplorable; and the emergence from despotism to the freedom of the republic was to him like an immersion into the worse turmoil and deeper abyss of neglect and apathy. The people hardly know how to read and write, and are driven about like cattle without food and the least trace of comfort. The rulers are rushing headlong to the disintegration of the empire. He feels and is almost convinced that the white man is exploiting the country and reaping the harvest. The proprietor is a callous old man, but his young assistants look worried and woe-begone.

In spite of the worry and anguish caused by the political and administrative *desarroi*, the natural self-respect of an independent nation inspires and solaces them. The waiters in the hotels remind one of the waiters in Europe with this agreeable difference that the Chinese work with pleasant face and cheerfulness. They wear either blue trousers and short white coats buttoned up to the chin, or serve in their long white robes. They are marvellously quick and smart. After all, freedom is a noble thing. If these people had instruction and their women had emancipation and knowledge, they would have been a noble race and proved themselves the equal of all the powerful nations. I bantered the proprietor on the squashing of the feet of their women and humorously explained that this inhuman practice had affected the brains of the nations; and that they should permit the

women to enjoy the sunshine and air. His answer was significant. Since the republic, the custom is dying out and the women of high class families are gradually emerging from the dark, narrow rooms into the large space of the earth; and they have now made primary education compulsory and free.

In agriculture, the Chinese employ buffaloes and oxen for ploughing the land. In certain parts of Italy the farmers use them for the same purpose. I have often seen goats being pressed into service. The peasants, like all oriental peasants, dwell in poor, insanitary huts, built with bamboo and mud. The Chinese shops are artistic in appearance. The shop-keepers have innate dignity. They do not solicit the customers nor are they importunate. In our hotel we have had concerts and dances. We had the Salome dance in the dancing saloon. The large hall was packed with white men and a sprinkling of white women. The danseuse, a pretty young woman with a fine figure and a sweet face, displayed her charms and wonderful art on a soft carpet in the centre of the hall. The soft, slow and supple movement of her body, from head to foot, was ethereal, exquisite, seductive; as the atmosphere became tense her art grew warm; the intoxication of it pervaded the air and reached the senses. She cast a bewildering spell over the audience, which groaned and yelled like the animals in pairing season. It was the incandescent dance of sensual life. At the end of this remarkable and voluptuous performance, she ran back into her tent, leaving the air to thrill with her vibrating motion, and the rapturous fragrance emanating from her alabaster body to ravish the youthful head. The young men with the glow and richness of youth wrought themselves into the frenzy of carnal passion, augmented by the libations of the grapes of Dionysus. The nature of

ungovernable. They vied with each other to pick up the few fluffs that dropped from her zephyr waist band as trophies. Three of these moonstruck youths rolled over the enchanting carpet on which the sprite danced sylph-like as in a beautiful dream. The Chinese page boys on opening the door to let us in looked at us and smiled ironical and contemptuous smiles. The wrinkling sneer on their faces showed the disgust they felt at the white man's vulgarity. This outward manifestation of the law of reproduction is the impregnable proof against the theory of man having been created after the image of God or of the special creation.

In these parts, as in Europe, the domestic servants have to be tipped. They do not ask for gratuities, you have to pay them. If you do not squeeze some of your money into their palms, they mark you down as blacksheep, and neglect you ever after. The jinrickshaws are the common and regular conveyances; there are a few carriages and taxi-cabs are also available. The rickshaws charge one dollar an hour. The taxi fare is three dollars per hour. Besides the British and French post offices, the Chinese have their own post offices and stamps.

In Shanghai, Mexican dollars are in vogue, which depreciate in value as one comes northward to Peking. The Chinese spell it "Peking." The rupee suffers from serious misfortune; it is a dwindling, degenerate coin, and is the currency of a country which allows everything to be done by strangers, but occupies itself entirely with religious quarrels and huckstering selfish politics.

We went over to the office of Thomas Cook & Son, who are of great service to the tourists, for information regarding the interesting sights in Peking. They told us of the wonderful objects and the memorials of antiquity the great city cherishes within its world bosom; and advised us to place ourselves under their direction

and guidance. Their charges are exceedingly moderate. We planked down forty-three pounds two shillings each to cover first class railway fare and hotel expenses for a week in Peking and first class fare with sleeping accommodation from Peking through Manchuria and Korea to Shimonoseki in Japan. They assigned to us an especial guide. We left Shanghai for Peking *via* Tientsin by the eight-thirty morning train. Here, there is no means of reserving berths in the train. The early bird catches the worm. One has to be betimes to secure the corner seat, and bless my soul, we were quite brisk and prompt to arrive at the station to capture comfortable seats. We had a Chinaman and a young English medical man in our company, travelling in the same compartment. At midday the Chinese waiter came in and pulled out the folding table right across the cabin and laid covers for four of us. The doctor and I ordered tiffin and enjoyed it. The word luncheon is unknown in these parts. Tiffin is the correct word to use. The doctor, the member of a sad and reticent race, sat mute and wondering.

I cajoled him to a friendly talk. His youthful face and almost feminine eyes betrayed inexperience as well as intellectual dauntlessness. It appears that soon after taking the medical degree, he is travelling in the Far East to acquire experience and knowledge. I complimented him on his choice. Wali-ul-huq and he fell into conversation and I left the room to them both. I believe they "bucked" and "discussed" for over an hour. In argumentation and vaporous discussion, especially on politics, the native of India takes the palm and can proudly wear the crown of laurel. I am certain my friend carried off the trophy. We had a multitude of Mandarins in the parlour car. There were a good many American women but we saw no Chinese women. We encountered a tremendous crowd of abjectly poor people in and around the station. They looked like frightened,

starved animals. This melancholy sight gave me the shiver, and I called the doctor's attention to the degrading spectacle of human beings suppressed into an animal condition of life. I started on the question of the improvement of the human race, and briefly told him that the amelioration could be effected by the knowledge and practice of the biological laws and of the science of eugenics. He expressed his agreement in the principle, but had great doubt about the scientists getting under their standard an appreciable and redoubtable following. I felt a sense of disappointment and dropped him as a hot piece of coal. He is not a youth of high spirits and radiant mind, although he looked so. He is still in the folds of his grandmother's ideas. It is not encouraging for the rapid progress of the world to come across young men with scientific education staying in the sombre shadow of ancient exploded beliefs and ideas. I impressed upon him the absolute necessity of young men of his calibre and talents to strive with courage to leap out of the *mur d'enciente* which the theologians have built around us. The words went straight home to him.

We took shelter beneath the luxurious roof of Hotel des Wagonlits at Peking. I often met him in the hotel. He was very polite and respectful and often came to have a chat with me. As soon as the train leaves Shanghai, the blue clothes of the Chinese peasants, men and women, strike the eye. These quiet, silent people wear blue pantaloons and blouses. They have a surprising fondness for the sky blue colour. I wonder, if this passion for the blue colour brings them under the designation of "the celestials." They all wear shoes; even so, the poorest cover their feet with shoes made of corded rope. It is evident they are not attacked by hookworm.

We stopped at Sochung or Soochow. This town with its tall pagoda lies within the enclosure of a wall. All cities and towns are encompassed by high walls;

within them the rich men, the Mandarins, live a luxurious, careless, selfish life. These men, draped in silken vesture, put up these lofty walls to live aloof from the poor. Camels are frequently employed for transport work. We passed a huge lake. It is a grand expanse of water and lay at a little distance from the railway lines. Nobody was able to tell me the name of it. I questioned the Mandarins as well as the waiters for its identification. I found the rulers and the ruled equally ignorant. The Mandarins, in fine silk garments and silk skull-caps or European hats made of velour or white felt, have as much knowledge of the geography of the country as the "boy" who waits upon them at table. It might have been *fata Morgana*. But they would not know it for their ignorance.

Fine feathers, without the brains, do not always make fine birds; any way it is so in China. Without learning life is a picture of death. The Mandarins seem to enjoy royal leisure without intellectual activity. An unlettered leisure is death and burial while still alive. Poor China is buried alive by these unlettered Mandarins. The cultivators of China have tables and benches in their huts. They eat at table and sit on benches using two sticks with a little scoop at the end. They do not use their fingers. They drink tea which they grow in their own country and make cups, saucers, plates, etc., in their own country, and their use is universal in China. The country through which we pass is flat and barren of trees. There is not a bird to be seen or heard. In these dry, dreary regions the grateful matutinal song of the bird does not greet the ear.

The Chinese make good agriculturists, raising corn, wheat, rice and cotton. These poor uninstructed cultivators have the peculiar habit of burying their dead in the middle of the fields which they till. As the train rushes through the country at racing speed, one notices thousands of smooth round-topped mounds of earth

studded all over the fields on each side of the railway lines. These are the tombs of the dead. We rode through the land of the graves. It is the visible symbol of the rottenness of the social, economic and political constitution of the country. For thousands of years the selfish, indolent and ignorant governors living within the walls, caring nothing for the poor and the needy, have broken the spirit and crushed the brains of the nation. These unfortunate people work on the fields and till the lands in the archaic method, handed down from father to son, unenlightened by modern scientific knowledge. It is the primeval law of the struggle for existence compelling them to cultivate and grow crops as their instinct dictates for a bare sustenance. They have received no assistance from the bold, free intellect of their own people. It is on their own humble initiative that they carry on the serious contest of life. Nothing has been done for them. The emperors had built for themselves, for their own comfort and ease, palaces and pagodas; and constructed lofty walls to escape from the sight of poverty of the millions outside the sinful structure of brick and stone; whose hard earned money, pinched out of them, contributed to keep up the whited sepulchre of infamy, greed, and extravagance. They had been left sunk in cringing fear and grovelling superstition. It is a country of walled cities, where policies and secret diplomacy are hatched to exploit the ignorant millions eking out a miserable animal existence in the outline settlement. It is an unmistakable gesture of the governor's and their officials' detestation of the sickly sight of the workers huddling with loathsome pigs and mangy dogs. The noble religion of Buddha has become a caricature and burlesque through the influence of the Tibetan monks. The Tibetan factory produces with prodigality all sorts of animistic religions, falsely ennobling them with the mystic rites of so-called Buddhism. These are noticeable on the tombs and the stone slabs and in the representation of

the imaginary monstrous animals. The train running through the arid, desert-like country for over an hour became dry and halted at Wusih to moisten its throat. Wusih is a manufacturing town. It has several mills for making silk stuff and cotton cloth. The factories are partly owned by the Americans, and the management is entirely with them. Two silly looking Mandarins, strolling leisurely in the station, affecting a grand air of perfect contentment, and with exquisite politeness gave me this information. I had half an hour's conversation with them. It seemed to me that they were beginning to rise from their ancestral slumber and realise the realities of modern civilization and political life. No nation that I have met with can approach the Chinese in dignity, affability and courtesy. I earnestly hope I shall not have to change my opinion of them after my fuller acquaintance with the people in Peking. An American got off at the station from a second class compartment. He was met by his wife and two children. On enquiry I discovered that he was the engineer of the concern.

The next halt was at Chinkiang, a manufacturing town. The Americans conduct and manage the several mills in the locality. The next great city is Shuntsien, reposing majestically inside a four mile fortification; from outside, the steeple of a Pagoda seems to kiss the high heaven. The vulgar poor lengthen their weary days in insanitary and foul mud huts outside the charmed cities. There are a dozen American tourists travelling with us. They are old men with the indelible mark of a hard, energetic and strenuous life on the wrinkles of their brows. It is a noble stamp of life's indefatigable work. Their bland and urbane nature make them agreeable companions. They are taking physical and mental rest and are eager to study the manners, lives and customs of the peoples of other lands. At each station we halted, hundreds of the poor ragged humanity of China crowded behind the railings, begging for alms in a fawning, servile

fashion, a few of them even knocking their heads on the ground imploring a cent or two. One of the Americans with kindly human feelings and sympathy, whispered in my ears the query, "Do they not look like animals? They have been neglected for centuries by their rulers. Are your people as poor as these?" The world has its tears and human hearts are touched by scenes of human suffering—*Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt*. The lazy, selfish and unprogressive rulers of China have for ages slighted them and in utter disregard of human lives left them in a negative existence. The Mandarin's silk robes of fine texture have been dyed in the blood of these ignorant and superstitious people. The Mandarins themselves lay helpless in the bondage of ignorance, of mythology and superstition. The great religion of love, which the greatest and the noblest of my countrymen preached, fell upon the deaf ears and the opaque brain of the Chinese. Among the beggars, there were a few fruit sellers carrying basketfuls of pears and other kinds of native fruits.

We bought a few and ate them. They are not soft pears, but are what we call in India *nashpatis*. They are good eating and have a delicate flavour. On the platform Wali-ul-huq carried on a long conversation about India with an American lady. I just caught a fragment of it; she was emphasizing the unprogressiveness of the eastern peoples. My friend laboured to answer her. In the meanwhile the lady's husband walked up to them and said to my friend, "You must give up mythology and march with the progress of the time." Time works changes in the nature of the mind and body of man. Progress means change. The Indians cannot realise this big fact and sluggishly continue to hug the ancient beliefs and dogmas. The remark was made to unwilling ears. The Hindus and the peoples of the Islamic-faith are so enslaved by custom that they seem to have lost the power of change except the capability of being des-

troysed intellectually and politically. They think the future is behind them and constantly look back as if their eyes had been set on the hinder part of their heads. We rode on to Tsinianfu which is a silk manufacturing town.

Techong or Techow is a town which boasts of several cotton mills and an immense tannery; over all these industries the American experts have a whip-hand. We are nearing Nanking on the great Yangtse river. An American began to ask me many things about Gandhi, "the great lawyer," as he described him. He thinks and expects the principle of Gandhi to succeed in India; he also expects that the superstition of caste and religious differences will yield to the higher conception of social and political life. He has never been out to India, but entertains great sympathy for the Indian people, and has a high opinion of its great philosophies. He opines that the people of India are uninstructed, ignorant and superstitious and tenaciously cling to ancient traditions which have become obsolete and devitalised; and in consequence have been left behind in the race of life by the bustling and advancing races of the modern world. The Asiatics have not learnt to speed up. They rest contented in the contemplation of ancient traditional life and mode of thought. He is not altogether averse to traditional past, but thinks that antiquity, however venerable, must not interfere with the full growth and expansion of a nation in an age of progressive scientific discovery and invention. The population of the world is steadily augmenting. It has to be fed and clothed in accordance with the modern notions of comfort and self-respect. This can only be realised by the knowledge of the advancing life attained by the modern scientific nations.

We quitted the train at Nanking and boarded a magnificent ferry steamer to cross over to Pukow. It is the great Yangtse river—a noble stream, broad and majestic, in silent and solemn passage through this

ancient country, fertilising and enriching the lands on both sides.

Nature is kind and regenerate, only man is vile and cruel to each other. The earth abounds in riches, it waits for man's scrutiny and exploration to give up its wealth; but the indolent, unprogressive man has made no attempt to pry into it to snatch its possessions. It is a quarter of an hour's crossing to Pukow. Near the landing a ghastly multitude of half starved, 'destitute people, seated on their haunches, met our eyes. The tourists looked at them with the cold eyes and the curiosity of persons looking at a menagerie. It is a clean commodious station. The first class compartments are well equipped; the second class compartments are well appointed. The third class compartments have lavatories and enjoy other conveniences, and are more comfortable than the intermediate class in Indian railways. The third class passengers, over here, are orderly and silent. They do not shout nor indulge in useless talk while waiting in the station; nor do they rush about and knock against each other like a bunch of lunatics, such as we observe in Indian stations. There is undoubtedly hurry and scurry to enter the train but there is orderliness in the bustle. The railway officials, all Chinamen, are exceedingly civil with the third class passengers. In India rough treatment towards third class passengers is regarded as a piece of prestige of Anglo-Indian civilization. Law and order and respect for one another come naturally from the sense of ownership and freedom. These people know that it is their own railway, that it is their own country governed, badly or well, by their own people, that the officials of the railway are their own countrymen, whom they can at a moment's notice call to account for the slightest dereliction of moral or official duty. The courtesy and helpfulness which the officials show to these poor travellers are commendable and pleasing.

Though the poor, uninstructed people of China, are neglected by the Mandarins and ambitious rulers rending the country for power, avarice and luxurious living, and by them relegated to perpetual slavery, yet they have the power to resist in a body an affront offered to a single member. They will not tolerate rudeness of conduct or speech from the Mandarins or anybody else. It is an estimable virtue in man. A quality inherent in men and women who live in a socially and politically free country.

The white man, resident in China or on a visit to this country, is considerate and polite to the people. He treats them with *bonhomie*. In China among certain classes the European hats have become the head dress. They wear them over the fine long robe of the country. The poor sometimes wear old fashioned native hats made of bamboo leaves, and sometimes they go bare headed. The women do not wear anything on their heads. Now and again we meet with women putting on a sort of hood, the same as the peasant women in Europe wear.

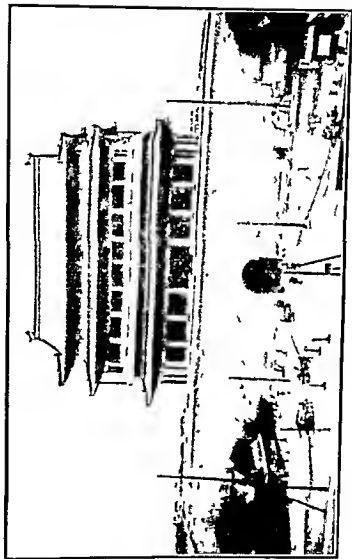
There is no Public Works Department in this country, nor municipality. There are no roads leading from one village into another, only the foot tracks are seen over the fields. The hills are bare of trees or shrubs. They have been for centuries cutting down the trees for fuel and fire in the winter for warmth. There is scarcely a bird to be seen flitting and hopping in the country. China has an enormous wealth of coal. The ignorant rulers living in the walled cities—the *antrum immane* of the Sybil, and with eyes without sight could not probe the bowels of the earth to bring up the carboniferous matter on the surface for domestic and industrial uses. The chow dogs over which the lovers of dogs go crazy—*Juvenis qui gaudet canibus*, do not overrun this part of the country. On the contrary we have seen ugly dogs making themselves merry in the huts. We are nearing Tiensien. It is a port of considerable shipping and engineering industries. An American, a professor of an

engineering college in Tiensien, spoke to me about the Chinese students. He has a high opinion of their ability to pass examinations with great credit and brilliance. His long experience as a teacher made him regret to say that the Chinese mind lacks originality. He could not assign a reason for the want of mental power of creating new things. I threw out an explanation that it was due to physiological factors of bending, distorting and squashing the female feet, which injuriously affect the female brain; the diseased brain of the mother, transmitted to the son, poisons the source of originality in the brain. It made him think for a few minutes; at last before alighting at the station to rejoin his post, he shook hands with me and said "There might be something in what you said, I will think over this idea." Tiensien has four stations; it is a big, gorgeous city with a blaze of electric lights and good roads.

Everything modern and convenient has been done by the help of the Americans, but China has paid and still pays for the services rendered in education and industries. It is quite cold here. We had to wear our overcoats. We were in a through compartment, and had not the bother and worry to change the train. On the same night at 9-30 P.M. we were deposited on the Pekin platform of Chienmen station, to be picked up by Mr. Liu, the guide, Thomas Cook and Son have placed at our disposal.

Peking. *Hôtel-des-Wagon-Lits.*

Mr. Liu met us at the station and took charge of our luggage which he despatched by the coolies. We went down a long flight of steps and found ourselves in a lane alongside the station, the lane meeting the public road in front of the hotel. Jupiter Pluvius was unkind to us. We had to trudge in the drizzling rain. The weather was bitterly cold; the interior of the hotel was pleasantly warm. The entire hotel, every room in it, is heated by hot water pipes. The Manager is a contin-



Chienyangmen (South Gate), Peking

ental European. It is a well appointed and comfortable hotel. We were soon dry and felt ourselves at home, *quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes*. China is oriental; the greatest ethical Teacher of mankind, the Man of Hindustan, is the supreme enlightener of this vast and wonderful country. A native of India of liberal education cannot but feel a welcome guest in Peking. I was not a stranger among them. The waiters, with clean faces and closely cropped hair and long soutane-like robes, flitting about in the lounge and corridors or standing mute in the corners waiting for orders, appeared like the monks in a monastery. From their looks I could read their thoughts. They seemed to think we were orientals like themselves; and accorded to us a silent, respectful welcome. They were very pleasant and attentive to us and were quick and active in the discharge of their duties. They all understand and speak a little English. The clerks attired in their long native apparel are not drowsy and do not waver in answering questions or supplying information. The Chinese do not allow hair to grow on their chin or lip. I am told by them that they shave themselves; the artiste capillaire making his living by dressing the hair only. The clerks speak English quite fluently. There is another hotel in this city, the Hotel de Pekin, controlled and managed for American tourists. The American influence is enormous and visible in every direction. At nine o'clock in the morning following our arrival, the guide greeted us in the great hall of the hotel to settle the programme of sight seeing with Thomas Cook and Son, whose office is in a portion of the wing of Hotel de Pekin. We each got into the rickshaw, Mr. Liu riding his own private rickshaw.

Within a few minutes of our interview with one of the assistants of Cook's the chart was arranged; and we were whisked off in the same rickshaw to the sights in Peking. The Chinese write and pronounce it Peking.

The European must needs turn and twist the name and the spelling. It is a vicious habit and reveals an untutored and egotistic mind.

Pekin has two main divisions, the outer and inner cities, known as Chinese city and Tartar city respectively. The distinction does not exist now, the Chinese having absorbed the Tartar. A minute observation reveals the difference in physiognomy. The Tartar and the Chinaman dress alike and nearly look copies of each other; but now and again we can detect the Tatar with his thin beard and moustachio. In China they have a large variety of dialects. The dialect of Peking dominates all others. Inside the Tartar city, enclosed by a wall, lies the Imperial City which in its turn embraces the Forbidden City.

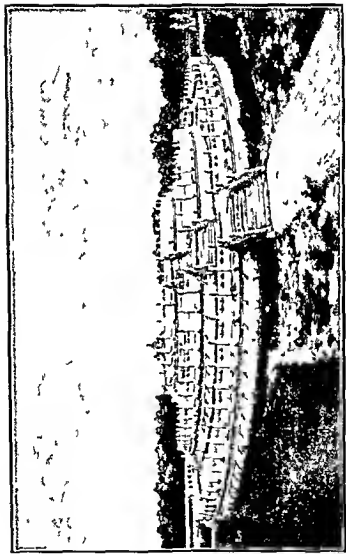
It lies within its own battlements; the whole of the Tartar city being surrounded by the great wall twenty five miles in length. The Boxer war forced open the colossal gates of the Forbidden City of thousand years of memories, to the rude and vulgar gaze of the commercial, diplomatic world. The Chinese assert that the Boxer War was the revolt against the Christian Missionary enterprise in the country. The arrogance and pride of the missionaries, the insult and opprobrium heaped upon the people drove the Boxer into maddening rage and exasperation; thus infuriated they rose against the missionaries. It was not a war against the white man; but the white man, standing with the guns in position behind the missionaries, rent the air with the cry of treason to Europe and America and marched in serried phalanx to the chastisement and conquest of China. The Japanese co-operation with the white man politically had been for self-preservation. Japan had to join the European combination. If she had stuck her hands into her pockets and watched with unconcern the 'doings of the Europeans and the 'Americans, she would have been put out of China and lost her influence altogether in the comity of nations. The Europeans and 'Americans would have

divided amongst themselves the important strategic places in China and dominated and menaced Japan. The solitary, self-respecting Eastern country would have remained in a state of perpetual fear and lost all her influence and power in the modern world. In self defence, to escape the fate of other Eastern countries, Japan was justified in entering the war council of Europe. Men and women in Japan have been born free and lived in nature's freedom. There, women have never worn the veil or screened themselves from the world movement and the love of country. The nation, to a man and a woman, regarded the seriousness of the position in the modern world politics, and putting aside the romantic sentiment of fighting against the entire forces of Europe and America in favour of the decrepit and politically irrational China, took the practical step to join the military convention of Europe and America.

In our walks through the Imperial City, we saw the consecrated grounds and buildings that were occupied by the foreign soldiers, who have left behind them the indelible marks of dreadful depredation. The French and Japanese soldiers have desecrated the sacred quarters which they were allowed to occupy. The white soldiers of Germany and England turned iconoclasts and committed harrowing sacrileges. The statues of the praying Buddhas, in the niches of the Temples, have been disfigured by the foreign soldiery. They have looted and carried away innumerable precious and sacred objects of Art. They related to us, with thankfulness, the respectful conduct of the native Indian soldiers, who showed reverence to the sacredness of the city and left unhurt the things holy. The Chinese are a conglomeration of races, namely, the Chinese, the Mongolians and the Manchurians. They have had many dynasties of kings. The Yuan dynasty of which Kubli Khan was the founder is one. There is standing an imposing monument to the name and honour of the great warrior. It is a lofty column of brick

and marble, nearly two hundred feet in height, resting upon a base of ten square feet. It is in miserable 'disrepair. There is a group of huts all around it. The wretched condition of the tenants is shocking. The poor little children, playing about with the natural carelessness of childhood and in merciful ignorance of life's unfeeling strife, came smiling to us, the little sallow faces revealing the pangs of hunger. Kubli Khan's 'descendants have left the sign post in the track of history. The Ming 'dynasty leaves its name in the tombs. The 'descendant of the Manchu dynasty lives in a part of the old palace, a prisoner and a pensioner of the Republic. It is a great catholic country; and the Chinese are a mighty amæba absorbing and assimilating every species of human beings that come within its reach. There is a legend, which still persists, and the people believe it to this day, of the first emperor of China being the 'descendant of the Dragon and the Phoenix.

It is uncanny yet it is woven into the web of their imagination. The steadfast faith makes them repeat it, as if it were a part of the real history of the origin of the Chinese. The flag of China exhibits the largeness of the Chinese mind. The flag consists of five colours: the blue 'designating Mongolian, the white the Mohemadans, the black Tibet, and the red and the 'dragon stand for the Chinese, and the yellow Manchuria or the emperor. In spite of the amplitude of mind and the generous nature of the race, what is it, I ask myself, kept this great free country peopled by men of fine stature and bodily strength and docile and pacific disposition, into confusion, disorder and ordure of proverty. It is the rapacity, the extravagant luxury and the utter indifference of the rulers, which have plunged the country into this unhappy and disastrous condition. The grave transgressions of the rulers in their setting have 'destroyed the fibre of the race. Buffon truly said, "pour juger de ce qui est arrivé, et meme de ce qui arrivera, nous n'avons qu'à examiner ce



Pekin Altar of Heaven

qui arrive." I earnestly hope that China will rise with resplendent mind from the great depression, and reach the starred clusters of heaven.

We visited the Temple and the 'Altar of Heaven. The Chinese call the Altar of Heaven, Thien Than, both of these are within a wall $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. The 'Altar is an open circular structure laid with marble. There are three marble terraces leading up to it. The marble stones have been cut from their own quarry. The Altar had been dedicated to the annual sacrifice of a white horse. The officers of the State used to stand on the lowest terrace, the relatives of the emperor took their positions on the second terrace and the emperor stood on the third terrace on a level with the 'Altar. He used to perform a sort of occult ceremony. The empress and her ladies attended the sacrificial rite and saw it from their own separate apartments, protected from the gaze of the men. By the custom of the country, ladies could not appear in public. At the end of the ceremony the animal was killed and put into a receptacle and cremated within the enclosure. The sacrifice of a white horse is very similar to what we used to have in ancient time. Is it an echo from Brahmanic India? The populace or the plebeians had no right to participate in these religious functions of esoteric character.

These buildings are falling into ruins. The revenue of the country is too meagre and the rulers are too neglectful to keep these wonderful places in decent condition. There are two rows of steps leading up to all the temples and palaces; one being for the use of the divine feet of the emperors and the other for the feet of clay of earthly men. Between those two rows of steps, the emperor had a slab put up of marble of considerable size with the design of a phoenix and a dragon. Within the same wall, at a little distance from the Altar of Heaven, are the temple and the Altar of Agriculture. Here in each year the emperor himself used to come with his retinue to drive

a plough cutting the first sod. The officials followed the plough after their master and turned up the ground and got their soft hands sore with blisters. It was done at the commencement of the season for cultivation, it was done to teach the people the dignity of manual labour and to encourage agriculture. A large number of men from the people was granted the privilege of entering into this part of the ground, to watch the emperor holding the plough, tilling the land and sowing the seed. These poor people, thus encouraged and enlightened, went from the sacred precincts to do likewise. They have become successful farmers and cultivators. Under the Republic, the President observes this custom and follows the old ceremonies in connection therewith. A temple had been erected in honour of the deity of the green vegetables and cereals. We find the statue of our great countryman, the sublime Buddha, in this temple of Agriculture,

As we came out of the Altar of Heaven and the temple of Agriculture, on the way to the Imperial World, being a temple enclosed by a wall, we came across a cedar tree of immense age—one thousand years old. It keeps its age green. It has not a single seared leaf. It has been a wise and discreet spectator of many circumstances and events in the lives of the emperors, and stands to-day a sad testimony to the mournful and gloomy changes which are passing over the land. The striking part of the Imperial World is the echo of one's voice springing up from all sides. You stand on the open ground, stamp your foot or speak, the mocking echo jeers at you from the air above the head and from all the directions of the compass. It is one of the most astounding experiences I have ever had. On the consecrated ground is a temple dedicated to the man of Kapilabastu, of supreme intelligence. I have always uncovered myself and bent low to the great spirit of the Buddha who seems to pervade the very air in the temples. I felt proud of being the humble countryman of the greatest of mankind. The happiness I

derived from the contemplation of the marvellous influence of his teachings, penetrating the brains and the marrow of these wonderful people, is beyond expression. I can only say like Imogen, on receipt of Posthumous' letter, "It is beyond, it is beyond." The friendly guide and the few people who gathered about the temple were moved by the reverence I paid to the memory of Buddha, and having come to know of my nativity, they embraced me as a brother, and to my amazement, they said India and China should be bound by the golden thread of love and affection.

Over the doorway of the buildings the figure of the Dragon and the Phoenix appear. The Dragon is the symbol of the emperor and the Phoenix the emblem of the queen. The New Year Hall is an imposing structure in which the emperor held diplomatic receptions in the beginning of the year. The life and glory of the place have departed; the chillness of death pervades the air. The skeleton of the throne is left solitary on the dais, which has forgotten the regal steps. The cold throne seems to bewail the inexorable destiny that has overtaken the Manchu dynasty and tells its tale of the impermanence of ambitious and selfish kings and emperors and their dynasties. The young emperor, recently plucked from his throne and living in the midst of all these desolate ruins of the past, weeps his heart away. He has not dug the grave of his dynasty nor has he brought about its downfall, but the grave injustice, the unrighteousness and unprogressiveness of his ancestors and the base selfishness of the Mandarins have overturned the ancient throne. The Germans have the saying:—"Stillstand ist ruckstand" to stand still is to stand back. All unprogressive and unchanging nations should reflect on the great truth underlying the maxim. All thrones, empires, governments and races have come to grief and become extinguished, because of thier refusal to move with the changes of time. Most of the Asiatic races have per-

mitted the silt of custom and narrow religiousness to accumulate in their minds; a rushing sea of pure knowledge passing over them can only wash away the foulness. The Asiatic mind, in general, scared by the so-called mysteries of nature, and untrained in natural sciences, invests them with divine qualities. They still cleave to the old world impressions. The Europeans, the intellectual descendants of the Alexandrian Greeks, pry into and understand the nature of things; and this knowledge of the causes of things has given them the primacy in Asia. The faith of the Chinese in Buddha has been an epic creed. Everything that is noble, good, benevolent and blithe is ascribed to the gracious influence of Buddha. The tenderness of belief and the penetrating faith is pathetic.

We have seen in the temple, Laughing Buddha, an enormous stone image of Buddha beaming with smiles. Next there is Thinking Buddha, the image of him is seen as if it were plunged in deep thought and meditation, his hand resting on his brow. Then, next, we saw the beautiful, artistic, colossal statue of Buddha lying recumbent on the left side, resting the head upon his hand in reposeful sleep. It is Sleeping Buddha. It is five hundred years old. These poor people have allowed the Buddha to sleep too long and too soundly; and they too in reverence have lain in deep slumber for as many centuries. It is time that some one with respect and veneration should touch his feet to rouse him from his sleep, so that he may have compassion upon the nation and awaken it to the truth of his teaching and the realities of the modern world. We have also seen the Long Life Buddha. He is supposed to preserve and protect the emperor and the Dowager Empress. The temple with the image was built and dedicated to Buddha by the last reigning empress. It exhibits in full light the gross selfishness of the ruling dynasty, which cared nothing for the long life and prosperity of the nation. The foundation of the ruling princes of the world is laid

wrongly. Education and civilization, permeating the mass of mankind, will get rid of them and cast them aside as back numbers. The temple of Agriculture is appropriately roofed with green porcelain tiles, and Buddha's statue carved out of green stone. By the aide of it, there is an Altar for Sericulture. It is a country of fine silk which they plentifully produce. The real ancient Chinese conception of the cosmogony is represented on the marble slabs with the designs of the dragon and the phoenix. At the lowest stratum you have the earth, above it the mountains and between the earth and the mountains flows the sea and above the sea are depicted the menacing clouds. The phoenix is supposed to subsist on air and the Dragon on the pearl of fire. All this is beautifully limned on the marble. In one of the temples, they have a marvellous collection of statues in various postures and attitudes of the various disciples of Buddha.

We visited three monasteries, in which dwell the Chinese and Mongolian monks. They are exceedingly affable, docile and polite. They even smile through their penury. They show the visitors round the temples with cheerfulness, and light a thin wick steeped in oil and set in a round tiny earthen cup. It looks very similar to the *chirag* of India. These *chirags* or *pradipas* are ranged in front of the images of Buddha. They light the lamp in prayerful gesture, supplicating the great Buddha to grant bliss and happiness to the visitors. The faithful and the believers light the lamps themselves. For the unbelievers the monks vicariously perform the act. Everybody places a few cents on the matted pedestal. Their distress and want is too deep and sad for words. - They live precarious lives. The soul of the Chinese is not touched with any degree of depth by religion. Their religion is only a sort of religiosity not too exacting and not sufficiently inconvenient. They suffer from the malady of doubt caused by the misfortunes and dynastic changes. The Mongolian monks are fair in complexion with light

brown hair. On being questioned about themselves, they promptly answer "Mongols". They speak the cultivated dialect of Peking.

These monks belong to the same race as the "Mongol" or "Moghul" rulers of Hindusthan. The Mongols who accepted the Koran and came over to India have completely disappeared from India, but the same race standing beneath the standard of Buddha has survived the vicissitudes of life and live to this day with numerous progeny in Mongolia and China. These people resemble, in features and colour, the photographic likeness of the Moghul emperors. It is *épatant*. In the course of centuries the monks have become ignorant, lost their mental vigour and sense of duty and responsibility as missionaries and teachers of the true doctrines of Buddha, and as educators of the people, unlike the Indian monks and missionaries in the beginning of the conversion of China and Mongolia.

They have fallen away from the great standard of efficiency of the first group of Indian monks; and lost the activity, vigour, education and ideal of their Indian predecessors. To-day the monks are as degraded and ragged, mentally and physically, as the Hindu and Mahommadan priests in India. They are, however, less clamorous and importunate for alms and gifts. For centuries the Lamas and Buddhists of Tibet used to come every year as tributaries to the emperors of China in Peking to preach the Tibetan doctrines of Buddhism. It had considerable influence over the minds of the Chinese. The Tibetan sway has been so unexampled and permanent that one sees ugly and monstrous effigies of imaginary spirit of wickedness and vice in the front and inside of the temples. It is assumed that these spirits had fought against Sakya Muni in his labour to attain Nirvana. The representation of the Lama's journey to Peking is carved on the temples. The Lamas are seen riding on the elephants. The whole architecture is Indian; the distinct-

ness, so clear and impressive, strikes even a superficial observer. There is also the vivid representation carved on stone of the emperor with his retinue setting out in state to welcome the Lamas and his monks. I spoke to the monks while my friend Mr. Liu kindly interpreted my words to them. I explained to them that the Tibetan Lamas had introduced into their country the superstitious and wretched dogmas which are foreign to the true doctrines and teachings of Buddha. I gently upbraided them for their want of education, ignorance and superstition; and exhorted them to scrape off the Tibetan incrustation which has been allowed to grow on the pure religion of Sidhartha. I told them that the doctrines of the Lamas being ritualistic and Tantrik are incompatible with the doctrines and principle of the illustrious founder. I implored and pressed them to educate themselves in the religion and become real teachers of the moral and ethical creed of Sakya Muni to the sons and daughters of China. They know the other great name of Buddha and are well aware of the kinship between the Hindus and Buddha. They addressed me as brother and said I was a good man to speak to them with kindness and sympathy and that they would pray for me to the Long Life Buddha; and saying that, promptly lit the chirag-like vessel in front of the image for the prolongation of my life.

They revealed to me the catholicity of the race. Do the Hindus ever show cordiality, liberality and gentle regard to the Chinese in India, the followers of their great countryman. A Hindu, unmolested by the evil spirits of narrow dogmatic religion and freed from the trammels of caste, can speak heart to heart to four hundred and fifty millions of Chinese and embrace them as brothers. All these conversations were carried on through my friend Mr. Liu. The white man in disposition and humour is different from the Chinese. He cannot accommodate himself to the manners and thoughts of the Chinese. The orientals have a different frame of mind.

The white man is political and diplomatic. There cannot spring up a gentle spirit of confidence between them,

The white man's impatience, haughtiness, quiet indifference and the assumption of the air of a protector disgust and repel the Asiatic. Mr. Liu and the monks were impressed by the mass of social and religious customs common to us and them. The Chinese are not bigots in religion. It is one of the biggest assets to the race which enables them to sweep in the Briareus arms all the races of mankind. When asked about their religion they say they are Buddhas. Strange religions do not affect or upset them. Their religion is proselytising, yet it is not aggressive or militant, as the Christian and Mahommadan religions which are fanatical and constantly change their battery. The peaceful nature of his religion is reflected in his character and manner. The illustrious moral teacher, Confucius, has a very small empire over the mind of China. He is known by but a few intellectual Chinamen. Sakya Muni has usurped their heart and brain. The Chinese monks have but to root out the infectious weeds and moral nuisance of Tibet to raise the country to its former eminence.

At 2-30 in the afternoon, after an excellent tiffin in the hotel, we set out to visit the Forbidden City. It is a city within a city, *urbs in urbe*, surrounded by a wall. It used to be reserved for the emperor and his family. The boxer-war has thrown it open to the nations of the world. The privacy and sanctity of this ancient city has disappeared. In a remote part of the city, the deposed emperor and his family live forlorn in a portion of the palace. In this city the Emperors used to hold levees, to which the military and civil officers and foreign ambassadors would be invited. Nearly all the palaces have been turned into museums of valuable curiosities and works of art, which have been appraised at 30 million dollars. All these wonderful objects of art belonged to

the successive dynasties of the rulers of China. In the Boxer war, the white man smuggled out of the country many precious and priceless things; and wheedled submissive Japan to participate in the pillage and plunder. I hope Japan has since grown more circumspect and wiser. All conquered countries have to go through such humiliation and spoliation. The Chinese rulers, having led the inane life of ease, regardless of the scientific movement and organisation of the white man had allowed the country to drift in the green, sluggish stream of ancient ideas and mode of government. They had not consolidated the country nor stirred the people with patriotism. There had been many omens which were disregarded by the rulers; if these dull, selfish rulers had attended to them they would have saved the country from the white man's aggression. The fate of China is the fate of all the East except Japan.

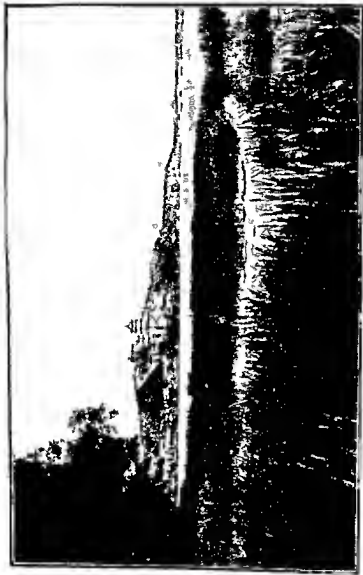
The President of the Chinese republic has his residence in a new fashioned modern building at the extreme end of this walled city, near to the old palace. The President is a convert to Christianity. The country is a hive of foreign Christian missions, aggressive and domineering. Christianity by itself does not antagonise the people, for the simple reason that the Chinese have no castes. The Chinese dress is cosmopolitan. It is the spirit of China that the great populace tries to discover beneath the trappings of dress and religion. A Christian or a Mohammedan Chinaman is regarded by the Buddhist Chinamen as a brother and fellow countryman, on condition that he respects the ancient traditions of the race. The trouble arises from the Christian missionaries inciting the converts to flout the traditions and make light of the soul and spirit of China. The missionaries carry on the propaganda with deliberation and political motive. They desire to have a perpetual lease of the country to enable them to live and thrive in comfort and prosperity. In their own respective countries, they would be on the

unemployment list and remain submerged in the troublous sea of competition and crushing hard work. The missionaries sedulously endeavour to change the soul and the mental characteristics of the Chinese and destroy their *genius*.

The Chinese should remember the great patriotic words of Hector, on the eve of the battle with Achilles. On being warned of the omen against his success, he exclaimed. "The omen, the best of all—is to perish in the defence of one's country."

We visited several buildings in the Winter Palace. The winter in Pekin is so severe that on the 27th of March we found huge pieces of ice at the foot of the buildings—the cold legacy of the winter. In the Winter Palace they have the Ming Temple, built by the Ming ruler 500 years ago. We see in it dragons, carved and depicted, in a state of torpor; they call these lazy dragons, the symbol of dull and dreary winter. How emblematic of the inactivity and slothfulness of the Chinese of the centuries gone by. In one of the temples in the Winter Palace, it is one of the Mongolian temples, one reads in the carved images the fabulous origin of the race. At one time, it is remote from our day, they believed the story. The Mongols were supposed to have been the offsprings of the marriage of a woman with a horse. It reminds me of the European story of the Minotaur, half bull and half man, the offspring of Pasiphae and the bull. In Mongolia, the progeny is full grown, healthy, strong human beings. The Palace of the Hun dynasty had been built 1,800 years ago. The house was deemed to have been the descendants of the lions. The Huns are here still, but the wheel of time has rolled over them and crushed out the spirit of the lion and turned them into sheep to be shorn by the progressive modern nations of the West.

The whole of Asia has become a great source of revenue and a dependency of the white man. The Asiatics live and labour for others, not for themselves



Summer Palace (Pekin)

Virgil wrote a panegyric on Augustus Caesar; an inferior poet of the time passed it off as his own composition and obtained favour and honour from the king. Virgil remained in banishment and in the bitterness of heart wrote the following lines :—

“ Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes;
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves;
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.”

I believe the Chinese have the potentiality and the genius to revive the leonine spirit of their Hun ancestors. On the next day we visited the Summer Palace built under the direction and auspices of the Dowager Empress, the grand-mother of the deposed Emperor. It is indeed a thing of joy, yet such a ruinous *gaspiilage* of money. It cost her 20 million dollars to build and embellish it. The palace consists of several halls, roofed with yellow and green tiles, rising one above the other in terraces on the side of a hill. At the base of the hill is an artificial lake nearly 10 miles in circumference. The lake seems to be the nest of innumerable wild ducks floating on the water and enjoying aquatic life, peaceful, and free from danger. No one disturbs the happy life of these birds. Not a stone is heaved at them. These are migratory birds; their presence in such large numbers reveals the Chinaman's refinement and tenderness of feeling. We had to cross a part of the lake in a rickety old tub-like boat. My friend did not like the look of it and would not trust himself in it. There was a soldier in charge of the palace and its gardens who came up with us to cross over to the other side. Mr. Liu, the soldier and the boat-man were perplexed at the apparent timidity of my friend and after much assurance and coaxing persuaded him to brave the journey. What these three men said in their tongue over this incident will never be revealed to us. I could only observe the smiles on their lips as they talked among themselves. It is nothing like the journey across the Styx,

with Charon as the ferryman, in the midst of the noise and lamentations of the wicked souls. Our boat-man, somewhat gay, carried four clean minded men and safely landed us on the opposite bank. I hate to show nervousness to face real or masked danger in the presence of a foreigner. We are a subject race, every foreigner knows it, and we bear the brand of cowardice on our brow. In my own person I try to wipe off the stigma. I risked drowning while bathing at Seaview near Ryde in the Isle of Wight.

My English friends asked me if I could dive. I told them I had never done it before, but they insisted and I plunged "with a heart for any fate." Courage in big and small incidents of life is a necessary virtue. On landing we were taken up the hills to see the temples built for the Empress. In these beautiful temples in front of the fine images of Buddha, she used to offer her prayers for the enjoyment of earthly life and perhaps for illumination. She obtained fruition of her earthly desires, but light was not vouchsafed to her. It was a hot climb to the temples. We walked along a covered promenade, a mile and a quarter in length, between the hill and the lake. The Empress was a lady of gay and artistic temperament. She would rather stint the country of sea and land defences, and expose it to the attack of men with new and advancing knowledge and complete discipline and organisation than strike off a single item of luxury and splendour. Absolute monarchy has been the bane and curse of Asia and Europe. It had collected round its throne ignorant, selfish, ambitious and debonair courtiers, who had cared only for personal matters and neglected public interests. Throughout the world the mass of mankind has been trod upon, kept in ignorance and superstitions and used as beasts of burden by the kings and their courtiers. Even now it has not been able to shake off the mental and moral slavery. The multitudes of China have remained long-suffering, dumb

and disarrayed. For centuries they have had no instruction of any kind or sort, neither from the monks nor from the rulers; and have lost the human soul and live and die with unredeemed souls similar to the dogs and pigs with whom they dwell and consort. The white man, or the foreigner as they call him in China, came with his "burden" to evangelise China, and with this work of proselytism established a few schools. The light of the evangel struggles through the impenetrable brain of Buddhist China.

The secular light of education quickly illuminates the Chinese mind. It is a credit to the Christian missionaries. How a Buddhist can become a Christian is a problem which no man is able to solve. Christianity as a religion and a code of ethics is a dead moon in comparison with the living and flaming sun of Buddhism. The Mandarins in silken robes, felt shoes and hats grin like Cheshire cats at the novelty of the foreigners' deeds and actions. And like Drances abounding in wealth and still more in tongue, *largus opum et lingua melior*, they eat, drink and dream of happy times and a soft life, turning their eyes away from the garrets of the poor. The Chinese are a polygamous people like the Hindus and the Mahammadans. The wives live together in friendly and sisterly relation. There is seldom an unseemly quarrel in the domestic life of a Chinaman. There exists a cheerful and harmonious affinity between them. Polygamy has not caused mental and physical deterioration. The Chinese intrinsically, by nature and temperament, are progressive and liberal. Their obedience and submission to the republican ordinance is the proof of their inborn advancing quality. The republic declared it vulgar to wear long hair and the nation has cut off the queue: The republic declared it common and ill-bred to bend and squash the feet of the girls, and the nation has abolished the inhuman practice and the girls grow up in full unobstructed nature. The republic proclaimed universal compulsory education for the boys and girls from the age of six

up to the age of fifteen, and the nation has fallen into line. The republic published the edict regarding the emancipation and freedom of women and the nation in general follows it. The better class, however, still restrain the freedom of their women. But they have to send their girls to schools, and that will have the effect of freeing the women of the next generation. Besides, political pressure from all sides and the students, returning from Europe, America and Japan, flushed with patriotism and big with social and scientific knowledge acquired in distant lands, will in a few short years completely remove the traditional barrier from the natural life of the woman. The houses of the high class Chinese are one storeyed and built in the same style as in India. They have an outer apartment for the men and an inner apartment for the women. The quarter of the women is walled off and a small door in the wall serves as a passage from the outer into the inner apartment. In the hotel several Americans, with enormous credit in the bank, assailed me with questions in regard to the social, religious and political conditions of India. I answered the queries without extenuation or drawing a long-bow. They were not happy to hear what I had to say in respect of the serious problems in India. The problem of untouchability is the *bete noir* to them. They seem to think untouchability to be the strongest bar to the consolidation of the Hindu race, and the solution of it will be the solution of all other questions. Then we came to the discussion of prostitution. After a long and sedate debate and common sense view of the enquiry, it was agreed on all hands that it is due to poverty and lack of chance of marriage; that polygamy *per se* is not immoral or criminal. It depends upon the temper of the society and the regard and respect the communities pay to the status of women. There is a vast amount of polygamy practised *sub rosa* in Christian countries. Man is a polygamous animal; from the earliest period of his history and life he has been straying from

his hearth and home in search of food and adventure, and in these circumstances he gave way to physical aberration and became "absent minded beggars." In the East polygamy was instituted and encouraged for safeguarding the honour and chastity of women. A wife is an honourable person; a mistress or a concubine is not, nor is a woman considered respectable who indulges in her amours without being the mistress or wife to any man. Prostitutes are looked upon as a poisonous carbuncle on the back of the society. Flirtation is a comprehensive word covering a multitude of sins. These are the points of view which escape the serious notice of the shouting and vituperative Buddhas of the Christian Church. The world is becoming so populous and the economic pressure upon mankind has grown so heavy and irksome that reflective people have given up the idea of matrimony altogether; even the unthinking populace under adverse economic condition and stress of keeping body and soul together would like to kick over the connubial traces. The thought of legal polygamy seems to rouse the bile and wrath of the Europeans and the Christian missionaries. Nine-tenths of the human beings in the East are monogamous and have been so for thousands of years. The white man immersed in sexual hypocrisy comes to the East to look for a mare's nest. Is not the white man the inventor of the phrase, "do not be found out." This plain, above board talk had a good effect upon the Americans, who were amazed at the misrepresentation of the East with which the Europeans have nourished them for many years. They were good enough to give me their cards inviting me to their homes. I informed them that the Chinaman being an eastern like myself, his religion, life and thought being almost identical with mine is a brother to me. They were agreeably surprised at the ease, cordiality and confidence with which the Chinese mixed and conversed with me.

The East is East if only the Easterns knew it. There is perceived a subtle natural flow of kinship and a delicate bond sweeping over and binding us together. The Hindus have altogether overlooked the gentle stream of religious consanguinity gliding between the Chinese and themselves and refused to drink of the pure water of the fountain of kinship. Our abysmal ignorance and superstitions have burst the delicate chain asunder which Buddha forged to bind us with the world outside, and we have flown away from each other till we no longer recognise the affinity and the common features in the spirit and imagination of China. Nature in its magnanimity has placed the Easterns in exuberant and genial surroundings, beneficially acting upon the very fibre of our being. By nature, the Easterns are polite and affable; we can all meet in absolute friendly spirit on the common ground of manners and thought and intimate impulses and emotions.

— We walked down the long corridor with innumerable flower-beds on either side, and encountered finely robed Chinamen, each with two gorgeously attired ladies, taking the promenade in the 'delightful garden walk which has cost China her army and navy. Mr. Liu informed us of their "High Class" station in life, taking exercise and fresh air, each with two wives. He called our attention to the friendly and charming relation of the ladies to each other and remarked that there was never a misunderstanding or a dispute in the house. Each of the wives gets an equal allowance and lives in perfect amity under the same roof. He was rather vexed at the expression of my surprise, and remarked on the rich dresses and the happy, genial looks of the ladies. 'According to him, there are some foreigners who approve of the custom and there are others who resent it. And with a biting satire he observed that the 'disapproving foreigners invariably showed great ardour for enjoying the society of the Mongolian concubines. The deceit and insincerity of the white man, in regard to sexual

morality, expose him to the comment and odium of the Easterns. Mr. Liu has travelled in Europe and America and has a store of knowledge of the peoples of the two hemispheres and has acted as a guide for 30 years. He is himself a high-class chinaman.

The high-class Chinese ladies have smooth skins and delicate complexion and are self-possessed and dignified in their carriage and demeanour. We went to see the Central Park. It is an extensive place, a part of it is shaded by tall, branching trees; the whole length and breadth of it was a mass of tables and chairs where the visitors drank tea and other beverages. On the tables covered over with spotless white cloth, dishes of Chinese and European confectionery were placed in artistic order. The park was filled with men, women and children in clean, elegant habiliments. The eye of the foreigner rests in bewilderment on the exquisite art woven in the tapestry of Chinese silk. The waiters in immaculate white robes are attentive and quick in serving.

It is one of the most glorious sights I have ever seen east of Suez. It could not have been possible to have seen the spectacle during the old regime. Six years ago it was the Republic that threw open the park to the nation, and the nation with wonderful adaptability and an instinctive desire for a large life have broken down the absurd, old barricade of custom and rushed into the fresh air and sunlight of the outer world and now enjoy themselves with their female relations and friends and children in this beautiful, decorated park. They had music, sword-play and other entertainments to amuse the visitors. The heart of China is sound, the brain which leads and controls the head is antiquated and unproductive.

I expressed my sorrow at the fratricidal warfare that is being carried on between the North and the South, Mr. Liu and his friends were confident that within 10

years the differences would be composed and there would come about a brilliant change in the life of the nation. The republic will remain unmoved; round it will cluster unselfish, educated and patriotic men to infuse life and energy into the remotest part of the Empire. [The guardian spirit of China sang out, Amen.

On the lake in the Summer Palace, the dowager Empress with her circle of friends used to take excursions in the beautifully ornamented house-boats in the cool of the evening. These elegant vessels are lying uncared for on the water in the boat house. One of them has gone to pieces and lay sunk in the water. The other two are in a state of decay, and in a year or two will undergo slow dissolution and eventually subside into the green water on which even now they ride with the faint mark of majesty of long years ago. The soldiers, recently recruited in the army, with cheerful countenances lounge lazily in the grounds of the temples. They wear no ammunition boots. Felt shoes, with thin leather soles, do the service. Their accoutrements are shockingly poor. I chatted with them and offered cigarettes. They were immensely pleased to get the cigarettes and answered my questions without reserve. How could the Government supply them with military boots and equipment when it had no money to pay the salary of the army and civil functionaries; they have not been paid wages for months and months. Their rulers tell them that the finance of the country is in a dilapidated condition. *The rulers are fighting for their own selfish ends and ambitions tearing the country to pieces.* The "foreigners" are insidiously usurping the land, squeezing the substance out of it and fomenting discord and dissension among the rulers of the country; but they, the poor soldiers and the officers of the State are expected to live on mother wit. They have said all this with a blush of shame. They were happy to see us, men from India, the country of their great Buddha. They expect better times when the white man leaves the

country. Mr. Liu faithfully interpreted the questions and answers. I shook hands with each and everyone of them. They are fine lads and I left them in the shadow of gloomy thoughts. I too, walked away with 'dark' clouds in the region of my heart. China, at present, is no man's land. Its finance, industry, education, railway, in truth its very soul is delivered up to the foreigners.

The President and his ministers are mere figure heads in the country and obedient slaves of the white man and dance like marionettes to the rhythmic pull of his strings. The people, in general, seem indifferent to the chaotic condition of the Government, but become bitter and ironical when they speak about the covetousness and regard for personal advantage of the contending parties in the north and south ; and speak of them as brigands and *apaches* driving the country headlong into financial ruin and enslavement. It is the "foreigners," they will tell you, who have driven the wedge between the north and the south, and will extend the cleavage and widen the division between the cold and stupid North and the emotional and fiery South till the two are able to close up the ranks. The nation has too long been kept in stygian 'darkness to bear the light of heaven, the new form of state craft.

The nation vaguely prefers the republic to ancient monarchy. The republic has removed the thick forbidding wall from its path and given it the freedom of movement and action, and enabled it to raise its head and eyes to the sun, although for the long residence in the dungeon the eyes blink in the light. The trouble is transitory and will pass off ; the eyes will get used to the light and the sight will be clear and strong. The nation forgives the present rulers their iniquitous, sordid and unpatriotic conduct for one beneficent action—the tearing down of the Bastille, the black symbol of tyranny, and letting in the genial air of freedom to refresh the country.

The Chinese are not unruly, and like to enjoy agree-

able and peaceful existence. They are just the men for enlisting in the army for the liberation of humanity. The pressing necessity of the country is instruction in schools and colleges under the guidance and control of their own leaders—honourable, liberal and upright men. They must endeavour to banish grovelling poverty from the land. The country is passing through a terrible crisis—a crisis of vile speculation, self-aggrandizement and sinful ambition. The leaders have gone into captivity of the 17th century politics. The country is expiring; there is no one to say to the nation.

"The torch that would light them through 'dignity's way."

"Must be caught from the piles where their country expires."

The end of this long walk leads one into a boat-shaped, two storeyed marble building resting on pillars on the lake. It is an ideal corner to sit of a summer evening, to sip delicious China tea and watch the amphibious animals cruising and playing on the vast expanse of water. The building has changed its character. It is turned into a curiosity shop and a tea house. We enjoyed our tea in the cool breeze blowing over the water. I brought a stick made of a branch of a tree, absolutely native of Pekin. I have never seen such wood any where in all my travels and was proud to have it.

On the next day we drove in an automobile to the Western Hills. It is a pleasant ride presenting vistas of Chinese rural life and temples in a rustic setting. The villages consisting of groups of huts with thatched roofs are wonderfully clean. There is no foul smell of animal and human dung. What the inside of the poor dwellings is like I cannot say. These poor people keep the outside of their hamlets cleaner and tidier than the villages in India or the slums of Europe. There are no metalled roads, no water supply, no schools, not even a medicine

man. For centuries these people have been neglected and thrown upon their own resources. They live and die like flies. They dwell among the rude tombs of the dead. They do not acknowledge the victory of the grave nor feel the sting of death. In India we have had Hakims and Kabirajes to attend the sick bed of the poor. These useful tribes have disappeared from the Indian villages. The sick and the diseased of China and India are left without medical aid or relief to the inevitable end of all things in nature. The republic has established compulsory and free primary education. In large cities and small towns there are schools which the children of both sexes from the age of six are bound to attend and continue up to the age of 14. The necessitous children get the supply of books and writing materials and one meal a day from the State. The educational law is strictly enforced. Were the children to absent themselves without sufficient cause from the schools, the parents or guardians are punished by the magistrate.. The Americans help the Chinese much with their educational institutions. The Christian missionaries are doing considerable educational work. The education imparted by the foreigners, their national and religious interests rooted in the country, is not unmixed beneficence. There is a widespread hatred of Japan. On my asking them the reason for their antipathy and deep anger, they would blurt out and refer to the acquisition of Formosa by the Japanese. They imbibe the spirit of hatred and antagonism in the lecture-rooms of foreign colleges and schools. It is not wholesome education these unfledged youths receive under foreign schoolmasters. It is not the right sort of education, it is, in truth, impolitic and pernicious education to turn these students out into the dangerous and turbulent sea of politics, ere they have learnt to swim in the calm and placid lake of honest and pure intellectuality. It caused me pain to listen to all this indignant expression of opinion and deep resentment. I

pointed out to them that in the fluid and gaseous condition of the country it is wicked and unwise to nurse resentment towards Japan, the torch bearer of Asia. The East, from Constantinople to China, has been overrun and dominated by the white man. I related to them from Aesop's fables the story of the fox without the tail, and warned them against the false and deceptive logic of the cunning and sneaky animal. They suffer for the folly and want of understanding of their ancestors. The former rulers kept themselves within the wall caring nothing for the scientific and political movements of the world outside. They did not trouble to look at the map of the world or to cast their glance at the seas and oceans that wash its shores and stretch far away into regions and climes inhabited by peoples of different mind and calibre. They left the country in disorder and uncleanness. The republic of China has to put this house in order. It has to look into the finance, education, sanitation, the relief of poverty and the defence of the country. I startled them by saying that no Eastern, including the Japanese, can enter, settle down and claim citizenship in the white man's land, such as Australia, Canada, South Africa and the United States of America. They knew nothing of this, their schoolmasters never enlightened them on the subject. They confessed their ignorance, covering them with confusion and bewilderment. I told them that the foreigners with whom I had travelled from Shanghai to Peking looked upon the poor of China with contempt and spoke of them as if they were erect, biped animals. The white man will not respect and place on equal footing with himself an Asiatic who is ignorant, superstitious and of a mean standard of living. The high class Chinese, should they possess any degree of self-respect, must look after the poor and instruct them to build better and more sanitary huts and to give up beggarliness. They cannot, I am sure, they will not, stay in the thought idea and life of the first century or the sixth

century or the tenth century or even of the 19th century of the Christian era and at the same time claim equal treatment with the nations who are moving and carrying the poor with them towards higher and better mode of living. I expounded to them the humanitarian and ethical doctrine of great Sakya Muni. I showed by comparison with other religions of the world, the supremacy and unparalleled sublimity of Buddhism. They bowed reverentially to the name. They seemed pleased with the presentation of these points of view and remarked that I and my countrymen should consider them as brothers and friends. I am sure I can be a successful preacher of the doctrines of Buddha and become a formidable rival of the Christian Missionaries in China.

In Peking they have assumed European hats. On entering the temples they take off leather shoes and put on cloth or rope shoes and remove the hats and bend low in front of the Altar and gently tap the hands and utter prayers in almost inaudible tones. No one can enter a house, or ancient buildings or museums in leather shoes; these are kept so spotlessly clean. The authorities, that look after these places of interest, keep a large supply of over-shoes made of cloth. In many places we had to remove our boots to wear the rope shoes. The temples and the monks are morally and physically cleaner and purer than the temples and priests in other parts of the world. The Chinese are a less sensual people than the races of other parts of Asia and Europe. Ovid would have been laughed out of scorn and thrown into the Yellow Sea for his cynical and irreverent remark, "If you wish to remain pure, do not go to the temple." In the temple of China they do not have exhibitions of fine costumes and "new creations," nor do they indulge in quiet and restrained flirtation as in European countries; nor do they ogle and stare at women and follow them about in a lewd manner, as it is the despicable habit with dissolute and barbarous men, in the temples of other eastern countries.

We visited the Pi-yun-Tsu temple on the western hills. It is known as the Temple of the Green Jade clouds. The roof of the temple is set with tiles of green jade colour. They are pure porcelain. It is a beautiful and renowned piece of art. For want of encouragement the art has died out. The artists have lost their skill and trick in the manufacture of these unique tiles, the country being unable to pay them special remuneration. The country has been going through a series of financial crises for nearly a century; it is hopelessly insolvent at the present time. For want of common care trees are growing in luxuriance on the roofs of the palaces and temples; the tiles are slipping off their wonted place and lie scattered on the ground presenting a deserted look and a picture of irrevocable past glory. The Chinese mind is cold and unimaginative. It does not dwell long on the dead past, wasting time in regrets over things and incidents that cannot be recovered or recalled. It buries the old and sets up the new and accords to it frank, unstinted support. The Chinese mind is generous and hospitable; it gives without reserve and receives ideas and experiences with unbounded sympathy, if they be for the good of the country. It may be asked, why it is they never moved from their old life and thought for so many centuries and have received nothing new from the world outside China. The answer to the accusation is to be found in the memorable words of a great Frenchman, "*Les hommes ne sont que le gouvernement les fait.*" The Chinese are loyal to those who serve their country well; and allow themselves to be led by them. Their former rulers gave them a set of ideas and the people without a murmur followed them. They were what the government had made them. Now that they have the republic which is an advance and an improvement upon monarchy, they have adjusted themselves to the new state of affairs and the new progressive ideas. When I showed them the terrible state of disrepair and the poor condition of these

wonderful monuments of the past, they made an answer which revealed the inner mind of the people. The palaces, the temples and the parks used to be kept in excellent condition and state during the life time of the Empress. In her reign they had not free education, they had no universities, not much of an army and navy. They have the republic now which has to impart free education to the boys and girls, to create a strong army and build an efficient navy. It has no money to spare to keep up these buildings in their original splendour. From the time of the monarchy the Customs and the finance of the country have been in the hands of the foreigners who take more than they ought to receive. And now, during the republic the selfish and ambitious men are fighting against one another for power and wealth. The South is excitable; the curse of opium has overwhelmed them and unhinged their mind. It is the South that causes the trouble, the North is willing to meet the South to settle the dispute. The country is afflicted by brigandage but they hope soon to arrange their differences and settle down to progressive republican government. But will the foreigners let them?

They may start a movement to put the Emperor back on the throne, who, it is believed, on his restoration will begin his rule with a clean slate and a real progressive government on modern lines. But, it is certain, the North will not go back to the old system. The South is ultra-republican and *will never agree to the return of the monarchy*. Japan took to the modern system of education and government just 40 years ago. She is strong and scientific. They are determined to build themselves on the model of Japan. These are the reflections of my Chinese friends to which I listened with great interest and sympathy. Unhappily the fight between the South and the North is a duel, *brelaque-breloque*, between two sets of franc-tireurs. They with their attacks, now here

and now there, are like the dancing master conducting a quadrille :—

“ Ma Commere, quand je danse,
Mon cotillon, vat-il bien
Il va deci, il va de la,
Comme la queue de notre chat.”

In Pi-pun-Tsu temple, in a hall of enormous capacity we find a marvellous collection of statues, 500 in number, of the disciples of Buddha; the statue of Marco Polo has been given the honour of a place among them. The most conspicuous part of the temple is a marble building of Indian architecture called the Indian pagoda. The Franco-Chinese Society has built a school and a hospital at the foot of the hill on which the temple stands. It is a residential college where instructions are given in the French and Chinese languages. The students reside in the college for three years and ultimately are sent over to France to finish their education. I had a conversation with one of the students who spoke to me in good French and told me he would like to be an engineer when he would go to France. He said they were well looked after and quite happy.

I met Mr. E. M. Vogleson of Chicago, who with his wife and two young daughters is going round the world. His is a family of considerable culture and education. I invited the young ladies to go over the buildings with me. On my asking the young student to take the ladies round, he blushed and looked shy and requested me to take the duty upon himself, he accompanying us. They were pleased to see the good service the French are doing in Peking; and are of opinion that the Chinese are in great need of education on progressive basis; that ignorance and superstition which cover their minds like a pall must be combatted by enlightened instruction in the schools and colleges. It struck them, as it has impressed me, that the rulers of China have not bothered for centuries to improve the mind and condition of the

people.¹ They agreed with me that the Chinese people, as we see them in the streets, in the hotels and in the shops, possess excellent natural qualities which can be heightened by education, and within a decade would raise them to the high place among the advanced nations. These good people have invited us to see them in their home in Chicago.

Pekin in spite of its wretched streets, black mud and stinking canals draws crowds of American visitors every year. The hotels are full of cheerful folks taking life easy and enjoying to the top of their bent the freedom and sunshine of the Orient. There is a good deal of animation in the hotel. At tea time the youth of both sexes of America trip lightly on the smooth board to the strains of gay music. The Americans are great dancers; their feet become restive at the sound of lively music. They throw narrow conventions to the winds. In this characteristic, they resemble the continental Europeans. In the Orient, there are professional dancing men and women who are engaged to entertain and amuse the rich and the poor with pretty, artistic and gentle movements of the arms and the body. The foreigners consider the art of dancing an accomplishment; and in the Far East the orientals watch and enjoy the dance of the white men and women without paying a cent for it. The Chinaman likes to see the foreigners dance as he likes to see his own professional girls dance on the stage.

But he feels a loathing at the sight of coarseness and indelicacy. There is plenty of art, decorum and grace in the Chinese dancing. Ignorant and superstitious that he is, the Chinaman is blessed with a natural sense of proportion and does not suffer from *esprit fort borné*. By nature, and through tradition and ethnic changes which have occurred in the country, the Chinese heart and mind is sufficiently large and wide to assimilate even this foreign art, provided it touched its artistic fancy. The

Christian missionaries with their cheerless, 'doleful conception of man and his life on earth and of original sin, are making strenuous efforts to crush the quiet gaiety of the people. I met two mission-made men who in the course of conversation confessed to me the sad view of life which the missionaries had constantly presented to them. It is repugnant to the Buddhist Chinese and creates friction in all the sections of life between the neighbours. The converts feel this seclusion and other-worldliness which the Church infuses into them, so they have ceased to attend the Service. The congregation is daily decreasing. The missionaries in the passion and fanaticism of their faith and social habit try to denationalise them and cut the root from the social and traditional life of the nation and promote international jealousy. All proselytisers, religious or otherwise, should carry on their activity in the spirit of the great commandment of the Koran: "Invite men into the way of thy Lord, by wisdom, and mild exhortation; and dispute with them in the most condescending manner." Japan is a black beast for the foreigners. Behind the smiles and graceful phrases, black hypocrisy and deep hatred lie menacingly in wait. The Christian teachers train them to hate the Japanese thereby to transgress the highest of moral laws. There has been, for years, a systematic propaganda against the Japanese. The Chinese, notwithstanding the ethics of Buddha and Confucius, have swallowed the bait, hook and sinker of Christian political education. The milk of human kindness flowing clear and pure from the limpid fountain of the Man who attained the highest bliss—The Nirvana—under the shade of a spreading tree, has turned into gall and wormwood having come in contact with Europeanised Christianity. Buddha conquered the Far East not under the rampart with guns and flashing swords, he won by his straight, gentle and human appeal to the noblest and purest intelligence of man.

China has not been able to assimilate the whole of Buddha's doctrines and principles. She has not yet liberated woman out of the physical cell and mental cavern. Knowledge, wisdom and freedom of man and woman, are a few of the cardinal tenets of Buddha. China has missed them. The women have lived in segregation from men. The monks have neglected their duties and ceased to be the preachers and leaders of thought. They have lived in retirement from the busy haunts of their fellow men and shrivelled and declined. The outcome of the austere and unchangeable social custom has been disastrous. It has weakened the country and exposed it to foreign invasion. The men and women of China are becoming Christian for a little education, for an alluring glance from the eyes of a fair woman and a few radiant words from her divine lips. The parents select the brides and arrange the marriage of the sons at an early age. The freedom of choice is denied both to the boys and the girls. The rulers had not afforded to the nation convenience and facility for receiving education. The missionaries from different climes under the protection of their countries' guns landed in this hospitable country and opened schools to give secular and religious instructions to the boys and girls; and granted domestic and social freedom to man and woman. The essential things which intimately concern the lives of the people are the religious and secular instructions and social and intellectual fellowship of women. The missionaries bring them these gifts; they accept them with avidity and fall in to the trap of sham humanitarianism. The work is done, the conquest is made, the yoke is slung over the neck and the team is driven through the country tearing up the root of the placid life of the nation. I wish to see the serio-comic phase of political adventure vanish; and the North and South animated by patriotism, suppressing personal ambition and interest meet in friendly spirit and put an end to internecine strug-

gle. The country will then be in a healthy financial condition to enforce successfully free compulsory education, which will have the effect of shifting the ground from the missionary enterprise and breaking the spell. The trees shed their leaves in March. The sap goes down. They look bleak and dry on the vast plains relieved by the silhouette of the creatures in blue, toiling on the land. The sap will soon push up, the protoplasm will enter into every fibre and grain investing them with green foliage and vigorous youth. The country will soon enter into the spring. Should the North and South desist from contending with one another and rejoice in the new spring and life of the nation, and like the trees put on the garb of adolescence and carry on the government with dignity, honour and strength, within the life time of a generation, it is expected the missions will look grey and barren, like the parched trees, on the stupendous plains of the nation's life and activity.

NANKOW.

On the 29th of March we drove in an automobile to Hsichihmen station. It is north-east of Peking. We took the train at 8-30 in the morning for Nankow to see the Ming Tombs and the Great Wall of China. Thousands of memories came pressing into my mind, the history of this great country and its wonderful peoples stirred me at the prospect of looking at the Great Wall in close proximity. We had a number of Americans and a solitary Scotchman with us in a first class compartment. The Scotchman has a business in South India, and is on leave taking this trip round to reach his native land in fair weather. He is a decent fellow with some education and æsthetic feelings. He admired the Chinese art and architecture. It is curious that people who travel far and wide observe very little and do not improve the mind. Horace has truly said: "They who cross the sea change their climate, not their disposition, *coelum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" I told these

travellers to keep their weather eye open and observe things in details. They were glad that I told them so. We reached Nankow at midday and stayed in the only hotel in the place. After a wash and brush up we sat down to breakfast. In the meanwhile the sedan-chairs were got ready, four coolies to each chair. As soon as we finished our *dejeuner* we took our seats on the chairs. They are like the *dandies* with long poles such as we have in India going up to Mussoorie from Rajpura. We met little children, boys and girls, well covered, dressed in frocks and blouses, the regulation dress of school-going girls, and wearing their native felt shoes, with satchels full of books and writing materials slung over their backs, returning from the school to their humble homes, indulging in soft *babillage enfantin*, happy and playful. The little feet of the girls are not cramped, the little mites do not hobble and trot but walk with natural and firm steps. The little nippers of boys, in trousers and coats, look equally cheerful and are full of quiet fun. The republic has justified its birth by its achievement in the educational and humane laws which it has put into force in the country. I spoke through the interpreter to one of the little girls. She took out of her satchel five books which she had to read. She showed me these with a charming little smile. They go to school at 8-30 in the morning and remain there till 11-30 when they come back home. They again have to go back to the school at 2 in the afternoon and at three they disperse for the day. The boys and girls get one meal a day in the school and are supplied with books, papers and pencils. She smiled all the time she answered my questions. It is a race destined to be great again. They are poor but loveable children. The police has strict orders to see that every child is sent to school; and a register is kept of the school-going children. The parents are fined if they neglect to send their children to school. I can see before me a brilliant future for China

and she can look forward to a gorgeous and rainbow life of vigorous and advancing changes. Will the foreigners forbear in their interference with its social and civic life?

Europe and America have sent out shoals of missionaries to preach the religion of Jesus—a religion of justice, love and charity to the “heathen Chinese.” Are the Chinese heathen whose religion is Buddhism? Buddhism knows no God the like of whom we find in the Socio-theological systems of the Semetic races, the Hebrews and the Arabs, or in the four gospels of the disciples of Jesus or in the Brahminical religions. The creed of the Chinese is founded upon the eternal Cause and Effect and upon the ethics of Buddha and Confucius. There is none cleaner, more refined and more intellectual. Superstition and ignorant faith find no foothold in this system. Thirty years ago I met at dinner in the Middle Temple Hall—an edifice erected to the deity of intellect refining the manners and the soul—a young man who had but recently returned from Australia. He had been ordained in England and gone out to preach his religion to the bushmen. At the end of three years, at Christmas, he delivered a sermon on which he bestowed much thought and learning. The text upon which he built his sermon was “The Happy Hunting Ground Beyond the Sky.” It was appropriate to the pastoral people and appealed to the Christianised natives. He delivered it with the fervour of an ardent and sincere missionary of the religion of Jesus, and saw on the swarthy faces of the congregation the visible signs of religious emotion and ecstasy. He felt, in that moment, that he had received the reward of his labour and sincerity. He folded the Book and was on the point of descending the pulpit, when an aged bushman rose from his seat and addressed him:—“Your sermon has been good and consoling, but while you touched our hearts with the description and sight and secrets of the Happy Hunting Ground above the Sky, why is it, I ask you, that you have been taking away the happy

hunting ground from underneath our feet?" The pastor was embarrassed, he hung the ecclesiastical habits in the wardrobe of his vestry, put on his secular garments, re-crossed the seas back to his home to eat his dinners to become a Barrister. The "heathen Chinese" think and speak like the bushman. Will the missionaries leave the land to the "heathen Chinese."

There were four American ladies travelling on their own, who joined in the excursion to the Tombs. These ladies independent, self-reliant, with perfect equanimity and dignity are touring round the world. They keep to themselves and play cards to while away the tedium of the day or the evening. They enjoy each other's society and are full of fun and do not care in the least for the companionship of man. The Chinese have not the good fortune to have such fine women in their country, for they have killed the soul of their women. On our return journey the ladies nipped out of their chairs and walked a long distance across the fields. They walked steadily and well through the deep dry earth looking almost like sands. My friend and I followed them sitting in our chairs like the lazy, mid-oriental, bejewelled and effeminate Rajas and Nabobs. It is not my style, although I come from the same breeding ground of unchanging, unprogressive, soft, pompous men with stars, ribbons and spangles. They stopped at a village to investigate it.

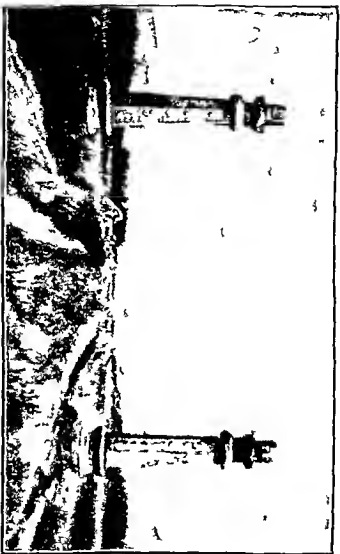
All foreigners come to the East expecting to spend a few weeks in Schlauffenland, a country of surprises and wonder. They read in the fairy tales that in the time of Schlauraffen footless men outran a quick horse, hot cakes grew on pinetrees, a couple of doves tore a wolf to pieces and two mice consecrated a bishop. They discover none of these fantastic things and are disappointed. On the other hand, they find the same social, economic, educational and political problems agitate the East as disturb their own countries. They are roused

from the sweet day dreams, and stare vacantly at the hard facts at the base of human nature and society.

Here we had to cross a stream threading its silver course from the neighbouring hills. The whole country lies in a valley. It is really picturesque although the soil is dry and the hills are bereft of trees. In the North, the cold weather lasts for nine months out of the twelve. We left our chairs and walked briskly to come up with the ladies and walked by their side for some distance and had a pleasant talk with them. I complimented them on their military gait and steps and their fitness to belong to the officer's corps in the future armies of the world.

They laughed, saying they would make a poor show in the martial calling. Civilisation brings humanity together in genial relationship, for it has the shining vestment of culture and liberalism. It insinuates men and women of education into the colours and laughter and song of life. The ambitious and restless politicians disturb the natural harmony of the nations by repeated discussion on the principle of nationality and vaingloriousness; the lugubrious theologians wrapped in funereal clothes preach sad and solemn sermons on the evanescence and sinfulness of the life on this earth, and send the nations into mourning.

The Ming Tombs are of the Emperors of the dynasty of that name. The dynasty came to an end 500 years ago. The tombs are thirteen in number. The Triumphal Way to the tombs is mile long, guarded by eighteen pairs of statues of horses, of elephants, of ferocious looking men and of civil and military officers. The civil officers are the law givers holding in their hands scrolls of paper—the civil and moral codes of the country. Their dress is similar to that of the Roman jurisconsults. The main gate of the Triumphal arch is supported by six marble pillars. The carvings on the pillars are the most beautiful in the country. The gate has three entrances, the centre one for the



Entrance to the Ming Tombs Peking

Emperor, the two side ones for the civil and military officers. The most dominating building is the tomb of Young Loh, the builder of modern Pekin. The bodies of these potentates were consigned to the earth on a hill behind this tomb; and other tombs of smaller sizes are dispersed on the hills at considerable distance from each other.

In the gardens, at any rate those which used to be the gardens, only the skeleton of them is left, we saw an extensive bush of oak trees. At a distance of 200 yards from the foot of the tomb is a hall of considerable length and breadth where we took tea in Chinese fashion and bought picture cards. The tea-house is as good as any in the wayside places of European countries. The keeper is affable and smart. On our way to the principal tomb, I tried to jump on the back of one of the stone horses. It is nearly five feet in height. I could not mount it. Time looked at me and smiled in derision. He has taken away the spring from my years and nimbleness from my joints. Waliul-huq and Mr. Liu smiled sympathetically at my capers and failure. Waliul-huq is an excellent financier, careful and unbending. He loathes waste and useless extravagance and would make money out of fish bones to balance his budget; withal a great Mandarin in the manner of living. He managed our affairs so well that we got the best of everything at a minimum of cost. I would recommend him to the post of a minister of finance in any country but India. In India they vote men into the ministry who have not learnt to be really ministers. Antisthenes used to advise the Athenians to pass a vote that asses were horses; and, as they thought that irrational, he said, "Why? those whom you make generals have never learnt to be really generals; they have only been voted such." It is a mordant satire but touches the spot.

We returned to Nankow hotel at 6-30 in the evening. It turned out cold and wintry. A fire was made in the dining room. We sat down to dinner in the cosy room.

I felt the better for the outing and came back with a good appetite and ate a good dinner. The Ming tombs had not thrown me into the graveclothes nor had my thoughts run in and out of the coffins we did not see, but my memory lingered a little over the calamity which has overtaken this land. It had not prevented me from enjoying the dishes presented to me. The hotel is divided into two parts, the front part being one storeyed with five bed rooms and a hall, all modestly furnished with old fashioned iron chimney and fire place. At the back of the hall a flight of steps leads to the first floor with three bed rooms and a small dining room. The lavatories are detached from the main building. It is a clean place and depends entirely for its support upon the tourists. The prices are high and still on the increase. A notice to that effect has been put up on the board. The prices of things have been unconscionably raised in China. The poor are hard hit. The blazing fire heated the room, warmed the pillows and the blankets; I slipped under the covering, laid my head on the comfortable pillows and dreamed of the shattered glories of all the dynasties of China and in the dream I culled a handful of lilies and strewed the bright flowers over the royal graves.

On the following morning after breakfast we took the 8-30 train for Chingling Chi Ao to see the Great Wall. The train passes through a beautiful romantic part of the country. The section is hilly. We have to pass through nine tunnels to arrive at our destination. The railroads, the tunnels and the equipages are the works of American engineers. The Americans have trained the Chinese to manage the railway efficiently. The station masters, the Traffic Inspectors down to the stokers and signal-men are all Chinese. But the brain of the railway department is the American, sitting in his room in Pekin and directing the whole machinery from his bureau.

At Chingling Chi Ao we were met by a number of men with donkeys for hire. The tourists take the donkey ride to reach the foot of the wall. It is the hilly part of the country, and the hill road from the station to the wall is fairly well metalled and smooth. All the tourists but two rode the whole distance. One of the ladies hired a sedan-chair. Her little son would ride a donkey and looked immensely pleased on the back of it. The careful Scotchman in order to stretch his legs footed the distance. Penny saved is penny earned. Waliul and the Scotchman and a lady accompanied by a guide executed the feat. The poor guide was compelled to walk and his look of disgust was a study in emotion. We did not take the road but went down the valley and crossed many delightful streams. This way is the short cut to the Wall. We looked like the pious pilgrims on the sands of Samaria. The owners of the donkeys walked alongside us with whips in their hands. I let the ladies ride ahead of me. The saddle was made of soft cushions, of a dweller and a drudge in the hills halted abruptly. The ladies pulled up and my donkey with the instinct I jumped off and showed to the ladies the cross-like mark on the back and the neck of the donkeys; and related the legend which has gathered round it. It is said that the sign of the cross appeared on the back of these creatures since Jesus had ridden one of them. They were surprised to see it and confessed they had not been careful to notice it before. At last we arrived at the foot of the steps of the Great Wall and had a copious view of a portion of this magnificent structure. It was built during the reign of Emperor Chin-shy Huang Hai 200 years before the Christian era on the top of the hill, separating China from Mongolia. The base is 25 feet in breadth, the height is 15 feet and it is 3,200 miles round. It is a glorious sight. The military genius of those ancient days had not neglected the minute detail of the defence of the country. He had the sagacity and quickness of

intellect to have watch towers and sentry boxes built short distances. There is a broad, extensive, short tunnel connecting China with Mongolia. I walked through it and entered a village in Mongolia. They have distinctive features, but in all other respects are Chinese. The Mongolians and the Manchurians used to raid the country and caused distress and annoyance to the Chinese. The wonderful wall was constructed in order to guard against the inroads of these brave warlike tribes. In those barbaric times, the despot had engaged and pressed into the service millions of men to erect this colossal edifice. Thousands upon thousands of men must have met with premature death in the building of it. In barbarous feudal days of Europe, the tyrants had recourse to *corvée*. Even at the present day, notwithstanding the so-called civilisation and enlightenment, we have abject and forced labour slaves. In the remote ages, each country had a single despot; in modern times each country has a confederacy of despots and tyrants who employ labour and compel them to work like beasts of burden. During the long passage of years the Mongols and the Manchus mingled with the Chinese; the usefulness of this gigantic fabric has vanished, and the Great Wall stands as an ornament and a record of engineering feat of the remote age. We all of us walked up to the lower watch tower and sentry box without much exertion and hard breathing. The young Scotchman has gone up and was coming down from the top tower on the crest of the hill. I began to climb. The rest of the tourists commenced to descend from the first tower. The ascent from the first sentry box to the top is rough and steep. The steps are high and decayed; the stones and bricks released from the steps gaped in rude fashion. I slowly worked my way to the top accompanied by two Chinese lads flattering me to buy old souvenirs of this part of China. I bought one from each of the lads. When I reached the top, the glorious and magnificent

view of the whole country round, and the encompassing wall from hill to hill as far distant as my naked eyes could peer, made me forget the sweat and labour of the ascent. One could espy the hills and the plains of Mongolia. On this occasion the spring and vigour clung to me and I put time to blush and shame. It is *facilis descensus* when one comes down; but it is *hic labor hoc opus est* as you begin to ascend. When I came down, my friend and the party had left; I found Mr. Liu waiting with the sure footed, speechless, uncomplaining donkeys and their keepers. The donkeys might have cursed me for keeping them waiting, had I been a modern Baalam. The poor gentle animals carried me back to the station. Mr. Liu and I rode side by side. I wanted information and he answered all my questions and kept back nothing from me. My bones were not broken, my joints and limbs had not become stiff and sore. I jumped off the back of the quiet animal and patted him in gratitude for leaving the bones whole in my body. We went into the waiting room where the tables had been spread; the assembly had already begun to eat the tiffin which the respective guides had brought from the hotel. I noticed the happy look and pleasurable sensation on the faces of them all. Nature's first law is hunger. It must be obeyed, but it is a source of all the troubles in the world. It gives rise to socialism, bolshevism and anarchism. It produces prostitution, the curse and shame of civilisation and humanity. .

Those who have intelligence and education, and desire to travel should come and visit these places in order to realise the beauty and grandeur of the eastern conception of art and of the ease and comfort of life. They will also have the opportunity of realising man's unlimited capacity for ambition, greed, selfishness and frigid insouciance for the lives of the millions of human beings, who strain and struggle in the rough and steep path of life and die without feeling the glow and sunshine of exis-

tence. The Russian refugees, who had aided and upheld the unfeeling and contumelious administration of the Czar, fill the streets and sneak about in Peking. They crowd all the important cities of China in quest of a livelihood, and assume the look of injured innocence and solicit sympathy and commiseration from the well-to-do classes of other countries. The orchestra which regales us with the music is composed of Russian artists.

The Chinese put spittoons in the trains, in the stations and in all public places on account of the bad habit of coughing and spitting. We returned to Peking after a two days' enjoyable trip to the Ming tombs and the Great Wall. We visited a temple wholly dedicated to Confucius. The stones on which he laboriously carved the moral code are preserved with great care and reverence. Confucius was a majestic and sublime thinker and teacher of truth and humanity. He was the greatest of Chinamen. He preached to deaf ears; to the spirits of the cave in which he dwelt and the stones on which he chiselled his magnificent philosophy.

Excepting an insignificant group, the vast remnant of his countrymen and women have been left unaffected by his teachings and are ignorant of his name. The cold rigidity of death is manifest over the face of China. She imprisoned the woman, crushed her feet and cudgelled her brain. She never cared to follow heartily the precepts of Buddha and Confucius. Buddha addressed men as well as women and never uttered an unholy word against woman and proclaimed her emancipation. Confucius gave his exquisite moral code to the world of men and women. China like Korea, India and the Muhammadan countries has for generations deprived women of natural freedom and kept them in ignorance. In consequence, China has not been able to move with the changes and progress of the modern world. I am not a fatalist nor do I believe in predestination. The Italians in the days of degeneracy used to say "*what will be will be, chie*

sara sara." Since the republic there has begun the stirring and the return of the warmth of life in the hitherto cold body of China. The return of animation will restore her to health and vigour. An Indian, a native of Sindh, Mr. Pinayamal has opened a shop in Morrison Road in Pekin. He has a branch shop as well. His assistants, also natives of Sindh, were exceedingly hospitable to us. This is the first time our countrymen gave us a welcome since we left Calcutta. These young men have education and good breeding, and have travelled throughout the Far East which has opened their inner eye. We discussed healthy subjects, on freedom of woman, on caste and Hindu Muhammadan unity.

The head assistant has brought with him his wife and has a boy born to them in Pekin. She is a charming woman and conversed with us with freedom and oriental modesty. She too censured the Hindus and Muhammadans for, shutting up women, untouchability and Hindu Moslem disunion.

We next visited the Rockefeller Foundation, a noble institution. It is a college of science and a school of medicine. It has a hospital and was founded by the philanthropic American of that name. The building is extensive, of perfect cleanliness, and has its own kitchen,

all of glass. The beds and sheets and pillows are snow white. The attendants and nurses seem to have consecrated their lives to this humanitarian calling. The patients have never been heard to complain of want of attention or of insufficiency of food and drink. The hospital staff is honest. There is no theft or peculation. The Chinese in spite of all their shortcomings have humanised themselves. They disdain to make money out of human affliction and miseries. Human disease makes strong appeal to their emotion. The hospital has not many beds; Mr. Rockefeller will not pay more than he has already given. The Government and the people of Peking do not render financial assistance to the Institution. The Government is a sort of phantasmagoria; and has a fancied reality. The people are poor, and unable to contribute towards the endowment of more beds. The Mandarins keep their garners of gold under lock and key and strict surveillance. The authorities of this humanitarian establishment make frequent appeals to the Chinese Government and the people who remain unaffected and unmoved. The deaf do not hear. The hospital cannot afford to keep free beds. There are two wards, the public and the private. The charges are 3 dollars and 50 cents per diem in the public ward. For a private room it is 10 dollars daily for the Chinaman, and 15 dollars for the foreigner, i.e., whitemen. They could make the beds in the public ward open and gratis had they received the support from the public or the Government. The out-patients have to pay a fee of 25 coppers for the first consultation, 10 coppers for the second and 5 coppers for the third and on. All these were told me by the affable and polite lady secretary. She loves the work and is devoted to it. She is an American and has to return to her country at long intervals to recruit her health. The man who took us round the whole establishment was an educated Chinaman. They call him the guide. The Americans are doing wonderful work in

education. They spend large sums of money in spreading education in and around Peking. They have a university in Peking called the Peking University. After all it is a charity. It is a humiliation for a great country like China to accept and subsist on charity; *Ipsos Trojugenas*! China failed to live in the generous shade of a system of moral and humane code unique in the world of thought. She has been so unprogressive, so callous to the movement of the new-world mind and so profoundly uninstructed that she has had to endure the mental and physical stupor for more than a hundred years. Death in the shape of opium has crept over her and taken away the animation.

A few feeble signs of life are visible. The condition in which she found herself was of her own making. In this state, hanging between life and dissolution, she had been attacked by the vigorous, progressive and adventurous races from the West, which laid upon her their will and religion. China submitted to the whiteman's imposition without regaining her consciousness and spirit. The religion of the West is muscular,—aggressive. It is backed by the thews and ardent spirit of redolent youth. The white man has woven in his religion the thread of policy and diplomacy. The Christian religion has several sects. These subdivisions are antagonistic to each other. The missionaries of all the nations of the West are represented in China and animated by national and sectarian jealousies and prejudices. The converts of each sect and nation being faithful and loyal flocks of their religious instructors and masters are filled with hatred and disdain of the other sects and nations. This has caused disharmony, disputes and divisions among the people. The country in which religious and social peace reigned is now distracted by domestic internal war. The missionaries faithful to their respective nationalities and creeds are inspired by international suspicions. The converts trained in the mission schools

and colleges have acquired the mental habit of jealousy and enmity of their masters which they show against Japan. All the Chinese, high and low, whom I have met, spoke with anger of the insolence and over-bearing conduct of the missionaries who have brought discord in the country. They invariably cited the instance of the Boxer revolt against the mischief of the foreign missions. The imbecile Boxers, they said, relying upon Buddha, carrying antiquated arms and bows and arrows marched against the disciplined soldiers with modern guns and ammunitions and fell, and in their fall pulled the country down. No Buddha of any religion either of the West or of the East ever troubles his head or interferes in the quarrels of men. It is the brain, the machination, diplomacy and cunning that bring about success in the war among men. A quarter of a century ago night invested the land, light had not penetrated it, the Boxers groped into death. The Phoenix, one of the emblems in China's banner, the Boxers carried with them, became like Phoenix, the preceptor of Achilles, and told the terrible news to the world that they and the country were dead. My Chinese friends tell me that the foreigners, although they fight and kill one another can easily cast aside mutual hatred and jealousy to combine as one nation against the Asiatics. The consciousness and recognition of the white man's quality is the beginning of China's wisdom. The country may have been captured but the genius of the race is alive, undimmed and free. 'A great Frenchman has said :—"Une peuple est une race, et une race est un phénomène ethnique qui ne se conserve et ne dure que par la garde sévère de son identité. La race s'abolirait si elle changeait d'âme, comme le peuple qu'elle a formé perdrait son unité et jusqu'à sa raison d'être, s'il perdait les traits caractéristique de son génie." Happily for China, she has been able to preserve her identity and the characteristics of her genius. The foreigners may have beaten the bag of Anaxarchus, but

have missed to beat Anaxarchus himself. They have not been able to touch the great gift of intellect and amiable and generous qualities of the heart. These resplendent virtues have saved the country from losing its soul. The Chinese are so liberal minded, so thoroughly oriental in culture that they would embrace the Hindus as brothers' being the countrymen of immortal Buddha. Will the Hindus advance and take the fraternal hands of 500 millions of Chinese? The Hindus regard Buddha as an incarnation of Vishnu. China worships Buddha. The Hindus have no friends and allies in the world. They have lived for thousands of years in isolation, and in consequence bent their heads and knees to the strong people marching down from alien lands. Cannot the Hindus be liberal and open-hearted and think of the kinship in religion. The Chinese build their houses like the Hindus. They sit and eat like the Hindus. I myself felt quite at home with the Chinese. I sat on the matted floor of their rooms and ate their food which they placed in cups on the floor. I felt the closest affinity between me and the Chinaman. The influence of Buddhism on their thoughts and social life approximates the Chinaman to the Hindus. The Chinaman does not wrangle over religion. He is not oppressed by brutal untouchability. He is not a fanatic in religion and social custom. The countrymen of Buddha and the Mussulmans of India are illiberal in religion and bigoted in so-called religious and social customs and they both are in perpetual fierce contention over unessential things. The animosity between the two communities is a barrier to the political and social progress and unification of the country. These two communities seem to live in the age of the Tentyritae and Ombitae. The Tentyritae were remarkable for their skill in taking crocodiles, while the Ombitae considered them divine; this was the cause of the fierce quarrel between them. The ox is a savage agent and the source of the bitter feud between the

Hindus and the Mussulmans in India. Ignorance and superstition have so warped their natural intelligence as to make them believe that yesterday is to-morrow. The unprogressiveness of these two peoples provokes the wrinkling sneer of the world—*Rugosaque sanna*. We see the most savage creatures less fierce against their kind than man against man. The leopard recognises the leopard, and avoids hurting him, when he sees him by his spots to be of the same species with himself; *parcit cognatis maculis*. In India religions and castes take away man's recognition of man. Such races are doomed for ever. If nature does not physically kill them out, she turns them into slaves and bondmen of slaves. The Hindus and the Mussulmans owing to the hereditary subservience to the letter of the law of religion and custom, some of which are unessential in the work-a-day world, lose the charm, the amenities and substance of life. They try to be logical even in unimportant circumstances of life, and seek a knot in a bulrush.

We visited the 'National University, an institution distinct from the University of Pekin which is run by the foreigners. The National University is an immense building. But for the help of Mr. Liu we could not have gone inside it. The visitors are not allowed in the University without the permission of the Secretary. Mr. Liu secured it for us. The University possesses a splendid library of foreign and Chinese books. It has several rooms stocked with Chinese manuscripts. In the library we met the librarian and the assistants sitting at their respective tables. He took us round the room showing us the tall shelves filled with books on literature, art, science, architecture and philosophy and biography and travels in Europe and America. He took us into the Reading Room, vast in size, where the students were deeply immersed in study. There was a profound silence in the room, one could hear a pin drop. We tarried a few minutes in that great

hall of learning and culture. The students were absorbed in reading, not a head or an eye was raised to look at us. European and American science is taught in Pekin language. All lectures are delivered in their own tongue. It has English, French and German classes. The English language is a compulsory subject.

The University students wear their own long robe and a distinctive cap with a badge woven with gold thread. It was a fine experience to find hundreds of oriental boys, the future arbiters and custodians of the destiny, honour and integrity of China, sitting in the stillness and under the spiritual influence of the great temple of learning, undisturbed by the din and noise of the strife and tumult of the base and sordid politicians outside the sacred walls. I spoke to a few of the professors and students through Mr. Liu and advised them to devote more years to physical science and chemistry, engineering and mechanical sciences. Europe is superior to China in nothing except in these subjects. The sciences do not stand still; they are ever advancing, and China must keep pace with their progress. The Chinese must be original thinkers and inventors. Their ancestors were the inventors of gunpowder. Why should not the descendants get back the inventive genius of their forbears. It can be attained by unselfish devotion to the drudgery and labour in the laboratory and workshop. I told them that they had suffered for long years humiliation and misery on account of the enslavement of women and other social evils. They did not resent this frank talk but told me that the Republic had set its seal upon the freedom of women and it had made education compulsory. They expect, within ten years, the women to be instructed and freed throughout the length and breadth of the land. They reminded me of the free women of Japan and remarked that the Japanese women are the most patriotic women in the world; and that 3,000 students had gone abroad. I implored them to look after the

Hindus and the Mussulmans in India. Ignorance and superstition have so warped their natural intelligence as to make them believe that yesterday is to-morrow. The unprogressiveness of these two peoples provokes the wrinkling sneer of the world—*Rugosaque sanna*. We see the most savage creatures less fierce against their kind than man against man. The leopard recognises the leopard, and avoids hurting him, when he sees him by his spots to be of the same species with himself; *parcit cognatis maculis*. In India religions and castes take away man's recognition of man. Such races are doomed for ever. If nature does not physically kill them out, she turns them into slaves and bondmen of slaves. The Hindus and the Mussulmans owing to the hereditary subservience to the letter of the law of religion and custom, some of which are unessential in the work-a-day world, lose the charm, the amenities and substance of life. They try to be logical even in unimportant circumstances of life, and seek a knot in a bulrush.

We visited the 'National University, an institution distinct from the University of Peking which is run by the foreigners. The National University is an immense building. But for the help of Mr. Liu we could not have gone inside it. The visitors are not allowed in the University without the permission of the Secretary. Mr. Liu secured it for us. The University possesses a splendid library of foreign and Chinese books. It has several rooms stocked with Chinese manuscripts. In the library we met the librarian and the assistants sitting at their respective tables. He took us round the room showing us the tall shelves filled with books on literature, art, science, architecture and philosophy and biography and travels in Europe and America. He took us into the Reading Room, vast in size, where the students were deeply immersed in study. There was a profound silence in the room, one could hear a pin drop. We tarried a few minutes in that great

hall of learning and culture. The students were absorbed in reading, not a head or an eye was raised to look at us. European and American science is taught in Peking language. All lectures are delivered in their own tongue. It has English, French and German classes. The English language is a compulsory subject.

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poor and the lowly and to improve their condition. They appear so like animals that the foreigners look at them with contempt. It is their duty, if they care to command the respect of the foreigners, to raise the poor to the dignity of human beings. I begged of them to entertain kindly feelings towards Japan and keep friendly relations with her. Japan is the solitary burning lantern in the dark and stormy night enveloping Asia. They agreed with me and thanked me for speaking openly and straight. The museums are replete with beautiful works of art. Some of them date back to 2,200 years and are closely watched. A few of these objects of art are so exquisite that it is not possible for an art-appraiser to put any price on them. We have seen beautiful carvings on marbles. These have been cut out from the quarry as samples of the artist's delicate working on rocks. The tradition has it that these marbles had been hewn into beautiful designs more than 1,500 years ago. These are as good in beauty and delicacy as the paintings in Ajanta. The Chinese seem to have a horror for litigation. The High Court at Peking, a long, massive structure of brick and stone, stands deserted on the road side, the spiders weaving cobwebs undisturbed in the corridors and court-rooms. When the state is most corrupt, the laws and litigants are most numerous. The Chinese have not undergone moral decay; the culture of ages, the ethical principles of Buddha and Confucius have gone into the bone and marrow and made them upright and peaceful. They do not rush headlong into the bondage of law and lawyers, inasmuch as the people do in Europe and India. The multiplication of law and lawyers conclusively proves the decline of European and Indian morals. The ethical principles have failed to influence the mind of the white man and the Indian; this bankruptcy of morals has introduced corruption into private and public dealings. Commercial immorality has overleaped the bounds; the taint has carried on its deadly operations in the ordinary

concerns of life, slowly decomposing the spiritual fibre of the races. The white man writes and talks of legal system and justice as if they were his exclusive possessions and had sprung from his genius. Justice is inborn in man. The Chinaman dispenses justice in the same way as the white man administers it in his own country. The legal system of China is simplified and inexpensive, whereas the legal system of Europe is complicated, obstructive and ruinously expensive. The spirit of law is identical the world over, only the European makes an apotheosis of it. The white man has the talent for advertisement. He proclaims the quality of his goods with such insistence as to lead the hide-bound Eastern peoples to believe in the excellence of the article. Buddha and Confucius are the embodiments of Justice and Truth. Follow their ethics, and you will not err in your dealings with men. These two sublime men have formed the natural quality and moulded the character and mind of the Chinaman. The Chinaman is simple, honest and veracious. The Greeks and the Romans, the progenitors and instructors of modern Europeans, were fretful and impatient and had not had such exemplars amongst them. The pattern of justice and the legal precedents which the modern Europeans have copied are sickly, sullen and revengeful in comparison with the humane and moral scheme of life in China. The Chinese police is exact in the performance of its duty yet urbane in manners. The policeman wears trousers and buttoned-up coat and white gloves and a cap. I have not seen or heard him treat roughly or speak rudely to anybody. How different from the Indian policeman. There are very few policemen in Peking, the city being free from crime and the criminals. Peking boasts of a big fine market. It is gorgeously oriental, clean, quiet and rich. The shopkeepers or their assistants do not worry the customers or the visitors with solicitation. The world's goods are to be found in that great bazar. In the hotel we have come

across large hearted, kindly American men and women. They are not interested in politics or diplomacy and do not advertise themselves in the papers, by bribing the journalists. The world teems with such sequestered men and women. It is a rare fortune to meet them. Maxim Gorki has well said, "The world knows itself little. I think it is richer than it seems to us. Man knows each other imperfectly; that is one reason why life seems to them hard."

Our visit to Peking comes to an end. We came to China as friends and well-wishers; we take leave of her, wishing her prosperity, success, progress and strength in the midst of avaricious and fighting nations of the world. We took the train for Mukden at 8-30 in the evening. Mr. Liu accompanied us to the station. When I shook hands with him to bid good-bye, he looked at me with his frank solemn face and gave me a friendly grip of his hand. He disappeared in the smoke and shadow of the night. Mr. Liu is a noble soul.

In April we were passing through Manchuria. The hills on both sides are barren; there is not a tree to be seen on any part of the hills. Our ears have not heard the faint echo of the matinal song and warble of a bird, not even the cawing of a rook. The peace and silence of the country was fascinating and weird. The blue robed, laborious and patient cultivators were ploughing the land with bullocks and donkeys. They were on the fields sowing the seeds of wheat and corn. They have two crops in the year. We passed many streams and rivers which irrigate the country and make it fruitful. The villages which are dotted about look poorly and mainly consist of huts. At each station the villagers came and stood behind the fencing to get a look at the passengers and the coaches. They are poor, esurient and illiterate. The children with the thoughtlessness of adolescence—the happy privilege of that age, smiled and amused themselves at the sight of the foreigners. There

was not a trace of sauciness or incivility in their look and behaviour. They did not show shyness or dread in the presence of the white men. There was natural dignity, the outcome of a thousand years of civilisation and freedom, in their look and manners. The nation which is blessed with such innocent, friendly and smiling children cannot stay long in the gloom of economic and political night. To be sure it is, these children who now bear the yoke of penury and illiteracy, when they grow up to manhood will ask the reason why. They will not be contented to live in ignorance, poverty and superstitions. The hills which gird the country used to be rich with deep forests. The deforestation has taken place for want of a knowledge of mining and forestry. The people suffer in all countries for the ignorance and selfishness of the rulers, and it is worse in the countries which come under foreign rule. The foreigners and the Japanese have been working the coal mines and supplying the people with coal. In the parlour car we met an Irishman, an engineer, who has been 30 years in China. He spoke the language of the country remarkably well; and has great admiration for the people, their hospitality, politeness and forthrightness. He does not like the Christian missionaries. The American missions are more mischievous and interfering than the European missions. They intrude and meddle in the lives of the people and constantly nag at them and try to take them out of their tradition. This method of conversion and interference in the social and domestic lives irritate the people who in exasperation blunder into mischief and commit outrages on the whiteman; the fat would be in the fire and the country would be ablaze and deafened by the booming of the whiteman's gun. He eulogised the educational institutions of the Americans in China, but regretted the hustling ways and scant courtesy the Americans have taught the Chinese. The Americanised Chinese have lost the grace and adornment of their own high class

society. They hardly greet one another with the elegant bow which is an ornament of their social life. The Mongolians, he said, are by nature and instinct polite, self-respecting and brave people.

These natural qualities have remained undeveloped for lack of education. Scientific education and training given by their own men will alter the political state of the country without changing the culture and traditional courtesy and dignity. The cattle are poor and degenerate. They have no idea of breeding or farming cattle and horses and poultry. The people are so much in want that they turn bandits, and the country is infested by them. The country has neither police nor army. The Government has no money to pay for them.

The present rulers are themselves indisciplined and lack sense of proportion and are unfit to keep the people under control and restraint. He related to me comical incidents which frequently occur. The males of one village loot another village when the male members of the latter are away; but after the occurrence the parties would meet together and work peacefully in the fields. They lead a fantastic life. Although the populace through famine and misery go out of hand yet there is very little crime. I cannot believe that the Chinese, the Manchurians and the Mongolians do not possess inventive faculty or originality of thought. The germ of originality is in them. It must be fostered and developed by rigid discipline of the brain, by unflinching application to scientific study. If it be not old wives fables, have not the Chinese been the foremost people to invent gun-powder. The Eastern man has evolved a magnificent moral code and speculative philosophy which has influenced his character and thought. If he can divert his attention and energy to physical and biological sciences, he will be as supreme and majestic in experimental sciences as his ancestors had been in philosophy unverified by



The East Tomb Mukden

facts and experiments. The Chinese have a fine literature, a religion without dogma and a moral philosophy. These have become classics. The Chinese have gazed for centuries upon the sun in the east, let them now turn their eyes towards the sun in the west.

The Chinese are a fair people, they speak of themselves as barbarians, *mantzu*. They called the Japanese small people, *Tseatzu*, and the Manchus, big people. The Manchurians are, indeed, a tall and heavy race. The Japanese, it is said, are descended from Mongolian ancestors and their fondness and propensity to fishing has been inherited from the Mongols who used to go in for deep-sea fishing.

Mukden.—

At 7-30 in the evening we reached Mukden. There is but one hotel conducted by the Japanese in the American style. Yamata Hotel is not a very commodious place. We could not get accommodation in it because we neglected to make reservation. There are two purely Japanese hotels; to one of these establishments we were sent. We had to walk across the huge square in front of the station to reach the lodging house. When we arrived the manageress accompanied by three Japanese maid-servants received us with graceful bows which are qualities peculiar to Japanese social manners. We had to take off our boots and put on slippers to get inside the hotel. The hotel has two floors. They had just two rooms vacant. A large number of Russian and other foreigners were staying in the hotel. They were either tourists or refugees. One of the girls took me into a large room on the ground floor. The room has a sliding door and a glass window which affords a view of a well-kept flower garden. The floor of the room is made of board covered over with thick padded matting. The room has two alcoves on one side of it. One of them has a neat shelf for keeping clothes, the other has a long, narrow shelf round its wall for putting nick-

nacks on. The furniture consists of a small low square table, a looking-glass fixed on a wooden frame with two little drawers on either side of it. It is a foot and-a-half or at the outside two feet from the leg to the top. The old Indian houses used to have looking-glasses of similar style, a small bronze figure, an artistic flower pot, a fire-basket, with subdued charcoal fire, two comfortable cushions to sit on and a delicate bamboo hat-stand. The statuette is of a Japanese old man with a smiling face which seems to welcome the visitor. I could not find the bed and the blankets. We dined at the Yamata Hotel and took our stroll in the town. The town is lit up by electricity. There are a few restaurants with Japanese waitresses to attend on the visitors. These establishments are set up on European model. We returned to our hotel to sleep in. I went into my room, switched on the electric light and made signs of going to bed and the pretty little maid understood me and *en un clin d'oeil* glided out of the room into the corridor, pushed a sliding door of a low almirah to put out a 6 feet long and 6 inch thick spread. She laid it near the fire place and a modern heater. She placed an oblong pillow at the head of the bed and a thick quilt at the foot for me to cover with. The bed, and the quilt were soft and warm. The soft downy bed and the warm quilt gave rest to my tired body and put me to sleep. It was a cold windy night. The wind whistled outside the room and the moon shone brightly. The details of the sanguinary battle that was fought within 300 yards of this hotel hurtled before me in the dream. I saw before me the little, hardy, dauntless, patriotic, self-respecting nation with the *élan* and discipline of the gods of ancient mythology hitting hip and thigh and slaying the insolent white giant. The mythology of my country came to my aid and embellished my dream, and I saw the gods showering down flowers from heaven on the magnificent Japanese soldiers. In the bed-room

of a real Japanese hotel one does not find the paraphernalia of a European bed room. There is a separate room for washing and titivating. It is a long spacious room, with stone-built wash-stands with a dozen enamel basins and running hot and cold water. The men and women wash in the same room. It need not shock anybody, because the Japanese are not prude nor do they keep prying eyes. In this hotel there is a hall with three bath-rooms with comfortable full-sized baths and hot and cold water taps. They serve both for men and women. The bath-rooms are separate and closed in. No one can see into any of these rooms. The Japanese are so punctilious and clean that they remove their house slippers and put on slippers of soft straw to enter the bath-room or the lavatories and they put on special kimonos for these occasions. You meet women in kimonos or dressing-gowns in the hall going to take a bath. Is it scandalous to come face to face with women in such a circumstance? It may offend men with a low opinion of women. Or it may scandalise those who are prurient and sensual. There are heaps of foreign men and women staying in this establishment, conforming to the clean and sanitary rules. We wandered about Mukden and its suburbs. The Manchurians wear the same style of dress as the Chinese. They suffer from bad teeth like the Chinese, the Japanese and the white men. They fill their teeth with gold and use tooth picks like the rest of the world. It is one of the most disgusting and barbarious habits. Asia and Europe indulge this vicious practice. Decayed teeth are the symptoms of slow and steady deterioration and sinking of the race. It is a serious matter and must be looked into with serious attention. True scientific medical men, who do not breathlessly chase after dollars but sincerely believe in the improvement of the human race, should advise the legislators to take action against the spread of this evil.

The Manchurians are indifferent to personal hygiene and sanitation. The high class women are not socially free. The marriages are arranged by the parents. They have begun to regard this custom with aversion, and marry one or two women of their own selection besides the one chosen by the parents. If they do not marry they keep concubines. The wife and the concubines live together under the same roof, have their meals together and walk or drive in company with the husband. The women do not quarrel nor do they tear each other's hair or gouge each other's eyes. The children of these women are brought up together and grow up strong and vigorous.

The sons of these polygamous unions either in China or Manchuria are endowed with brilliant intellect. They attain splendid success in the universities of Europe, America and Japan. They are strong muscular men, not poltroons. Scientific and technical education is a necessity in the country. I believe they will prove their mettle in these branches of learning if they get the chance. Manchurians are not litigious. They settle their disputes amicably or by arbitration. The courts do not sit *de die in diem*. It is the criterion of real civilisation and of the peaceable character and disposition of the people. The Chinese and the Manchurians are honest people free from duplicity.

The foreign commercial travellers often take advantage of their simplicity and trustfulness. They have become intensely suspicious of the dealings of the foreigners. In the large cities the Chinese and the Manchurian shopkeepers haggle and bargain with the foreigners. In the shops outside the cities, which the foreigners do not visit, the shopkeepers and the traders are ignorant of the artifice and trick of the urban tradesmen. I put them to the test. They say a price and stick to it. I tried by flattery and palaver to reduce the price of an article by a cent, my arts failed; they would only shake the head and smile. At the end I had to buy

the things at their own price. In Mukden the Japanese and the Chinese keep beautiful shops and fine markets where one is not badgered by the importunities of the shopkeepers. You go in, take a look round to inspect the goods; they do not even ask you to buy and look pleased with your visit and give you a pleasant bow on quitting the shops. In this atmosphere of civilised shop-keeping, one is forced to purchase even an insignificant article for one's self-respect. Shopkeeping is an art and science and salesmanship is a delicate art; the success and failure of a tradesman depend upon sound knowledge and skill in business and polite manners.

In India the tradesman and the shopkeepers have to learn the art and this refined method of doing business. There ought to be fixed unchanging prices and courtesy and patience and promptness. The Manchurians are reticent and polite without being conscious of these virtues. They have suffered and still suffer untold miseries under the corrupt, unenlightened governments. The Russians had left them severely alone. Under them the Manchurians had remained in dreadful ignorance and poverty. Scientific biologists tell us that there are human beings who are incapable of education, of progress and civilisation.

These creatures are the victims of bad heredity and environment. Have the 400 millions of human beings in China been born with mean heredity and environment? Are they incompetent to receive education and progressive ideas? There was a time in Europe when the peoples were in precisely the same depth of ignorance and poverty as the people of China are to-day. It was the period during which the peoples had been under the domination of the Church and of despotic and luxurious kings. The Russians had not opened schools but were content with missionary enterprises. Mukden is within the political jurisdiction of Japan. It has several schools now which the Manchurian boys

and girls have to attend, the Japanese law being extremely strict. The Japanese although masters of the place, do not show the least trace of superiority in their relations with the Chinese and the Manchus. The Japanese men and women are affable and complaisant to the meanest of them and mingle with them with the utmost freedom. Can the Chinese and the Manchus have just cause of resentment towards the Japanese? It may be, they consider as an injury the political supremacy of Japan. The Japanese have come to them as intellectual, political and social reformers. The Chinese and the Manchus have got into formidable entanglements and incurred deep obligations with the foreigners. They have to emerge from this predicament. If they approach Japan in a friendly spirit Japan will meet them half way and assist them to extricate themselves from foreign complications and embarrassment. We hear of sporadic agitation in China and Manchuria against Japan. The anti-Japanese movement is not of native origin; it is a foreign manufacture. The unthinking native people dance like marionettes at the end of the string pulled by the foreigners. Men gifted with intelligence and commonsense should seriously consider the problem of foreign diplomacy which may lead them into greater difficulty and political intricacy. The Japanese quarters are kept clean and sweet; the salutary lesson of cleanliness is constantly impressed upon the Chinese and the Manchus who are rapidly improving. The police is excellent. It is unobtrusive, polite and takes infinite pains to assist the pedestrians, foreign and native. In these parts of the world one does not feel the rule of the police as one does in the big cities of India.

The constables in Mukden and Peking wear white gloves and carry small swords. Mukden was the theatre of one of the bloodiest battles in the Russo-Japanese War. The Japanese have built a tower as a

memorial of their victory over Russia. It is here that Japan spilled the blood of her sons like water. It is within a mile and half of this monument that the desperate battle was fought and won. Russia was slowly and firmly absorbing Manchuria in order to break the jaw of China and eventually destroy Japan. China was in the Russian witch's cauldron. One hardly meets with Japanese soldiers frightening the Manchus to obedience and subservience.

The black shroud of night overspread Asia. Japan alone had kept the night away from herself. The light was in her land and became hurtful to Russia's eyes and in insolence and pride Russia challenged the unerring light of Japan's patriotism. Japan has delivered China from the talons of the Russian eagle. Manchuria has been restored to China, Japan keeping a few concessions, such as iron and coal mines. Nature has not been prodigal to Japan in respect of these important minerals. Bismarck once said, "Generosity is a highly respectable virtue, but as a rule in politics it secures no gratitude."

Japan could have kept the whole of Manchuria as a price of her victory over Russia, but she generously gifted it back to China. The Chinese have stood in their own light and are groping in the dark. The old proverb says:—He that builds by the wayside has many masters. China has a variety of counsellors; in the diversity of counsels she has lost her orientation and missed the mark. In the East man has not a tender feeling for dumb animals. I have seen, and felt indignant at the sight of it, donkey-driven carts loaded mountain high, the poor dumb creatures shivering in the struggle to pull the carts. Such barbarous incidents take place under the eyes of the police in Peking and Mukden. The Japanese too are not blameless in their harsh treatment of the lower animals. On board the steamer the Japanese sailors were taking home four little monkeys which they

kept in chains, and so roughly pulled them about that it sickened me, and I seriously told them not to drag them in merciless manner. Two of these arboreal creatures got loose from the chains. The sailors ran after to catch them; the little things climbed up to the top of the mast and were so harassed and teased that they leaped out of the vessel and were drowned. We saw one of them floating and carried away by the waves, the little head and bright eyes turning towards us; it seemed to say to us, "That's what you have done to me." Its look was a human appeal. It has gone to its paradise.

The Manchurians are as poor, ignorant and superstitious as the Chinese. The whole empire is a living tragedy and these poor people stand as choruses behind the heartless actors on the political stage. The so-called educated men who appear to carry on the government are "rogues in grain veneered with sanctimonious theory." Manchuria is a piece of the same tableau as we see in China proper—a vivid representation of pain and sufferings. It is a picture painted by some ghouls with the brushes dipped in the cold dead ashes of the black past. We bade farewell to this unhappy land and in doing so I recalled the words of Victor Hugo, "*Es tu la mort, ou bien es tu la vie.*" There was silence in the land, no one to return the answer to the penetrating question. The response came as it were from the sky:—"It is the state between the conditioned and unconditioned life."

Like the bedouins of Arabia we gathered up our tents and stepped into the train at Mukden to pitch them again in Korea.

On the 4th of April at 9-20 p.m. we left for Korea by the South Manchurian Railway. It is a Japanese State Railway. The Railway supplies the passengers with kimonos and slippers. Just before settling down for the night in the sleeping berth I was about to pull

out my suit case from underneath the bed to take out my pyjamas and slippers, when one of the attendants hurried to help me and enquired what I wanted. On being told he promptly pushed the curtain and showed me the Kimono on the bed and pulled out a pair of slippers from beneath the bed and saved me the bother of getting the things out from the trunk. This is the first time, in all my travels, that I have had ease and comfort in Railway journeys.

It is a wonderful experience to have a Kimono to sleep in and slippers to wear in the morning supplied by the Railway Company. The desire of the Company is to make the travellers comfortable. They place spittoons in the compartments which serve for ash-trays as well. The attendants frequently come and sweep the floor. From this it will be seen how efficient is the Japanese government.

In India the Europeans continually lecture the natives on efficiency. Are the lecturers themselves as able and efficient as the Japanese? Efficiency arises from a stubborn determination to do one's duty well. The lads who work in the train exhibit resolute, obedience to the service on which they have been engaged. They do not shirk work. They are constantly in and out of the compartments to clean the dust. It is said that the State cannot conduct business with profit, that the nationalisation of Railways is an impossible idea. Japan has nationalisation of its Railways and it is a financial success. As a business concern it is prosperous because the management is not corrupt and is free from speculation. The government of Japan is thoroughly commercial in spirit. It owns hotels called railway-hotels which pay well. The railway department is so imbued with the commercial spirit that they do not stint the passengers and want people to travel and circulate money. For instance we come across on the notice

board in many stations advertisement of the places near about the stations.

For the first time we noticed the board at Hakuba station. The board contains the details of the objects of interest, the distance from the station and the mode of conveyance and the place to rest in and get creature comforts. We met with such advertisements up to Seoul, the capital of Korea. The Japanese, our fellow-passengers, told us of all the interesting sights which almost tempted us to break our journey at different locations. They were touring the country seeing all the ancient monuments and architecture and returning to Japan or Seoul with baskets of pears, apples and oranges grown in the country. They offered us a few of these fruits which we tried and found delicious. The Japanese have settled down in the country and carry on fruit farming on a commercial basis and instruct the Koreans to adopt their method. As we pass through the country the poor, foul habitation of the common people come into view. The huts are low and mean, more so than those in north China. The people are orderly and quiet. They do not get into knots and inseparable groups and rush to board a train. They elbow each other to get into the train first, but it is a defect which is not peculiar to those classes. The gentlemen and aristocrats of the world are not free from the habit of hustling and pushing people to enter the train to secure a comfortable seat. I believe it to be a modified aspect of the natural law of self-preservation. The Japanese railway officials are exceedingly polite and considerate to the third class passengers and assist them without the exhibition of the slightest hastiness. I have not observed in the conquering race in relation to the subject race haughty, impatient or rude behaviour. I compared the conduct of these officials with that of the railway officials in India and recollected the words of Sir Ian Hamilton :—" Fukushima hinted that long Ser-

vice in India might sometimes tend to make officers narrow and self-sufficient etc., if he had included Indian civilians as well, he would equally have hit the mark etc.; a little less contempt means a little more sympathy. A little less superiority means a little more accessibility and politeness and with accessibility and politeness it becomes even possible to dream of occasional friendships which between Englishman and Indian are now practically non-existent. How excellent too, would it be for Anglo-Indian and Eurasian railway guards, station-masters and ticket collectors if they could only see "Natives" travelling quite happily without anyone there to push and hustle them, as if they were dangerous lunatics, into the first handy compartment whether empty or already over-crowded." The hills are green with newly planted trees. The hills, which the be-decked and be-jewelled Korean Emperors permitted to be completely denuded of trees for making fire in the poor houses of their ignorant subjects, have been replanted with trees by the man from Shimonoseki. The hills will be thickly wooded, they will put on a verdant and vernal garb alluring the birds to return, to sing their melody and the rain-clouds to gather again to appease the thirst of the soil. During the Korean administration there were no country roads to communicate with neighbouring villages. The Japanese have made roads along the foot of the hills for the pedestrians and carts to reach the villages and small towns. The old Korean foot tracks have not disappeared and look better built than in China. The people use the roads built by the Japanese and the tracks have been deserted. The instinct of improvement and progress is in man, only it needs a stir and a lead by civilisation. Japan is guiding the Koreans along the path of civilisation. At Heijo our train halted for 25 minutes. It is a manufacturing and a missionary centre. Japan has started the factories and mills. I saw Roman Catholic priests walk-

ing out of the stations, arm in arm with Protestant pastors. In foreign lands under foreign administration and rule the two deadly enemies, the Catholics and the Protestants, seem to forget, temporarily, the bitter feud which rends them in Europe and consider themselves to be the limbs of one body. They take up their abode in Korea; the common civilisation and similarity of colour unite them and turn them into corps d'élite. The factories discharge black smoke through tall chimneys, and forge things for the preservation of life; the priests and the pastors manufacture gilded pills in their laboratories for the cure of the diseases of the Soul. In the years gone by, one of the doctors of the soul vended his medicine, saying, "when money leaps into the box, the soul leaps from hell to heaven." The Buddhist monks had never sold indulgences. Their system does not recognise heaven and hell, for it rests upon the eternal law of cause and effect and unassailable ethical principles. Misfortune has overtaken them. They have kept themselves aloof from the daily, organic life of the nation and fallen away from the high place of the teachers of wisdom. The condition and habit of the monks can be compared with the life of the sea-anemone, which is partly plant and partly animal, drifting under the surface of the water and sometimes washed up on the beach by the rolling billows; and withers on the sands through inanition and inactivity. Korea is a fine country of hills and dales, broad rivers and streams which fertilise the land. The rivers and streams flow without obstruction and are not allowed to dry up or be choked by noxious weeds. At Augtung we left the monotonous blue garb of the Chinese and Manchurian peasants and entered into the region of colours. The principal colour of the country is white. At Augtung I discovered the loss of my canvas bag with all its contents of useful articles of toilet. I could not clean my chin for the missing steel. It is

inartistic to neglect one's chin in the morning when once the finely edged steel has courted it. The Far Eastern peoples do not let hair grow on their chins. They furtively look at those who wear beards, and do not wish to appear rude by staring or passing remarks. Hair is one of the vestigial remnants bequeathed to man by his animal ancestors. The civilised man has to attend to and train it. Korea is enormously plenteous of gold, iron and silver ores and mineral resources. It is rich in agricultural products, such as cotton, rice, wheat and corn and oats. It has abundance of coal, and prodigious culture of silk cocoons. In spite of the boundless natural wealth of the country, the people have lived for countless centuries in extreme penury. The conservative, unadvancing mind of the former rulers shut their eyes to nature's aid and beneficence. The ores had lain in the obscurity of the earth. Man is distinguished from the lower animals by his brain, which is of infinite capacity. His superiority over the anthropoid apes owes to the wonderful machine which has forced the earth and air to yield up their gifts. Knowledge is power; it is acquired by the exercise of the brain and reason. The modern man of Europe—the man of reason and energy had come over to the Far East, obtained concessions from the lethargic rulers and extracted gold, silver, iron and coal from the bowels of the earth. The American concessionaire had forestalled the efficient Japanese who came into the country just a decade ago. Japan does not altogether suffer under the privation of their immense subterranean riches. It is astonishing how solicitous the Japanese are to learn foreign languages which are of use to Japan. The boy attendant on the train whom I addressed a few times approached me and deferentially asked me to correct his pronunciation of English words. He was a 15 year old lad. I made him sit by me and read out the sentences from an English reader which he carried in his coat pocket. The Japanese passengers seemed

appalled and shuddered at the sight of the lad sitting down to read his lessons to me. I re-assured them saying that he had done nothing preposterous to cause them chagrin. The foreigners would not tolerate the conduct but would resent it, they said, and were pleased to know that we were orientals like themselves and became very friendly. In Mukden there is a large colony of Japanese. The major portion of them wear their own dress. The hotel staff, the railway officials and office clerks and the civil and military officers wear European dress. Foreign dress does not estrange them from the social custom and relation with the people. The country thinks nothing of the dress. It is an unessential matter in national and political life. It is an affair of convenience and practicality in the busy commercial world. Religion and custom do not lay down a code of the apparel. The Japanese are so direct and practical minded that they will pick up an useful thing—useful to themselves and the country—even if it has its origin in Timbuctoo or Spitzburgen. The Japanese like the Chinese wear felt hats over the kimonos and wooden shoes or sandals. European clothes and hats do not have the awe-inspiring significance in the Far East that such things have in India Indo-China, Singapore and Hong Kong. The Japanese engine driver and guard landed us in Seoul or Keijo in safety. It is the capital of Korea. We took care to send a wire from Mukden to Chosen Hotel for reserving our accommodation. There were only two rooms available. One with a single bed and the other with two beds. My friend took the smaller room, I had to occupy the other and pay through my nose. I slept in one bed and paid for the unused one as well. Every evening I looked wrathfully at the unslept bed for it cut a big hole in my pocket. In Seoul rickshaws are the principal conveyance. There are a few motor cars for hire. The roads are not quite bumpy. The streets in the city are well metalled and smooth to drive on. There is no fiacre to be seen

here. In Mukden they ply hackney carriages for hire but the conveyances are open, diminutive in capacity. The rickshaws are comfortable, solidly built, running on high wheels. But what about the men who pull them? Speaking for myself I do not approve of the human beings turned into beasts of burden. It is repugnant to one's self-respect as a man above the brute creation. The employment of men for mean work is destructive of the intellectual principle, reason and conscience, which are the distinctive features of man. The ruin of these properties of the mind changes them to mere erect animals. The economists of Europe and America have written sheaves of paper on the questions of production and capital and labour. They are not in agreement with one another simply because the economical problem of one country cannot be the same as in the other. The opinions of these writers on the solution of the question of Labour vary according to the temperament and nature of the mind of the thinkers. One set of thinkers consider the subject from the point of view of humanity; and the other group regard it from a biological or scientific standpoint. In the exuberance of words they lose sight of the central fact, the elevation of the man. All men cannot be improved as it may be imputable to heredity and environment, it is necessary to enforce the law of Eugenics to prevent the births of undesirable men, who can only be used for low, sordid work to which the animals are put. The economists who support the scientific doctrine of Malthus, the real thinker in Europe, are ridiculed by the politicians and the theologians. A thousand years before Malthus, the ancient Brahmins expressed similar ideas with equal frankness in *Manu Samhita*. The theologians and the priests of India scoffed at the notions, distorted the social custom and irretrievably damaged the substance and the tissue of the Hindu race. There was a Greek poet by the name of Antimachus. He wrote a poem on the Theban war and composed twenty four books

without mentioning Thebes.— The writers of books on economy publish volumes but do not give serious thoughts to the framing of a scheme for raising man to the dignity of a human being. They ignore this important topic in the prolixity of words and phrases. This vital question of uplifting the common people in the Far East has to be grappled and solved.

Seoul.—We reached Seoul in the evening and drove into the hotel in an automobile owned by the hotel. The management engages artists who play in the orchestra in the evening at dinner. The musicians are a few of the Russian refugees who have found occupation here. They play European music, their execution is of a high grade. All the music in the hotels throughout the East is played in order to minister to the affected aestheticism of European nature. The Europeans keep up a conversation in the midst of music, instrumental or vocal. The Chinese and the Japanese in the theatre in Peking and Mukden listen to the music with intentness; not a whisper is heard. Their devotion to the beautiful in nature and art is real. One feels it in their looks and attitude in the play-house.

On the following morning we had a visit from a guide, a high class Korean of some education. Mr. Sing Sonn engaged three rickshaws and we marched in file to see the sights. The population of Keijo is 220,000 Koreans, 80,000 Japanese and 6,000 Chinese. There are 2,500 Korean and Japanese unfortunates in a location set apart from the commercial and educational portions of the city. The quarter is scheduled. It is clean and tranquil. There is not a corner in the wide world where open and hidden prostitution is not practised. The savage, the natural man, has clean morals and strict regard for the honour of his women folk; the barbarians or the half-civilised men and the soapy civilised men have artificial and commercial morality and sophistical respect for their women. Future civilisation unsullied by

false religions is destined to solve this unhappy problem. The Koreans relish white colour and wear white cotton or silk garments. The men and women wear trousers something after the fashion of the Afghans, broad up to the knees and narrow towards the ankle. The upper garments consist of a shirt-like thing, then a zouave and over these a long coat. The footwear is felt shoes. The Koreans look dressy and are too heavily clad to be active and awake. They weave their own cloth woven from cotton and the fibre of a plant peculiar to the country. The cloth made out of this fibre is glossy, durable and warm. The country has fine silk. They assert that the cocoons are as good as any in the world. The oil, iron, gold and copper mines have been and are in the hands of the foreigners and the Japanese. The nation, that is incapable of working its mines for want of knowledge and leases out to the foreigners the untold treasures lying buried beneath the surface of the soil, has to remain in bondage until knowledge enlightens it. The shops in the city, spruce and artistic, are mostly kept by the Japanese. The owners and the assistants sit on mats spread on a wooden platform, dustless, stainless. The customers are welcomed with a bow and a smile. Some of the Korean shops are quite as good and clean and arranged on the Japanese model. The Koreans are a polite and pleasant people and exceedingly courteous and respectful to women. Not a word of disrespect escapes their lips, not a profligate or vicious look is seen in their eyes—not a leer. It is a civilisation of a high order. Our guide Mr. Sing Sonn took us round to show us the palace, the temples and the museums. We saw a knife made of stone in excellent state of preservation and said to be 3,000 years old. There is an old coffin with Pali and Chinese writings on it. They used to bury the dead and this practice is continued. The man of the stone age practised interment because it is the easiest thing to do. Cremation involved mental

labour making a fire, adjusting a pyre; it betokens civilisation. In olden days they buried the bodies with all the jewellery the owners possessed. The jewellery used to be placed in a stone receptacle and buried with the body. We saw exquisite carvings on a tomb, 1,800 years old. They look fresh and the lines are quite distinct. In the museum we saw a unique iron statue of Buddha. It is a magnificent piece of art and dates from the 7th century of the Christian era. One of the most beautiful things we have seen up to now is the Thinking Buddha. It is a statue made of Korean gold standing 3 feet high. The figure is slim, the features are Indian of Rajput type, the broad, classical brow, the attitude of deep thought and meditation and the delicate refined fingers supporting the beautiful head arouse admiration and attention. It is, indeed, a beautiful piece of work. An American millionaire offered half a million yen for it. He was foiled in the attempt to annex it for his country. Before the advent of the Japanese into the country, the Korean emperors bestowed no thought upon the education of the people. There were no schools; the people remained ignorant and superstitious, dirty and insanitary. The Americans came with generosity to their aid and opened schools and colleges in and around the capital city. In one of the fascinating and healthy parts of Seoul the countrymen of Washington have a fine residential college. The gold, copper and iron mines had been given away on long lease to American companies who work them at an enormous profit. Having got the plums without the stones they have shown magnanimity in setting up schools and colleges. The Christian missionaries of all denominations besieged the country, opened schools and colleges and invited the poor Korean flies to come into their parlour. The Koreans wanted instruction, the most abandoned savage would like to acquire knowledge, and received teaching of the mind and salvation of the

soul. The Japanese Government in its quiet progressive manner opened many schools and made instruction compulsory for the children of both sexes. Korean and Japanese languages are taught in the school. The boys and girls of these races attend the same institutions and follow the same course of study. There is no racial distinction and separation. They mingle intimately as if belonging to the same race. Roads have been laid out. Electricity is brought into the meanest hamlet in the city and provincial towns. Electric tramcars run in every city and town and communicate with the populated suburbs. Sanitation of the country is taken care of and watched with vigilant eye. In the schools the Korean boys and girls are taught discipline and self-reliance. It is an interesting sight to see thousands of little children with satchels on their backs returning from the schools, absolutely self-possessed and self-confident, through the crowded streets. The tramcars, the taxi cabs, the rickshawmen and other vehicles suspend locomotion to let these children cross and traverse the streets. It is well understood that not a single child must be injured by any kind of traffic which is conducted with great care and caution. The Koreans have a poor notion of sanitation. We rode through their quarter of the city and found it unclean. The Koreans constantly cast the dirty-sweepings in the streets and in front of their tenements; the municipality finds it troublesome to cope with it. The Japanese throw the rubbish out at the appointed time and the ordure is removed. The Koreans are trained to adhere to the rule of the municipality. I pointed it out to our friend the guide. He did not mind the reproach, for he understood the sense of it. Some of the Koreans wear a thin beard and a sort of chimney-pot hats rather dwarfish and transparent. I believe it is the progenitor of the silk hat of Europe. Marco Polo who travelled in these parts, might have taken a sketch of it and shown it to a hat maker in his country, and the enterprising mad-

hatter improved upon it and set the insane fashion. One hardly meets with a policeman except, at the crossings of the roads. The policemen, mostly Japanese, are gentle and do not show authority. Their politeness and helpfulness are admirable. The soldiers are not marched through the streets with fifes and drums to impress upon the subject race the iron fist of the rulers. The government is carried on smoothly and unostentatiously; one would not know who are the rulers; *Victis honos*. This polished method of rule over a foreign people is attractive and reconciles the people to it. Now and again a few political shocks pass through the country leaving the officials cold. The political concussions and tremors do not upset the balance of mind or drive the rulers into a frenzy of rage and paroxysm of hatred and abuse.

There is less espionage in the country than one finds in the countries governed by white men. The spy system is degrading and immoral. It brutalises men and puts them out of civilisation. When the country is governed more in the interest and amelioration of the people than in the political domination and imperialism, espionage becomes a curse, ignoble and unspiritual. The political agitation that breaks out in Korea originates from the boys from the mission schools and the scholars from foreign colleges. The jealousy of the foreigners in regard to the efficiency and progressiveness of the Japanese people is the root cause of the disturbances in Korea. I spoke to a few of these giddy, unthinking men, with seriousness and deliberation, of the difference between their own status and the condition of the people during the present régime and that of 13 years ago under the rule of their own emperors and their mental conquest by the foreign missions. All the political tumults have no real basis of patriotism and love of progress. For all these centuries up till 13 years ago their own rulers bartered away the country's freedom and independence to the foreigners at the moment when the source of wealth was

handed over to them; they nearly delivered up their souls to westernised christianity at the peril of losing the splendid tradition of unrivalled religion, of arts, and of gracefulness of manners. Western Christianity has the tendency of demoralising and denationalising the Asiatics, of changing their soul and destroying the characteristic traits of their genius. The Asiatic converts to Christianity lose their unity and even their *raison d'être*. The coming of the Japanese into the country as teachers has had the effect of retarding the progress of Christianity and abolishing the race. It is plain as a pike staff that the political agitation is manufactured and the interested newspaper correspondents make a mountain of a mole hill. How can the Koreans have self-determination now when the entire population, men and women, are in mental vacuity and indulge in gross forms of superstition. Their social custom is so antiquated that a large number of men and women become christians only for the opportunity of choosing and viewing their own wives. The women of the higher class do not appear in public and the marriages are arranged vicariously. The Japanese by their method of education are changing the rigidity of social life and emancipating the women. The Koreans have begun to appreciate the boon of compulsory education of men and women; and have no need to go to the mission house for free social communion. The Koreans had told me that the Japanese administration would be removed from the country so soon as the Koreans were well educated and learnt the art of government for the well being of the people.

The Japanese wish the Koreans to be free, strong, capable of defending the country against the foreigners and to become an ally in welt-politic. The Koreans have found out the religious scepticism and at times the pronounced unbelief in the Christian religion, of the Europeans and Americans and have, as a result stepped back from the charmed circle. With instructions they

have been able to institute comparison between the life and doctrine of Buddha and the life and doctrine of Jesus. They have heard of the theory of Evolution and find the Semetic principle of creation incompatiable with the gradual growth and development of life and the final appearance of civilised man through different stages of physical and mental unfolding. The converts themselves have begun to feel the cramping influence of the church on coming in contact with the large and ample ideas of Japanese intellect. In Korea, polygamy is practised by the wealthy class. The wives live amicably together and make no scenes. On the spur of a hill there is a monastery in which a few monks live and pass a tranquil life—the life of prayer and meditation. The simple, serene course of living in this ideal surrounding refines and exalts the mind. These unaffected, humble monks cook their modest fare and make their poor, rush beds. The sweet murmuring stream below gives music to the ear and alms to these gentle and amiable men in its pellucid health-bearing water. It is an ideal spot to commune with nature unsullied by man's mechanical work. It is a site of sublime beauty and calm, which aids man to spiritualise his thoughts. The monks, oblivious of the radiant command of the master—to go forth and preach the doctrine to the uttermost end of the earth, have remained inactive and dull and become cast-aways in this forgetful world. They have compassion but are ignorant and have not the capacity to instruct the populace which has continued the unlettered existence for centuries. The monks have ruined themselves and destroyed the divine spark of intelligence in the people. All this is due to their falling away from the master's grand principle of spiritual and physical emancipation of man and woman. I saw the kitchen and the vessel in which they cook their food. It is a huge earthen jar built over a fire-place which burns day and night. They cook everything in this vessel, eating chiefly boiled things.

The monastery is kept clean but their own scorbutic existence is heart-rending. The monks have hitherto lived in celibacy and on vegetarian diet. The Japanese have introduced a law giving them liberty to marry and eat flesh meat. Since the promulgation of the law, some of the monks have entered into matrimony and given up vegetarianism. The Chinese monks have a wider knowledge of the world and a higher dignity than the monks in Korea. The antiquity of China's tradition, its widespread empire and the nobility of its religion have leagued together to form a great race. The monks in Seoul had not shown the curiosity to know where we had come from and to what nationality we belonged. Mr. Sing Sonn did not trouble either to disclose our nationality. From the monastery we walked down into the valley, crossed a gentle stream and came up the city wall. Underneath the wall was an arch, with a fine tower of much architectural beauty, which the Japanese have removed and sold to turn into money. No nation is free from vulgarity and vandalism. In the heat of battle and conquest man loses civilisation. He becomes a brute and a varlet. His hostility to the arts and refinements of civilisation become implacable and his mind reverts to the original animal atavism. He leaves a gap never to be filled and an open wound never to be healed. Mr. Sing Sonn's voice trembled in sorrow and perhaps in anger as he called our attention to the great void caused by the avarice and brutality of the conquerors. I tried to soothe his troubled feelings by recounting the tales of woe of my country. India, being the most conquered country in the world, has lost many precious objects at the hands of the conquerors. *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* He looked at me with compassion and sympathy. We visited the museum in which we saw the statuette of Maitreya. In the Korean tongue it is called Miro-Kubastasu. The cast of features is entirely Indian. It is a magnificent piece of

art, and the conception is sublime. It is the figure of Buddha of India, gentle, serene, blessing humanity. In the temple of war they have kept the figure of General Khawan who successfully fought the Japanese and chased them out of the country 300 years ago. The Koreans rested on their oars for three centuries, paying no heed to the intellectual and scientific advancement of the Western world. The Japanese in their wisdom kept themselves abreast of it and renewed their attack with modern knowledge and weapons. The oars have been snatched from under the elbows and the Koreans have sunk with the boats in the eddies of political life. The Koreans harbour a generous feeling and respect for the dead. They bury their dead in a good healthy locality on the hill side. It is not merely the wealthy classes, but the *tiers état* as well, who inter the dead on the slopes of the hills. There is a touch of selfishness in this gracious and reverent act. They have a saying that if the parents are buried in a clean and healthy place the descendants get long life and prosperity. The Buddhists in Korea believe in the transmigration of the soul, the wicked returning to this earth as dogs and the good passing into a better and higher spiritual region beyond the sky. They have no idea of heaven and hell as understood by the theologians. Their mind is child-like and the fee-faw-fum of the nursery frightens them. They have ugly, frightful earthen figures placed at the gates of the temples to scare the people from wicked deeds and to induce them to virtuous ways. Their faith in Buddha is tremendous. They almost worship him and believe that Buddha can avert all evils. These people have forgotten the doctrine of Cause and Effect. The Koreans are a tall, well-built race of men and women and mild in disposition. Centuries of uninstruction and poverty are manifest in their conduct and behaviour. There is nothing of the barbarian or the rude primitive in their manners and relations to themselves. They honour

and respect women and are considerate to men. There isn't frantic enthusiasm for religion, but a large tolerance. Even the converts to Christianity are less fanatical and bigoted than the converts of other Eastern countries. The Chinese and the Koreans have often asked me whether we have as much poverty as we have found in their countries. The Indian poor have no equals and are the most abject of human beings in the world, yet the reproduction of the species is wildly carried on after the fashion of the rabbits. The indigent of China, Manchuria and Korea are well off in comparison with the penurious people of India. The Koreans frequently marry Japanese girls whom they can meet and talk to, for the Japanese girls are free and move about with absolute liberty. The children of such alliances acquire Japanese nationality and status. The mission-bred Koreans make a grievance of it. The high class Korean women do not appear in public and cannot be seen. The young men have not the freedom of choice, so they prefer to select their wives from the Japanese girls. One of the Japanese princesses is married to the brother of the deposed emperor. Nearly everything is common between the two races, excepting the language. They mingle rapidly in the cities and the towns, and speak each other's language well. The Japanese have extended mentality in regard to religion and do not allow it to obstruct free association and intercourse with peoples of different creeds. The Korean Christians marry Japanese girls as freely and as often as the Korean Buddhists. The narrow Christian dogma and rites often throw obstacles in the way of a Christian marrying a Buddhist girl. The Christian youth frets and rages at the narrow views of the church, and in a passion return to the broad and wide circle of his own faith and social system. The Christian Missionaries, in the face of the defection and the easy commingling of the races, have become resentful towards the Japanese and create political dis-

cord between the two charming peoples. The white man is at bottom a political creature—a diplomat. He is a religious missionary by necessity and makes a profession of it. When he fails to shepherd his flock, he casts off his sacerdotal garb and stands revealed as a politician and a diplomat; and practises all the arts, uses all the weapons to get back the supremacy over the mind and body of his sheep which have jumped out of the fold, bidding the farmer adieu. We went to the theatre. It is commodious and furnished with chairs and benches. The theatre is a two-storied building. The price of the seats on the first floor is uniform, and higher than the seats on the ground floor. The ladies sit on one side of the stage, and the men occupy the seats in the front and on the side opposite to the ladies. The Koreans have a good idea of the histrionic art. We were agreeably surprised with the acting and the stage manner, and got a chance of witnessing a couple of dances by four young women on the stage to the accompaniment of Korean music. The music is pre-historic such as we have among the primitive hill tribes in India. The dancers looked charming in their elegant costume. There was nothing foreign in it. The colours of their dress heightened the effect of the terpsichorean art. It was not the vulgar movement of the body or like the *danse de ventre*, or the new acrobatic dance of Europe and America, but it was the delicate sweep of the body and supple movement of the arms. It was a real fascination. The second item in the programme was a dance with daggers. The dancers held short bayonet-like weapons, manipulated them with artistic skill and gesture and danced with gentle, rhythmic bend and curve of the body. There was nothing obtrusively sensual or suggestive of salaciousness in the carriage and movement of the body. It is an art detached from the animality of modernism or eastern archaism. A little girl of 8 years gave a wonderful exhibition of the rope dance.

She was witty; and her remarks to an old man sitting on the floor of the stage, as she manœuvered, turned, sprang and jumped on the taut rope, convulsed the audience with laughter. We were only sensible of the manner and quizzical tone of the bright little girl, and enjoyed the performance. On the ground-floor, in another part of the building, they had a sort of music hall performance. The hall was crowded by the poor class who seemed to enjoy the comic turns of the facetious artists, who were as good as any comedians on the European stage. The audience was in a high degree sedate and well behaved, sociable and kind. The room became so hot that the attendants had to go round with warm wet towels for the use of the audience. The charge is a cent for each use. They wipe the face, head and hands, and one feels temporarily refreshed. In one of the corner rooms there are several hot water cans in which the towels are kept soaked. The attendants pick them out of the cans with a fork and rinse them placing them on a tray and going round with them for the use of the visitors. The Korean women have a fine complexion, a dignified bearing and smile sweetly. The Koreans make their own drinks from rice and another cereal. One is yellow in colour and the other white. Mr. Sing Sonn was hospitable enough to offer me these drinks in his house. I sat on the floor after taking my boots off in front of a very low table, on which he placed a tray with two small bottles of wine, two liqueur glasses and three cups with a variety of eatables. I tried and found them exceedingly mild with a nuance of the flavour of Vermouth. Although they make alcoholic drinks there is not much of drunkenness in the country. The habit of keeping concubines is not prevalent such as one finds in China. China has not succeeded, in imposing this custom upon the Koreans. We were shown a mountain pass through which the Koreans had passed to subjugate China. An arch of commanding appearance stands sad and lonely amidst

the ruins of the country, reminding the successive generations of the great victory their remote ancestors had gained over China. It endures as a backspang, an echo of memory. China in revenge gave the victors the religion and civilisation, Greece led captive her savage conquerors, and introduced civilisation to barbarous Latium: — *Gracia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes intulit agresti Latis*. But our guides would not admit the innocent fact. They say, on the contrary that the Koreans were the first to adopt Buddhism and spread it among the Chinese and Japanese. We visited a silk factory which employs 250 girls, sitting in front of the spindles and drawing out the thread from the cocoons. These young girls are wonderfully quick and dexterous and have keen eye-sight. They looked contented and I noticed gentle smiles on their faces as we passed along in front of them. They are clean in dress and looked well washed. The owner of the factory is a Korean who was introduced to us by Mr. Sing Sonn. The proprietor is a capable man of business, methodical and wide-awake. He looks after the whole concern himself without a single assistant. We saw him moving about from room to room giving directions and supervising the work. He knows all about the silk cocoons of different parts of the world, and is proud of the high quality of his cocoons and silks. The thread he gets from his cultivation is of much better quality than what they make in France and Japan. The Japanese import cocoons from Korea. Formerly they used to get them from France. Besides home consumption the Korean silk producers carry on a large export trade and have become rich. The Korean silk is superior to Chinese silk. The natural shine of it is brilliant, it seldom frays and lasts a long time. A good and profitable trade can be set up between Korea and India.

We drove a long way out of the city to see White Buddha. The spot where the images is carved on the rock

is charming. The surroundings, with hills and babbling brooks, the profound silence of the place, the shining image of the holy man in the posture of deep meditation, unite to give peace and contentment to the racked brains and tortured hearts of the over-strained modern men. The commercial, political and diplomatic man is incapable of experiencing the joy and fascination of this wonderful mountain landscape and the simple emotional faith. He comes and goes away untouched by the spirit of the place and unmoved by the spiritual experience of the race. The north China men indulge less in alcoholic drinks than the Koreans. There are a few Korean public women. The Japanese women resort to this reprobate profession more easily than the Korean women. The Chinese in the north have hardly any prostitutes. The Chinese women prefer to be courted and loved by men to live as concubines rather than submit to this vile profession. The public women are segregated on a ridge far from the residential and educational quarters. The Koreans do not smoke or eat opium and have a dread of the accursed thing. They told us that the Chinese owing to this evil habit have gone to pieces. The Emperor had his zoological garden in a part of his palace which was reserved for him and his imperial family. The Japanese have removed the interdiction and thrown it open to the public free of gate money. It has a fine collection of animals, birds and reptiles. The Emperor lives in the old palace adjoining it. The Governor-general lives in a fine mansion on the spur of a hill at a considerable distance from the old palace. It is a gorgeous drive up this hill in an automobile. In Chosen Hotel, we met Mrs. Beardsley and her son Herbert who have been touring round the world. The Americans are great wanderers. In Europe they have acquired the reputation of telling travellers tales and sending the Asiatic peoples to Coventry. Our own experience of the Americans from

Shanghai to Seoul has been exceedingly pleasant. We did not find them, distant, reserved, haughty or wild story-tellers. Mrs. Beardsley is a charming personality, she is active and keen of intellect, nimble in body, sagacious, decisive in opinion and progressive in ideas. She is a woman with whom it is a delight to converse. Her criticism of the Eastern peoples is frank and unhesitating. She found them unprogressive, unscientific, insanitary and enslaved by custom. The nations or races which keep their womanhood in servitude and ignorance, which live in the graveyard of ancient traditions, some of which are out of office and can have no relation to modern life, which lean upon foreigners for scientific and industrial knowledge, must suffer political extinction and remain the interesting objects of tourists' curiosity. China is one, Korea and Manchuria the others. The world treats them as they deserve and what about India? She had not visited it and wanted an answer. I gave her a verbal, vivid description of the social, economic and religious situations of the country. The ignorance, the illiteracy and superstitions of the people, the hopeless want of knowledge and the absolute economic dependence of the women are the poisoned roots of the decadence and degeneracy of the ancient land of the Upanishads, of Kapila and Buddha. Like the Chinese, the Koreans, and the Manchurians the Indians have sunk into the state of primitive peoples. The religious and ethical teachers of India suffer from intellectual resilience in the same manner as the monks of the Far Eastern Countries. Her face fell and she remained silent. After a while, with a genial smile, she invited us to her home in Waterbury in the State of Connecticut, and requested her son to give us their cards. Mr. Herbert Beardsley listened to the conversation and deplored the backward condition of our people. Both the mother and the son are well acquainted with the pacific thought and religion of

ancient India and wished her to keep to her noble ideas of peace among mankind and at the same time to modernise society through science and the exercise of reason. I leave this pretty and picturesque country in the earnest hope and belief that the two races, so akin to each other, so exquisitely oriental might cherish and sustain each other and live in peace and harmony for years to come. And may the Christian missionaries remain neutral in politics, preach their religion with charity and refrain from denationalising the people. In the words of the Hebrew psalmist, let mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other. We bade adieu to Seoul or Keijo to take the day train, permitting ourselves to see the whole stretch of the country up to Fusan, the Korean sea-port. Throughout the whole extent of the country, the progressive hand and genius of Japan are manifest. The work of irrigation has been undertaken whole-heartedly to benefit the agriculturists. Several streams and rivers have been trained and utilised for this beneficent purpose. Bridges and country roads have been built for easy transport. Green foliage of young plants and trees refreshes the eye. Birds have returned to rest upon the trees, to build nests and swell their throats to fill the air with the melody of their songs and love ditties. All nature seems exuberant and resplendent. The entire face of the country has undergone wonderful changes. Art and science have joined hands to bequeath to the country their benefactions.

The coaches are comfortable, kept clean and free from coal dust by the assiduity of the attendants making frequent journeys in and out of the compartments. The railway staff is partly Japanese and partly Koreans who manage things briskly without rudeness. The third class passengers are well-clad, calm, disciplined and self-reliant. The men are considerate and respectful to the women and children, and assist them in the circum-

stances of the railway journey. It is State railway and worked on commercial lines. It makes profit. We reached Fusan at 8-30 in the evening. It is a considerable city engaged in commerce and trade between Japan and Korea and foreign parts of the world. It is a modern city with fine roads and shops titivated and adorned with artistic lanterns hanging in front of the shops; electric tram-cars and automobiles run up and down the city, the magnificent wharves and docks are busy with life and work, blazes of electric light brighten up the most secluded corner of the city. All these contribute to the attractiveness of the sea port town. The festive appearance of the city nearly made us break our journey but we had an opportunity of going round the buxom, gay city; and were proud to think that an oriental people untrammelled by narrow religious dogmas and social customs, has effected such wonderful changes in the physical nature of the country—changes as admirable and fine as the modern Europeans and Americans have made in their respective countries. The Japanese are a highly gifted nation of shopkeepers. In Manchuria and Korea there are more Japanese traders than functionaries. The women too are capital shopkeepers and organisers. In Seoul the Japanese young women have a permanent exhibition of Korean home-made articles of utility. It has been organised by the women themselves. Everything inside that exhibition is done by the women. They attend on the visitors, show them round the exhibits, sell the articles, pack them neatly, grant receipts and gracefully hand the packages to the purchasers. The women keep the shops because the men are civilised and trained from childhood to regard women as their equals and respect them; and the women reared in freedom and trained in self-reliance have learnt to take care of themselves and keep the vulgar men at arms' length. At the wharf, a huge multitude of people of both sexes and all ages, waited

to board the steamer which was to carry us across the inland sea to Shimonoseki, a seaport in Japan. On arriving at Fusan I thought of our guides, both high class Koreans, correct in manners, amiable in temperament and friendly to India, the birth-place of the great Buddha. Seoul and Fusan are a mass of lights illuminated by electricity. India is inexpressively poor; she cannot afford lights, she sees no light but gropes and labours in the dusk and haze. Poor, unprogressive people! but what about the miserable, selfish, servile Mandarins of India? Why? Moth-like they flutter round the light for a moment, the light which comes from the West—and perish for eternity, leaving not a trace behind them.

We went on board. The steamer was big and spacious. The accommodation and appointment were excellent, almost luxurious. The commodious cabins each with two berths are built on the deck. The beds are wide and comfortable. The sea-breeze blew in through the large windows filling the room with ozone. We weighed anchor at the scheduled time. Before turning in for the night I saw on the notice-board the announcement that the passengers were requested to be ready with the passports and to assemble in a hall on the deck between 8-30 and 9-30 on the following morning. I slept soundly and woke up in the morning with new strength and spirit. The first class passengers got together in the saloon for the examination of the passports at the appointed time. The passport officer wearing his kimono, felt-hat and sandal came in accompanied by two assistants in European dress and sat at the head of a table with the two supporters on either side of him. The officer spoke the English language remarkably well with a perfect accent. He might have been a long time in England and associated with the English people intimately to be able to speak English with such wonderful command. He greeted us with cordiality and a

smile. The American passengers both men and women, a good few of them, were before-hand of my friend and me. The officers scrutinised and stamped the passports and handed them back with separate slips of paper. When the turn of the ladies came round, he became somewhat facetious. Looking into their passports he discovered a blank column in which the year of the birth of the owner has to be mentioned. He himself could not solve the riddle and assuming an air of innocence asked the ladies to help him understand the enigma. His look and manner of putting the question was so mirthful that it caused a titter around the table and among the assembly. The permit handed to the American travellers contained the instruction to visit the police station, in the event of the tourists exceeding the length of time granted by the police to stay in the country, and to obtain further extension of the sojourn in the country, or to show it to the police if challenged during their stay in Japan. When we went up to the officer for the visa, he looked up, we were standing near him, stamped the passports and handing them back remarked: "You come from India, it is a great country." I asked for the piece of paper which the others had got, thinking he had forgotten to let us have them. At this he said to us, the noble and friendly words shall never be forgotten by us, "You are orientals, we are orientals, you do not need the permit. You can stay in Japan anywhere, for any length of time. You do not require these papers, they are for these people," pointing to the Americans and the Occidentals. Thrice he repeated the generous sentiment with clear, natural voice and eyes

thankfulness of the welcome accorded by a member of the greatest of the oriental races? Any way, this episode brought into my recollection the tragic fate, the tossed life and the moving words of the great Trojan. The fates had decreed that the Greeks would win and the Trojans would be made the sport of the sea and wind. Distracted and homeless Aeneas roamed the sea, a wanderer from country to country in search of rest and peace. No country had offered him a shelter, till at last the propitious wind carried him to Carthage, where he received unexpected sympathy and generous welcome from its noble and high-souled queen.

At 9-30 in the morning we set foot on the land of cherry blossoms and of an amiable and hospitable race. At the station an immense concourse of people, men, women and children had collected to catch the trains. It is a prosperous country. The sign of prosperity was on every face. Self-reliance was stamped on every countenance even on the children's brows. The good order, imperturbability and silence preserved by the huge crowd indicated the strict discipline and natural dignity of the race. The little children, boys and girls, with satchels hanging on their backs, unattended, jumped into the trains to attend schools. No other eastern country can claim children of such grit and daring. Our original idea was to travel by a steamer over the inland sea to Kobe. With that object we crossed over to Moji in a ferry boat, which was thronged with passengers. It was told us that a trip over the inland sea would be the most enjoyable and the sights and landscapes through which the boat passed would be delightful. On landing at Moji, we discovered that the boat would leave in the afternoon and that it was a small steamer without cabin accommodation and that the journey to Kobe would take 36 hours. !

We changed our itinerary and made up our mind to visit Miyajima, one of the summer resorts on the

inland sea. Although there are enquiry offices and the tourists bureau, which furnished travellers with information, our perplexity was considerable because the officials could not speak English. But their sense of duty led them to get hold of a student requesting him to put us in the right train for Miyajima. We re-crossed to Shimonosheki accompanied by the lad, who could hardly speak a dozen words of English but rendered us immense help to buy our tickets and placed us in the train. The lad was going by the same train to his school and said to us that if we wanted his help again we would find him in the third class as he was not rich enough to travel in the first class with us. He enquired if we had come from India, and wished to visit some day the land of Buddha.

In the train we met the Beardsleys and Mr. and Mrs. Day McBirney of Chicago. All of us stayed in the same hotel at Miyajima, where there is but one hotel kept on the American style. It is a beautiful country and the climate is exquisite. The people are cheerful, smart and artistic.

If cleanliness is next to godliness, Japan is godly. If silence is golden, Japan is the exemplification of the fine saying. If doing a polite thing be the visible sign of gentility, the Japanese are well-born. If freedom and education of women be the stable foundation of the greatness of a nation, the Japanese are mighty and noble. If gentleness and modesty be the adornment of the female sex, the Japanese women are pre-eminent in the world of women. All these stand out to the view, if the foreigners have the eyes to see and the ears to hear. The Japanese act and think quickly and in sequence. Miyajima station is on the main land. We walked to the ferry station where the motor boats waited to take the passengers across the inland sea to the hotel situated on a hill. Miyajima looks on the sea; behind it rise the wooded hills in splendour and glory. It is a



The Inland Sea, Japan.
The Author with a Friend.

place of pilgrimage as well. Its many temples, big and small, dedicated to Buddha, and Shinto Shrine, its herd of deer and stags, tame and friendly to men, are objects of beauty and pride. During our stay we saw many hundreds of excursionists, men, women and children, come to the island paying homage to the man of India, unremembered and forsaken, as the teacher of mankind, in his own country. The pilgrims were all dressed in native garb wearing native shoes and sandals. They sit on the floor of the temple in front of the image, with burning incense, fold the hands in front of their eyes, mutter silent prayers and bend low with clasped hands in deep reverence. Some of the excursionists who wore European dress, stood outside the temples, took off their hats, bent low with joined hands. The pilgrims offered a few sens as devotional gifts to the temple. I, too, removed my hat and with bare head bowed to the memory of my countryman, the greatest teacher and the sweetest and noblest of men. I did not pray, for the fountain of prayer is dried up in me. In veneration I thought of his sublime teaching and vast love for mankind. He sacrificed everything to eradicate sorrows from the life of mankind. A few of the pilgrims noticed me standing uncovered and gently approaching me informed me that the temples had been dedicated to the memory of Buddha "the Indo," and asked me whether the Indians follow the doctrines of Buddha. They shook hands and called me their brother, I being, the countryman of Buddha. Have the Hindus ever treated the Japanese as brothers? Their castes and ungrounded apprehension and silly notion of untouchability, have hindered them from approaching in friendly spirit six hundred millions of orientals who almost worship their own countryman, Sakshyamuni. Every morning, as I passed the temples they greeted me as a brother. Is it true to say that the Japanese have transformed themselves to brusque and impatient occi-

dentials? The woods teem with 'deer and stags which come down from the leafy abode to the busy haunts of human beings to be fed by men, women and children with cakes and biscuits—a preparation of rice and sugar. On the promenade, between the beach and the hotel, the excursionists got up a children's running competition,. Boys and girls, their ages ranging from 4—16, ran the race for the prize, a piece of ribbon. There was also a sing-song party, consisting of men only, who were 20 in number and sat in a circle on a mat spread on the ground, with coloured handkerchiefs tied round the head. One led the song, and the rest took it up in chorus, clapping their hands to keep time. After 15 minutes they dispersed putting on their hats and wooden shoes and made straight for the refreshment stalls in the wood. The stalls are made of wooden platforms spread over with soft, square cushions on which the customers sit in socks reaching up to the ankle or bare-footed. The condiments are served up in cups and saucers by girl-attendants. The whole scene made me think and muse that in the fundamentals the East is East and it loses nothing of its beauty and naturalness by accepting modern scientific knowledge and occidental progressiveness. An English writer once advised his readers to go to Rome for culture and civilisation. Rome, with her ancient tradition and stupendous beauty, in all its forms, painting, music, architecture and religion doubtless civilises and humanizes man. But the cunning of her civilisation lurks 'deep in the artificiality of Western life. It subdues the natural beauty and the innocent exuberance of life and swathes the mind with affectation and fictitiousness. There are primary and middle schools, some of which have tables and benches and in the others the students and teachers sit on the matted floor. Japan is a country of schools and electric wires. Every bit of the island is lit up by electricity—cities, towns and villages alike.

There is not an inch of the soil but is cultivated and turned into account. The Japanese are a very hardworking people and labour cheerfully and silently. The weather is uncertain, its inconstancy is annoying to those who come to visit it. The elements have been so far propitious but for a few patches of rain-cloud. Japan, outside its cities, is nature's enchanting garden. Even its cities with innumerable sky-high chimneys, emitting columns of soot and smoke, display their comely grace and sprightliness on Sundays and holidays, when the women and children burst forth into the streets and parks in loveliness of colours. It is in this land of "little people" that you can see and enjoy the elegance and symmetry of colours. In Japan, they make love; one catches a glimpse of the tenderness of feeling in the glade, in the leafy path under the giant old oaks. Their love-making is the mild cooing of the doves. The drop of an eye-lash, an imperceptible quiver of a delicate finger, a mysterious something gliding through invisible ether between them, making their nature radiant and their thoughts unite and flow together. They do not even look at each other; they glance at a flower or play with it, or cast their eyes on the green turf beneath their feet lest they should detect the animal instead of the gentle spirit of nature in the lover's eyes. They smile, perhaps blush, like the sister flower that faints in the sweetness of her smile and blushes at her brother. With them the sentiment is too ethereal for animal chase and spring and noise. There are a few monkeys in the hills, gentle and inoffensive. At dinner I asked Mrs. Beardsley if she had noticed our arboreal ancestors, perching and swinging on the trees outside the hotel. She indignantly repudiated Darwin's theory of evolution and remarked that he had caused terrible disturbance in the belief and faith of the world. Persons of faith shrink back from the facts and pheno-

mena of nature, the corner stone of science. She called it a mischievous doctrine and adroitly argued against it but in the end gracefully gave ground and we gaily coursed through the long and appetising menu. In Japan, they have a dish of rice with a flavour and colour of saffron. Being orientals we enjoyed the dish. Mrs. Beardsley did not like the look and taste of it and attacked us with a good humoured raillery for being partial to it. I suppose she remembered the interdiction of Charles Lamb, "eat no saffron, for saffron eaters contract a terrible tartar-like yellow." She supports whole-heartedly her country's laws against alcoholic drinks. The laws have done enormous good to the people in domestic economy and morals. Mr. Herbert Beardsley like all redolent youths objects to the curtailment of the freedom of action by legislation. It is a fallacious argument and like lies dies hard. 'All penal legislations have the tendency to abridge the liberty of the people. There are legislations against immorality; public and private, there are enactments against crimes. Why should not there be an enactment forbidding people to drink to brutalise themselves. Mr. Herbert was not convinced but unequivocally submitted to the law of his country. Anyway, he did not make a fuss over it and was content to quench his thirst in non-alcoholic beverages. Miyajima has an extensive park on the hill. The natural situation aided by art increases the allurements. You visit the park once and get the lure of it. In one of the hollows in the park, there is a fine lawn turned into a tennis court. The Japanese are extremely fond of lawn tennis. They play at all hours of the day and every day. It is universal in Japan, and no wonder they become noted champions. On speaking to the people here, I find the Japanese, burning with a desire of visiting foreign countries, especially Europe and America for learning new methods of trade, commerce, industry and fresh development in science.

They tell me this spirit of restlessness pervades the whole race. The spirit torments them. They plied with all sorts of useful questions regarding Europe, America and China and hanker after serviceable knowledge for the good of the country and of themselves. In all wanderings and close association with Europeans, I have not met with a race, so alert, practical and patriotic. They earnestly desire to open friendly intercourse with the Chinese and the Indians and are eager to see these peoples renovate themselves and realise modern conditions of life and politics. The Chinese are unwise in fighting among themselves, but should combine casting aside selfish interests to set the country on its legs. They are not even the wiser to detect the hidden hand which smokes at their throat. The Indian castes are bad, and stand in the way of the people coming together preventing cohesion between different classes; and have become serious obstacles to social and political rapprochement between the Eastern races.

So:—

In drenching rain we walked from the hotel through the town to the pier to catch the steam boat which was to land us on the mainland. There is no rickshaw service in Miyajima. Waliulhuq and I booked for the next day, the others left for Tokyo the capital of Japan. Tokyo is renowned for cherry-blossoms and cherry trees. We arrived in the evening and were met by an agent of Miyako hotel, who put us in a taxi cab with an English peer and his wife. The hotel is 15 minutes drive from the station and is situated on a hill. There is another hotel in the centre of the city. It was a bitterly cold night. The snow lay white on the surrounding hills, the wind blowing from the direction of the snows, keen as a razor, cutting into the stems of pretty cherry blossoms which were falling thick and fast smothering the earth. The management of the hotel is as good as in Miyajima. Here, you have the

pretty picturesque Japanese girls to wait at the table, some of them are conscious of their youth and beauty. All of them are highly efficient in table manners and service. Two little janitresses with vague, tremulous smiles open slick the entrance door to the dining hall at the approach of the hungry residents. They speak and understand very little English, but know the numerals, and the guests have to order by number on the menu. The *maître d' hotel* who supervises the service wears European dress. Kyoto has two Universities, the Buddhist and the Imperial. The Imperial University teaches agriculture, science, economics, medicine, arts and law. There are several museums dedicated to agriculture, science, medicine and fine arts. In the state universities, the education is severely secular. The Buddhist University imparts secular as well as religious education. The school and university students wear a distinctive dress, *viz.* :—trousers, a short coat with gilded buttons closed up to the chin and a cap with a peak and a badge sewn at the top. The schools and colleges have different distinguishing badges and patterns. Kyoto was the ancient capital of Japan. Its ancient palace standing on a beautiful park, its magnificent temples and shrines, clean, spacious, open to the sun-light and the "winds of heaven" bring joy to the eye and calm and repose to the mind. It is open to the public and is enlivened by the quiet, sober gaiety of women, children and men. The gorgeous colours of women's and children's dresses, the gentleness and simplicity of the gait and manners, the decorum and the passionate love of flowers and a faint streak of modernism woven into the oriental tapestry arrest attention and call forth admiration. Hybridism has not entered the country to despoil the society and life of its oriental charm and gracefulness. The roads in Japan are execrable. They themselves complain of mud and slush after a slight shower of rain. The foundations of the

roads are carelessly laid, or it may be the soil is not firm to allow of strong foundation. The structure of the temples is of wood, the design is akin to the Chinese, built high in several sections with broad eaves. The interior of the temples is paved with board and soft mats of delicate fibre spread over it, shiny and spotless. No dirty or muddy boot can enter there. Footwear made of leather has to be removed and left outside the entrance. Vegetable or canvas shoes heaped outside the temple indicate that the visitors have to wear them to go inside. There are stupid foreigners who noticing these would go inside in leather boots till ejected by the monks in charge of the temples. The temples are preserved in excellent condition and looked after with great care and reverence. Hundreds of men and women with children daily visit these temples and shrines and say their prayers. It is a sublime sight of a practical, progressive race rendering homage to the simple, practical and rationalistic teaching of the most rationalistic of men, with deep-seated genuine veneration. The Japanese adore the memory of the man and stand or sit in the presence of the image in a spirit of adoration. These consecrated places are looked upon as revered monuments of ancient tradition and a part of their national being. Whether the Japanese believe in religions or not, I have no reason to say they have no belief, the Japanese rationalists have discarded all beliefs, they respect Buddha as the most exalted teacher of ethics and universal love. The teachings of Buddha are not opposed to the nature and spirit of Japan, active, forward, resolute and self-sacrificing. "Go ye oh Vikkhus, and wander forth for the gain of the many, in compassion for the world, for the good, for the gain, for the welfare of gods and men. Preach ye a life of holiness, perfect and pure." These are manly words sprung from the spacious heart, which have gone round the unemotional, reasoning intellect. There is no obscurity, no puzzling

in this bold, advancing creed, which enjoins men to be super-men, bigger than the gods. Buddha's teachings, without humbling a man to the dust, without frightening him from the world struggle, fortifies a man to live in this world without envy and to rise to the apogee of human development. Japan understands the principle of Buddha far better than the Hindus and the Christians of Europe. The Hindus in interpreting Buddhism cloak it with mysticism and give it a flavour and a colouring of the Brahmin's metaphysics. The Europeans bred in the idea of three gods in one and of heaven and hell have become mentally frail and submissive. They are unable to grasp the bold conception of Buddha, and ridicule the system by pointing to the interpretation of the unintellectual, superstitious and undeveloped Lamas. The heart of man has been lacerated by acts of injustice and brutality, poverty and disease; Buddha has shown him the way to master the evils, to heal the wounds and soothe the pains. His teachings act as peregoric and salve to the "weltschmerz" that troubles man. Remove the cause of evil, you will not be afflicted by evil. The modern scientists extend this principle to the sciences of biology and eugenics. The spruceness of Japanese temples and shrines reflects the artistic and clean habits of the race. In Benares, Amritsar and other holy places, the approaches to and the interior of, the temples might be kept similarly clean should the authorities of these sacred places become themselves hygienic, and keep them from physical defilement and teach the worshippers to venerate the temples as sanctums and monuments of their country's thought. They should be told to come into the temples, the house of God, with clean feet, in clean clothes and with a clean mind. This will have the effect of enlarging the conception of God. The narrow, communal idea of religion will disappear. Diderot has said with wonderful perspicacity:—"Détruisez ces encientes qui rétreussent vos idées. Elargissez Dieu."

In Japan, China and Korea peoples of different beliefs or of no beliefs are received in the temples and shrines and shown round with pride as sacred memorials of their faith and belief; and the foreigners in their turn visit them with respect and due reverence. The very cleanliness and quiet of the temples strike them with awe and respect. A faith that is illumined, the love and pride of a country's mounments that are sublimated, compel respect from the world. A faith that is ragged gathers around it mean and destitute worshippers who degrade its purity and simplicity, and hinder people from appreciating the beauty of the architecture beneath which the object of faith resides. The people are easily scared away by filthy and ugly sights which obtrude themselves in and near the places of worship. In Japan the faith is living, the art is animative. In China and Korea the faith is dormant, the art is waning; the peoples have no trust or confidence in themselves and are drifting away with their faith and art to the awful unknown.

We paid a visit to Keijo Mizu, the Buddhist university and its temple. Besides secular education, the university trains students in Buddhist philosophy and theology. We had a letter of introduction from M. Ohara, a theological student to the Dean of the University to permit us to go into the temple. The temple is a magnificent structure and contains rich, ancient tapestries into some of which age-long historical records have been delicately worked. It is both a temple and a museum of ancient art. The statues, big and small Buddha, sit in eminence and glory in the land of valor and sweetness and light. The temples and houses in Japan are built after the Chinese pattern excepting the women's apartments. China gave to the Korean the best religion of the world; in architecture China is the prototype of Korea. But the Koreans would not admit the Chinese story and assert that they were the civilisers of China. They say that the Koreans impressed Japan

with art, religion and civilisation. If it be so, Japan in recognition is paying the Koreans back the debt in modern knowledge and social enlightenment. The Koreans like the gluttonous bird swallowed the Chinese pearl with the shell and suppressed the women. Japan on the other hand took the pearl out of the shell; accepted the religion and architecture and threw aside the shell—the suppression of women. Japan has prospered. The light of Buddha, same as the lights of all religions, is for the eyes of both the man and the woman. The temples dedicated to religion are for the man and the woman. Japan saw the true light, understood it, followed it, and has increased. China and Korea missed it and have decreased. China, however, getting mental enlightenment and has begun to conceive the idea of progress; but the throes of child-birth are exhausting her. She may die in the process, having too many contending mid-wives with long bills to attend on her. Her own surgeons are using their knives and skill to operate on one another leaving the expiring patient to the mercy of the god-mothers. A god-mother is as much a fiction and a convention in religion as she is in domestic and political lives. The courteous attendant who took us round and explained things in his halting English, told us that the Prince of Wales had come to see the temple and expressed gratification at the objects he had seen in it. In Japan one is never at a loss to pick one's way. Ask any man, and if he understands the language, he will go out of his way to direct you to the place to which you wish to go. A student of the University of Kyoto, the imperial university, was gracious enough to assist us in our quest of this temple. He came all the way with us and took us to the Dean. He is a christian, born of christian parents. His father, before the feathers had begun to grow on him, came under the influence of the Christian missionaries and accepted European christianity. The lad rendered us yeoman service as a guide. The hospitality of

the race is charming. In showing us the temples he asked me with great politeness, my opinion of Buddha. On hearing my opinion he confessed to me that he was a christian because his father had been a christian before him. One of his brothers is a colonel in the Navy. We invited him to luncheon in our hotel. He was somewhat awkward in handling European cutlery, but got through with it quite well. After tiffin we sat for a while in the smoking room, and in the quiet and deliberate manner of his race he recounted the duty and obedience imposed upon the Japanese students. "The first duty is to endeavour to make the country strong and prosperous. The second duty is to serve in the Army or the Navy and to die fighting in order to protect the country from foreign invasion, and the third is to obey the parents who guide their children well and to return home at 5 o'clock in the afternoon." It is a noble country that imparts such noble principles.

The temples, Sainju Sangendo, Chioin, have no images on the altars. Several images of Buddha are to be seen in the niches. The Kiyomizu and Kanka Guchi temples are situated on a hill. One has to ascend a long flight of steps to reach them. The steps are made with cobble-stones. The men and women in undefiled garments and perhaps with pure hearts enter the sacred edifices. The monks are gentle, courteous and anxious to please the visitors and to guide them through the maze of the rooms in the temples. The monks do not pretend to give absolution, and the people themselves do not show superstitious reverence beyond the simple mark of politeness to the monks. The Japanese monks are different from the Chinese and the Koreans, agile, prompt and seem to possess a lot of driving force, a broad beam of intelligence gleaming through the slanting eyes of the Mongol. The temples stand in the centre of the gardens, fulgent with the splendour and fascination of many-hued flowers and flashing cherry

blossoms at which the people gaze, almost lost in admiration. No race of men and women loves flowers with such a deep and genuine sentiment of tenderness. Fondness for flowers washes off the impurities of the heart and humanises man.

We visited the University and were introduced to the genial librarian, Mr. K. Tsuchikawa, who with the help of the Dedalian thread took us through the labyrinth of the library. The library contains 500,000 books, in Japanese, Chinese and European languages, and on all subjects. In the schools and colleges instruction is given through the medium of their own tongue. All the modern scientific books and treatises have been translated into the Japanese language. The students and scholars learn the subjects in their own language and in case of necessity they refer to the original. Thus, the library serves the useful purpose of an aid and guide to the scholars. He has presented me with the university calendar, an unpretentious looking tome, but it contains a horde of requisite information. He pulled out from one of the shelves a huge volume of the Bombay University calendar and smilingly drew my attention to the enormous difference in the sizes of the two volumes and said that the materials put in the Bombay Calendar were not necessary in a book of this nature ; and with suppressed sarcasm added that India being rich and having a plethora of wealth could spend money with ease to bring out fat calendars crammed with useless stuffings. I felt embarrassed. The Indian mind is slavish owing to the centuries of political servitude, and moves in the direction shown by the political masters. India acts and speaks in the superlative. It is the characteristic of a vain, weak race incapable of organisation and wanting in common sense and reason. Pretty Fanny displays the bigness and beauty of her bonnet and drapery concealing the poor, ugly garments underneath. The librarian smiled ; the derision was visible in the lines of his mouth, and said

with deliberation that Japan was a poor country and would not imitate Europe in extravagance. Her population had to be fed and made strong. Every little saving helps. Reasonable frugality is a virtue. Skinflintism is to be avoided. He referred me to a book written by Baron Kikuchi giving the history of the Japanese educational system. The bursar of the university, with irony in his words informed us that the department of law has more students than the other sections of the university and that the vast majority of the lawyers earn very little, the Japanese being the least litigious people in the whole world. The civil disputes are generally adjusted and settled by arbitration. Even so the difference in commercial transactions between the Japanese and European or American merchants are often composed by resorting to arbitration. There is very little crime in the country; the civil and criminal cases are so rare that the courts do not hold their sittings *de die in diem*. The judges and magistrates sit in the courts when there are cases to be heard, which cannot be arranged in a friendly manner. It is a remarkable record of discipline, of mental disposition and of the freedom from spite and quarrelsomeness and of the spirit of reconciliation on the part of the Japanese people. The Japanese women, who help their men in all the walks of life, have much to do with the formation, development and discipline of Japanese character and temper. The legal and medical systems have been borrowed from Germany put in a Japanese setting to suit the requirements of the country. The lawyers do not lose the balance of mind like the priestess of Apollo when she sat on the tripod to pronounce the oracle. They do not indulge in useless vapid discussions on the theory of legislation and *l'esprit des lois*. They do not make law the breath of their nostril or lawsuits food to masticate for the nourishment of the body and mind. The Japanese take a thing that suits them and having assimilated it in their organism think nothing

more about it. The Europeans are the most litigious people in the world. Their laws and procedure are so complicated and beset with technicalities that simplicity and common sense have been banished from the system. The common people cannot understand their laws and procedure. The stupid maxim, "Ignorance of law is no excuse, betrays the stupid mind of the law-makers. The laws and enactments multiply as rapidly as the spider multiplies its species. The more the laws and enactments, the more the crimes and dishonesty increase. The European legal system, high-sounding though it be, has had the effect of destroying the natural sincerity and honesty of man. The unscientific, irrational mind has need of flags, banners and purple and gold. It is easily impressed by gorgeousness and solemnity. The European administration of law is attended with pomp, ostentation and affected gravity; the vulgar mind is deeply touched by the majesty of it; it is something akin to serious religious rites—the heads bend and the moral nature of European man gets twisted out of shape. The Chinese and the Japanese and the Koréans have quite as good an idea of justice as the Europeans. The Far Eastern nations administer the laws and dispense justice with simplicity and expedition; the European method is long, tortuous, harassing and impoverishing. The Japanese speak foreign languages with much difficulty. They only speak them for business and trade purposes. Some of them learn and speak the languages for a little vanity. There are so many connections of trade and commerce with America and Europe and their dependencies in the East, that it is profitable for them to learn English and other foreign languages. American and European literature does not appeal to them but whatever they read of them are in translations. They are greatly concerned with modern European, and American sciences and keep themselves in the continual stream of scientific inventions and discoveries. Agriculture is not

taught at present in this university but early next year the university will have its agricultural department. I sub-join the first article of the Imperial Ordinance governing universities :—"Universities shall have for their objects the teaching of such sciences, theoretical and practical, as are required for the purpose of the State, and the prosecution of original research in the said sciences; and consideration shall be given to refinement of character with an eye to foster national ideas." It is just the mould into which the nation is cast.

Cherry Dance :—

We attended the famous Cherry Dance. It passes description to put it in cold beggarly words. We paid 2 yen and 50 sens for a special class ticket. The theatre is some distance from the hotel. We drove in rickshaws. At the entrance we were received with great politeness by one of the men in attendance and taken upstairs into a large hall furnished in Japanese style with soft artistic mats stretched on the floor. For the foreign guests they had placed a few cushioned stools and small tables. We sat on the backless seats and hardly had taken a survey of the room when two little girls in charming costumes emerged from the remote corner of the hall, picked up two little trays on which were two neat little boxes, tidily wrapped in flower papers and fastened with pink ribbon and a cup of tea, and presented them to us in a pleasant, dignified manner. We accepted the presents with a bow, the girls bowed in return and slowly and softly walked away. The charm, the dignity and the simplicity of the reception were admirable. The basket contained Japanese sweet-meats. There were several American men and women in the reception hall with us, who were entertained in like manner. At the end of this ceremony, the guide led us through a room thronged with Japanese visitors into our seats in the theatre, facing the stage. What colours, what brilliance and what magnificence ! On two sides of the orchestra stalls

rise tiers of seats filled by the geishas in sparkling costume, fifty on each side, holding the musical instruments in their laps, the scintillating lights streaming upon them, singing Japanese airs to the soft tingling of the stringed instruments accompanying the voice. It was an enchanting sight. The landscape paintings on the scenes are beautiful. The artistic sense of the most fastidious artist would be gratified and he would find his soul in them. I have not witnessed such beauty, elegance and grace even in Europe. Then glided in lithely and softly the dancers on the stage, draped in all the beauty of the garments in the flowing delicacy of nature and art. The scene-painting of the landscape and the sea behind it is a dream on canvas, the artist having poured into the brush the wealth and finery of imagination. The dances were called "Chiyono Tomodzuru," or thousands of cranes circling up in the air. It is the symbol of happiness in Japan. In the programme as I read it "the year 1923 is really a happy year for the whole of Japan in the special sense for the wedding ceremony of the Crown-Prince with Princess Nagako Kuni is to be held in the coming autumn. The stage scene of the dance will represent only those places that have some connections with this grand ceremony." In the first act the dancers carry fans and twigs of willow and cherry and dance with the sweep of the body and the arms to the accompaniment of the music. In the second act they carry the stems of reed which has inseparable relation to the origin of Japan. The third act represents a summer scene and trees and plants with young leaves in the precincts of a shrine where the God of Love and Marriage is enshrined. The dancers hold in their hands "Hagoita" with nine bells representing the bell-ropes of a Japanese shrine. The fourth act imitates the best parlour of a royal castle. The artists carry the golden fan with the cranes depicted on them and silver fans with the design of a tortoise. The crane and the

tortoise are the emblems of happiness in Japan. The fifth act delineates a wood of pine trees in the Imperial Palace at Kyoto. The cranes are seen on the canvas nestling amongst the branches of the pine. The geishas on both sides of the stage singing and playing a piece called the "Nestling of the Cranes." The sixth act reveals to the astonishing eyes of the spectators the brilliant garden of chrysanthemums in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, the dancers carrying in their hands fans with chrysanthemums painted on them. The seventh act shows the glory of an autumn day in the garden where the angels dwell and in which a swarm of cranes is seen sporting and the clouds creeping along the hills. The dancers dance elegantly holding the fans with the picture of mist-clad hills. The eighth act opens with a snow scene near a bridge at Nikko where the Emperor has a summer villa. In this act the girls wear old Japanese female hats and look exquisitely pretty under them. The women of Japan have discarded all hats and are proud to display the beauty of their hair. The ninth or the last act displays the gorgeous view of cherry-blossoms in bright mild spring. The dancers carry the fans and the twigs of cherry with the picture of cherry-blossoms falling away gently and the dancers themselves vanishing away slowly behind the scenes in sympathy with the dying blossoms. In Japan as in Korea there is not a note or suggestion of eroticism in the dancing. All nature dances. The impulse of dancing is deeply rooted in the sex. It is one of its manifestations, but the Chinese, the Koreans and the Japanese have eliminated sensuality from the natural feeling in the art of dancing. They have raised it to a cultured art and it betokens the high moral civilisation of these wonderful ancient peoples.

The geishas are a class distinct from the category of the women of the town. They are the terpsichores and, perhaps, of easy virtue. We took a trip by automobile

to see Lake Bewa, wonderful in extent and magnitude. There are steam and motor boats for excursions on the lake. The service is frequent. There are a few temples and Shinto Shrines built upon a hillock in the midst of a large and populous village, on the border of the lake. The temples are kept so clean and sweet that it is a pleasure to visit and stay sometime in them. The temples in the Far East have not been converted into places of assignation or of moral corruption. The monks have set up a high standard of morality and preserve the purity and sanctity of life. The monks are free from the perfidy, the hypocritical pose and deceitful unction of the priests of other countries. Specious appearances are apt to deceive people. In the Far East the people have nothing to fear or guard against such false manner and mien.

There is a custom, partly social and partly religious which is common to the whole of the East. The women tie pieces of cloth to the branches of the trees growing in the grounds of the temple. They are supposed to be sacred trees, blessed by the spirit of the deity in whose cool, green shelter the deity rests during the sweltering heat of the day. Each individual knot serves as a sign of the wish of the person who ties it and which the deity is expected to grant. The people believe in all sincerity that the prayer will be heard by the all-knowing all-powerful spirit of the Buddha and of their ancestors. It is the same in China, Korea and India, and in Mahomedan countries having faith and belief in the saints. The old primitive superstition still clings to man. Will man ever be able to get over it? The theological religions born of primeval, ignorant and irrational belief in supernatural agencies have ensnared and made timid the mind of man. The diffusion of the knowledge of biological science, of evolution and of the theory of

war between the rationalist and the theologian will continue for a long time with dubious result. But, Ormuzd is perceptibly gaining ground, Ahriman is receding with his attenuated following. In the end, reason will obtain victory over ignorance and prejudice. Buddha's doctrines are purely rationalistic, yet these have been turned from the right course by the ignorant and corrupt teachers.

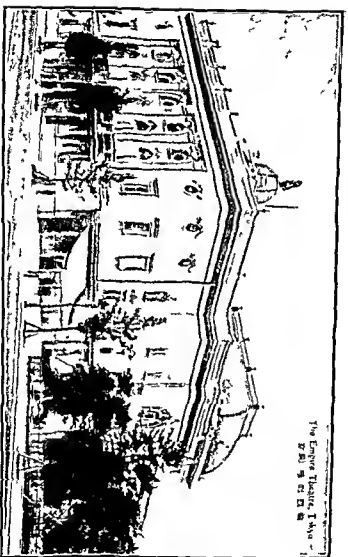
While staying in Kyoto, we twice visited Kobe. In our first trip we accidentally met two Indian youths, one from Bengal and the other from Sindh. On being questioned about the country they said that the climate was too cold for them. The Bengali youth was obsessed with the idea of his country's political emancipation. He has been long in residence in the country but has not been able to correct the habit of talking too much and long. He has been in the midst of a race of men and women of few words, of least tendency to enter into long, argumentative speeches. He began an argument with Waliulhuq standing on the main street; he continued to harp upon the political string but recked not the corner stone which alone could support the vast political edifice which he desired to rear. Waliulhuq cut him short and advised him to study the foundation of the greatness of the Japanese people.

Respect for women and her emancipation, the outstanding features in Japanese life, have not touched him. The progressiveness of the Japanese mind in the ever expanding direction of social, economic and political lives has left him cold. His long stay has erased from his memory the lurid picture of the appalling backwardness and conservatism of the Hindus and the Mussalmans in social matters. But he is at all times trying to reach political freedom, like the kitten ever turning round to catch its tail. The Sindh boy had a better perception of the Japanese than the other lad. He thought that the emancipation of women and compulsory, universal

education are a few of the bases on which the majesty of the race rests. He wanted India to remove the screen from the social, domestic and educational paths of the woman, thus liberating them and enabling them to open out the windows of their mind.

Tokyo :—

The station is a fine structure, and its architecture is modern European. Its beauty is foreign to the country and out of keeping with the artistic spirit of Japan; but accords with the modern, commercial and political life of the race. It has in front of it a huge open space, a sort of Place de la gare, where motor cars and rickshaws wait for the passengers. Tokyo is a very fine imperial city with wide streets and extensive parks. The Japanese have a genius for combining modernism with archaism. The orient jostles with the occident in amiable fraternity. The Japanese tea-houses are built side by side with the tea-shops on European or American style. There are as many loungers in the one as in the other. In holidays and on festive occasions men, women and children dressed in their best, in fleur-de-lis kimonos, gather in large numbers to enjoy the afternoon tea in the open air. The Ginza is a long street and the centre of business, the world's merchandise is displayed in the shops and stores on both sides of the street. The look and appearance of the whole length of the street, with numerous rows of shops and whole-sale stores, is indeed oriental but Japanese in cleanliness, order and silence. The discipline of the race is remarkable; there is no shouting, no sing-song, no whining beggars, masked or un-masked in the street. We often sat in the parks and watched the stream of humanity flowing gently in the simple, natural buoyancy of life, a portion of it losing itself in deep admiration of the beautiful flowers irradiating the place. The Japanese are great lovers of flowers. The Imperial palace hid behind lofty walls is surrounded by a moat. The foreign, military



The Empire Theatre, Tokyo
帝国劇場

The Empire Theatre, Tokyo

and naval offices are imposing buildings and give the sense of protection and the nation sleeps *sur les deux oreilles*. The Houses of Parliament are dainty, and quite artistic. Outwardly, one is not much impressed with the air of security. In these halls, as in other parliaments of the world, they indulge and foster poetry, imagination, and vulgar chauvinistic speeches; some solid work is undoubtedly done; but more permanent and substantial work is accomplished in the other buildings and in the schools and colleges. One-man rule or oligarchy has no meaning and use in the modern advancing world. In progressive countries, men, and women desire to hear and tell, and can only do so in a parliament through their own representatives. The time is rapidly coming when the parliaments will truly reflect the opinions of the nations; until then internal and international feuds will ever trouble the world. The Imperial University stands on 15 acres of ground and has several buildings assigned to different branches of learning. We saw the Secretary to the Minister of Education in his bureau, who received us with cordiality. He stood up from his chair, shook hands and offered us seats close to himself. During the conversation I pointed out to him the almost general use of spectacles by the students, whose eye sight seems to be defective. I hinted that it might be due to the deficiency of physical stamina of the parents. He expressed his gratitude to me for bringing it to his notice and assured me that he would put the case before the State Medical Board to take action on it. He several times repeated the expression of gratitude for what he delicately termed the friendly sympathy with his nation. On leaving he presented to us two bulky volumes of the reports of the State education. How wonderfully the Japanese are abreast of the intellectual movements of Europe and America will be clear from the following extracts I make from the 46th annual report of the Minister of State for Education:—

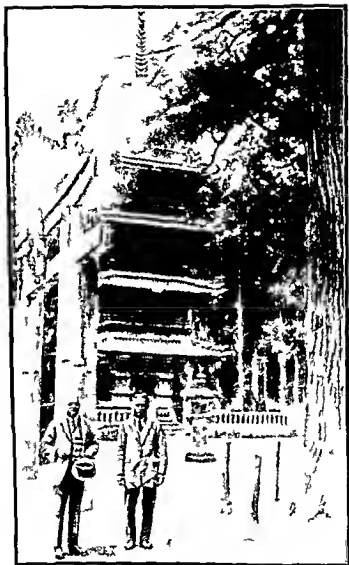
“ In order to keep pace with the progress of the times, the department has felt for some time past the necessity of enactment and abolishment, as well as, alteration and revision of the Ordinance Relating to Universities. Ordinance Relating to Higher Schools, etc., and according to the new Ordinances the Japanese University is an institution where instruction in the theory and the application of sciences and arts essential for the welfare of the State is given, and minute researches in the various branches of learning are pursued, where deep attention is paid to the formation of character, and the nurture of the national spirit.” By a new Ordinance relating to schools the education department has introduced science in ordinary, elementary schools at an earlier stage in the curriculum and has increased the number of hours allotted to it, so that the lesson would come home more easily and naturally to the young, developing minds and be digested, meeting at the same time the requirements of the time.” The report further states, “ When we take a glance at the transition in all the circumstances and conditions of the countries on earth, the inevitable results of the war and the consequent changes and revolutions which are taking place in the thoughts of their peoples, we cannot help maintaining that our aim in education must be culture of the national spirit, no less than intellectual and physical development.” In educational progress Japan is a happy blend of Europe and America and occupies, and rightly holds, the highest place in all Asia. She has taken much from Germany and assimilated into her being what she has received. The Japanese are as thoroughly painstaking and unflinching in their work as the laborious Teutons. They are ever pressing forward with the continual changes which come about in the scientific world. Is it not foolish of China to show animosity and opposition towards a race so neighbourly, progressive and alert. The students and the professors from all the universities

frequently travel to America and Europe in search of fresh and up-to-date knowledge in the sciences. It was just a few days ago, the German Vice-Consul gave me the astounding news of 500 Japanese having left for Germany during the first three months of the year. They go over to Europe for real hard study in order to bring back essential knowledge to add to the strength of the country and to increase its economic prosperity. They do not waste money, not having much to squander, in foreign countries and on their return do not advertise their success in their own papers to gain fantastic and worthless reputation.

The city boast of a few sky-scrapers. The Hiba Park with its restaurants and military band and flower beds and a few, tame exotic animals brousing on the lawn is a delightful haunt to loaf round. Like all instructed democracies they hold all sorts of meetings in the park. The conveners of the meetings carry flags and are followed by hundreds of sympathisers. The speakers do not become ungovernably excited, neither bawl nor sweat like the political and religious fanatics on this earth. The audience do not turn the meetings into prize rings and pandemoniums; but seem to impress the government by assembling in thousands. They do not "indignantly protest" against the hurtful acts of the government as some feeble-bodied, faint-hearted, vegetarian peoples are apt to do. Mr. Gladstone once said, "Indignation is froth, except as it leads to action; *mere remonstrance is monkey*." The Japanese people do not express vocal indignation; they act and do not allow the government or any body to bully them. They seem to speak to their opponents in the words of Posiedon addressed to Zeus, "Let him not bully me, as if I were a coward, with his threats of force, but let him keep his big words for his own sons and daughters, who have no choice but to obey him." These words are fraught with strength, and issue from the manly

heart of a man born of strong, muscular and instructed parents. The Japanese men, women and children do not subsist upon food containing 90 per cent. of watery substance. It may be beneficial and fit for old and sickly peoples. They are men of great promise and do not slink away from the sight of force but stand up to it to break and conquer it.

We went to see one of the shrines which has been dedicated to the memory of the dead soldiers and sailors of the land. Next door to it is a big hall thronged with the trophies of victorious wars. Japan is the only Eastern country having a memorial shrine for the brave sons who have died for the glory and protection of the motherland. Not very far from this neighbourhood we saw the great temple of Kuinrinsan Sensogi. There are numerous temples scattered about on a vast piece of ground. Within its ambit are schools and colleges where education has not been divorced from religion. My friend Rev: Mr. Shioiri is a professor in one of its colleges. It is a residential station for the Buddhist priests and scholars; from this peaceful, cloistered and intellectual vale Mr. Shioiri and his brother scholars will preach to the warring nations the pregnant words of peace and *ahimsa* of their great Master, the man of Kapilavastu. The Buddhists of China, Korea and Japan have not interpreted *ahimsa*, nor do they now interpret it, in relation to the lower animals. They apply the term in regard to the human species. The lay Buddhists are all flesh-eaters; it is the monks who are vegetarians. The early Indian missionaries interpreting or explaining the word *ahimsa* could not have preached it as having reference to the lower animals, if they had meant it otherwise, then the whole of the Far Eastern peoples either would have eschewed flesh-meat or rejected the system of Buddha. The Indian monks could not have conceived the idea of rendering these people effeminate and weak. The Indian monks themselves could not have



Temple of Nikko

been physically weak for they travelled thousands of miles on foot to preach the doctrine; but they had reason to put the injunction of abstaining from flesh-meat on the monks and the nuns who were the messengers of morality, of peace and concord. Abstention from flesh-meat keeps down the vigour and the fighting quality in man and woman and produces a soothing effect upon the ardent passion and the eternal wound of love—*aeterna vulnera amoris*. The Buddhist peoples in the Far East have grasped the significance of *ahimsa*. Their understanding is different from that of the peoples of India and Ceylon. They do not hurt and despise human beings, they are kind to the animals that are useful to man and eat those that are wholesome and give vigour to the body.

An American lady told me while we were in Peking that in Japan the Americans were closely watched by the police. It was a sort of espionage causing them considerable annoyance and inconvenience. I listened to the tale and set about verifying the statement. I thought it inconceivable that the Japanese should behave in such a mean and scurvy manner. I enquired of the fellow travellers in the hotels and ascertained that none of them had had the indignity to show the permit to the police or had ever, at any time, been followed by the detectives. In India the secret police used to observe narrowly the movement of the Japanese travellers and residents and harassed and worried them by frequent questionings in the railway stations and other places in the country. Nerves, preconceived ideas and imaginings create phantoms which have an ugly way of giving us the shiver all the time. The Japanese have no friend in the political world and have to play the game off their own bat and to keep the wicket.

Nikko :—

There is a saying in Japan "Do not say kekko, (wonderful) before you have seen Nikko." One fine

morning we took the train for Nikko. One has to go Ueno near Tokyo by motor car or rickshaw. The fare is 5 yen by motor car and 1 yen by rickshaw. One can get the car for less if one is familiar with the language and has the tact to palaver the taximan. The porters bring down the luggage and deftfully arrange them in the taxi. They wear trousers and coats buttoned to the chin and red caps and are known and called "red caps." In Japan typhus breaks out very frequently taking away thousands of lives. The drainage system in many parts of the country is defective. It is worst in the poor quarters of Kyoto and very faulty even in Tokyo. The common people are mainly stricken by this disease. The district in which the poor people dwell is not carefully attended to and kept rather unclean. This is not civilisation. It appears to me that the conservancy department is imperfect. The railway arches in Tokyo and its vicinity are in a filthy condition. The ground is seldom swept, for the place looks appallingly foul. The children are seen playing under the arches, breathing poisonous exhalation and taking in bacilli of diseases. One notices this insanitary and loathsome condition when one strays out into byelanes. The houses of the poor are clean, their personal hygiene is good, only the conservancy department is inefficient in these parts. The motor car driver does not take one into these unwholesome *endroits*; the cars pass through broad clean and fragrant roads. The olfactory nerves of the occupants of the automobiles are delicate and sensitive to smells, their eyes are not suited to the sight of ugly objects and plague spots. It is written in the Koran. "You are called to use your riches for the cause of God. There are men among you who are avaricious and their avarice is to their detriment." I believe the cause of God in this sentence means the cause of humanity, but humanity has not been served by this financial teaching. The author of the creation has willed it otherwise.

wise by implanting the feeling of sordidness in the heart of man. Greed is in the germ plasm, the heritage of man's animal ancestry. I am reminded of a certain monarch of one of the countries in Europe, who while learning astronomy, said to his instructor that if he had been present at the making of the solar system he would have tendered some good advice. The monarch was a rationalist in embryo. I wished he had been taking lessons on the creation of man, he could have made some pertinent and critical observations on it which would have taken the bottom out of the theologian's notion of the creation of man. The train passes through lovely parts of the country; all looking like well-laid parks and as beautiful as the charming landscapes of northern Europe. The railway coaches are built in a new style. They are not divided into small compartments with separate entrances but each coach is a compartment by itself with seating capacity for 50 passengers. There are two long seats, one on the port and the other on the starboard side. In the South Manchurian railway they have fixed up garden seats, each seat is roomy enough to hold two persons in comfort saving them from elbowing and grazing each other or touching each other's knees. We reached Nikko station and were met by the hotel porter. We drove up in a motor car to Nikko hotel. Nikko is a hill station where the Emperor has a palace and spends the hot months of the year. There are two hotels here quite *à la mode*. We guarded ourselves against disappointment by reserving our rooms beforehand. Torrents of water flowing down from the hills make a rushing river dividing Nikko into two parts which have been joined by a modern bridge. Long before the introduction of modern engineering they had thrown up a bridge over the river, it is called the Sacred Bridge, painted in a subdued red colour. The part of the town from the station to the border of the river has one or two insignificant temples. All the important and gor-

geous temples are situated on the other side of the stream, where the palace and Nikko hotel stand. An electric tramway runs from the railway station passing our hotel and the palace gate to the foot of the hill leading up to Kegon Fall and Lake Chuzenji, 3,000 feet above the sea level. In the hotel, everything and everybody look so smart and clean. The hotel staff, from the manager to the messenger boy and the chamber maid seemed to smile on the visitors. One perceives a quiet sedate welcome in the look and manner of the people, which just makes the stay agreeable. In the dining hall men and women attended at the table. In the hotels in Japan a feeling of novelty, of pleasure and pride came over me. It is in this country we see the orientals managing everything with wonderful efficiency; and art and aestheticism of their own nature and tradition helping them. In China the foreigner is the directing mind. In comparison the Chinese appear to be slack in discipline and to shirk work. In India there is neither discipline nor enthusiasm for work, and things are done in a languid, spiritless manner. In Japan a man, be he intellectual or a manual labourer works hard and with intense interest. To use a nautical word he is not a soger. The spring and alertness which are discernible in Japan are absent in other countries in the orient. The hills in Nikko are wooded with fine trees, rearing their heads high in the sky. The azaleas in the flush of life, with delicate bloom and crimson love-locks adorn with lustre and light the sombre brow of the mountain god. Myriads of flowers of varied tints sparkle, blush and smile and gratefully welcome man to the peace and solace of the temple of nature. The spirit of restfulness, of tranquillity, of innocent gaiety, which the Buddha imbibed in the forests of India in his communion with nature, to seek the causes of the sorrows of mankind, irradiates the hills and dales of Nikko. But man is sordid. The solemn pines of great age, casting the sombre shades



Chuzenji Lake, Japan

beneath, the witching silence in the air, the deep, devotional, distant sound of the great bell in the temple, gladden and spiritualise the heart of man with a living soul. It will do good to the politicians, the diplomatists, and the polemical theologians if they came here to breathe the balmy air of spirituality and to wash off the scum, the grossness and venality of their hearts and add freshness, geniality and human sympathy to their mental and moral being. The Bocotians may not be touched by the spirituality and the life of the place but there may be found a few Hesiods among them who will gain true knowledge and peace of mind in the intense calm that pervades the place. The elevating environment refines the mind. The temples and shrines are magnificent, worthy memorials of the great man of reason, and worthy of the great rational people who have built them. In one of the temples over its doorway, there is a sleeping cat, a beautiful piece of wood-work. The Cat is famous throughout Japan. It looks natural and living and represents the peace and beauty of the spot. It has chased away the foul and unclean human rats from the precincts of the saintly place and sleeps peacefully inviting clean-minded, righteous men and women to enter the temple. In another temple close by, we have seen three anthropoid apes, carved out of one piece of wood almost true to nature; one with its hands to its mouth, the other with its hands covering its ears and the third putting its hands over its eyes. The picture has a great moral significance. The monks, filled with loathing by the perversity and wickedness and baseness of human nature; disgusted with man's insensibility to human appeals to be good, and to remove the cause of evil, had conceived the wonderful idea of making the immediate ancestors of man teach the principles of morality and good conduct to their erect and tailless descendants. The first ape shames man by telling him not to indulge in evil talk and gossip; the

second Simian ancestor reproaches him for his propensity to hear evil things talked; the third aboreal moralist rebukes man for his proclivity to seeing the evil deeds of others. The Buddhist monks seem to say to the world of men and women of to-day:—"Do not speak evil, do not hear evil, do not see evil; you will be freed from sorrows and the world of pain." Plautus very truly said, "You little tattlers, and those who listen to slanders, should all be hanged—the former by their tongues, the latter by the ears." But all this moral talk has just been like pouring water into a sieve. The endeavours to reform human nature have been all in vain.

Here in Nikko, we saw batches of school-boys and girls and college students of both sexes accompanied by their masters and mistresses, walking in rows of two carrying sacks on their back, dressed in short frocks and blouses, well-shod, visiting the town and the temples. The boys are dressed in trousers and buttoned-up coats and caps with badges, the school and college uniforms in Japan. The girls wear neither hats nor caps. Different schools and colleges prescribe distinctive badges and colours. The students come from all parts of the country and are taken on expeditions round the country. The school and college authorities conduct these excursions twice a year. The students are charged between 10 and 15 sens a month over and above the school or college fees for these instructive and pleasant expeditions. The railway department which is a state concern grants considerable concession in fares and reserves coaches for these excursionists. In this way, the Japanese boys and girls become familiar with every portion of the country and all the temples and shrines and national memorials. The naval department has as well placed two vessels at the disposal of the school and college authorities for taking the boys and the girls on a cruise round the sea of Japan. I was deeply impressed by the

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inherent discipline and *esprit de corps* among the students and camaraderie subsisting between the teachers and the students. We saw them climbing up the mountains, taking short cuts to reach Kegan Fall and Lake Chuzenji, looking quite sprightly and happy in spite of the 1,500 feet of steep ascent. Their labour and fatigue would be compensated on getting to the spot. The whole scenery is indescribably fascinating. The charm of the place grows on and grips one. The children walked all the way from the railway station to the top of the mountains and disdained to ride the electric trains. The Japanese are really a nation of shop-keepers—such polite, clean and efficient shop-keepers. Nikko, like all other cities and towns swarms with shops. It is a pleasure to go into them, where one is welcomed with a bow and a smile. The important places are crowded with photographers who are artful and wheedle people to face the camera, and are wonderfully quick in developing and finishing the negatives. Most of the shop-keepers have two strings to their bow and carry on the shop, sell the wares, and take up photography or some other useful occupation to add to their money chests. There are many banks, big and small besides post office savings banks, up and down the country in prosperous condition. My friend and I had to submit to the gentle cunning and skill of the artist and were telescoped and taken. The picture was satisfactory. At Myiayama we had become the victims of similar snares, but the traps were of fine and delicate structure. We took a trip up the hills to see the Fall and the Lake, and engaged two rickshaws and four men to pull. The road is well-laid and wide, the ascent is steep and laborious. One meets with several wayside restaurants in Japanese style served by Japanese girls. The hills are variegated, overgrown with wonderful botanical specimens of plants and flowers. It is a land of bliss for botanists and lovers of flowers.

As we turned one of the corners on our tardy journey, we came in sight of a hill blazing with crimson azaleas; our men hot with perspiration, forgetting the muscular labour halted, turned round towards us and exclaimed with a look of joy and wonderment "Mr., Azali." That is the extent of their knowledge of English, but I shall never forget the look and the tone as they spoke to us in soft trochee. Their faces were over-spread with ecstasy, their voices softened into music. Is there ever a race with such tender passion for flowers. As a nation they feel a strong attachment for the beauties of nature but are undemonstrative. It is the cherry blossoms and azaleas that make the cup over-flow. The Fall is a fine sheet of rushing water breaking itself into foam on the stones deep down in a gorge. The lake is 15 miles in circumference; the water is blue, the aspect is calm; the gentle ripples of the Lake lave the steps of two small temples pretty in their setting; the hills all round, with luxuriance of foliage, are reflected on the water and a few islets are covered with artistic plants. It is beautiful. In these sweet surroundings we went round half the Lake in a motor boat. It was a delightful experience and cost us 5 yen an hour. There are two hotels, one Japanese and the other in American style. We had our tiffin in the latter hotel where a few American women had been staying for a couple of days. They sat at the neighbouring table and seemed to enjoy the dishes and the glorious prospect outside. We were lucky to have a perfect day, Nikko generally being very wet. After the repast, we settled the bills, paid the tips and recovered our path to Nikko hotel. The waiters are called "boys." There is democracy deeply ingrained in the people. Any one conversant with the language and manners of the country calls to the servant as "boy-san," i.e., "Mr. Boy." The Japanese invariably put the suffix in addressing him and never make the mistake. The "boys" do not



Nikko Hotel Nikko Japan

resent the omission of the word "san" on the side of the foreigners, because they put it down to their ignorance of the custom and rules of the country. This class of people lives quite as well as the Europeans of the same social order, but cleaner above all others. The world is small. We met in the hotel Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lyon. Mr. Lyon had retired from the Indian Civil Service after long years of service. He had occupied a high position in the Government of Bengal. Wali-ul Huq and I were pleased to see him look well. The strenuous life in the service in a not very salubrious climate has not left dents in his physical and mental nature. He is quite active and intellectually wide awake. We were particularly impressed by his frank sympathy with the aspirations of the people for whom he had laboured for over a quarter of a century. He is one of the long series of Englishmen who came out to India to make it progressive. Modernisation of India is a hurculean task. Education, emancipation of women and scientific training of young men are the pre-requisites of progressiveness. He touched on Indian political problems not unsympathetically and wished for a gradual solution of the problems agitating the minds of the Indian politicians. His motto has been *festina lente*. He told us in somewhat sorrowful tone that he was an extinct volcano. I had not met him when he was an active volcano. I had always kept at a safe distance from the smoke and fire of Vesuvius. Persons who approach a flaming mountain wear masks and fire-proof attire. I have not worn disguises in my life and have never gone near a volcano. Mrs. Lyon was exceedingly affable and courteous; her eyes sparkled with intelligence and she is agile like an athlete. They have given us an invitation to see them at Oxford in Oriel College of which he is the distinguished Bursar. The hotel is filled with American tourists whose frank and natural ways are attractive. They have not a shade of snobbery in their manner

of life, they hate it and jeer and laugh at the Englishman's characteristic trait and snobbishness. In the States they tell me the Englishman is disliked for his peculiar, affected air of haughtiness. The Englishman does not like the cold shoulder the Americans give him and runs foul of them on his return home, but all the same he has to swallow the nasty pill. They confided these little secrets to us because they considered Mr. and Mrs. Lyon, haughty and affected. The Lyons did not give themselves airs. We did not notice them to knit the brow or to carry themselves in an arrogant and stilted manner. I tried to smooth down their unkind feeling by saying that Englishmen being a composite race, having several heredities with a modicum of imagination have a cold exterior. They laughed out and recovered the normal condition of the tourist's mind and began to discuss the natural beauty and scenery of the country, the temples and the ancient and modern arts of Japan.

Art is a spiritualising agent and purifies the manners, morals and thoughts of human beings; it keeps under subjection and softens the brutal nature of man, the inheritance from man's animal progenitors. Art civilises man, but it is not given to all races of man to come under its benign influence; that is the reason we find so many barbarous and savage peoples on this planet groaning under their sinful weight. It is the function of civilisation to refine the nature and mind of the barbarous and savage races; if it fails to achieve this end, then it becomes its duty to exterminate them and to that extent make the earth sweet and habitable. The ancient Brahmins with intellectual honesty had proclaimed man, a god or a brute. In ancient Greece, Aristotle had characterised man in identical terms. Civilisation, the issue of God in man, has been made a sport of by the brute in man. Civilisation has not found an harbour. It, at present, exists as a *tertium quid* pro-

duced by the collision of the two opposite forces, God, and brute. Civilisation must subdue and prevail over the brute. Art and æstheticism will flow from the conquest of civilisation over barbarity.

There is a huge power station for electricity. The waterfalls are utilised for the purpose. We walked up and down hill to see the works. As we rambled we came across a bunch of bright little girls and boys sauntering in the glade. They were so cheerful and became friendly to us, trying to explain a few sacred objects in and about the spot. They were angelic children. Modern science has not ruffled or scratched the placid, artistic life of this wonderful oriental race. Here, too the men-folk were playing a spirited game of lawn-tennis. In their manoeuvres they exhibited tremendous warmth and fire. The women were busy attending to house-hold duties and looking after the shops. In the hotel we met our fellow-travellers, Mr. and Mrs. Day McBirney. They arrived when the rains came down in sheets and columns. They could not see anything of Nikko and left in a temper for the roaring life of Tokyo. Mr. McBirney is a fine man, highly polished and cultured. Mrs. McBirney is a smart and handsome young American woman.

Mr. Lyon had once remarked on the inability of the Japanese to speak English and complimented the Indians on the facility and ease with which they employed the language. I believe, he forgot for the moment, when he said it, that the Japanese were a progressive people, looked after the interest of their own country and managed and governed themselves and that their education is imparted in their own language. It is doubtful if an Englishman is able to speak French with the fluency and faultlessness of an Indo-Chinese or an Algerian. It is also doubtful if a Frenchman is capable of speaking

English with the same dexterity as the Indians do. The Japanese learn the English language for commercial and diplomatic reasons; they have many dealings with America. Mr. Lyon looked somewhat abashed. We said *kekko* and bade good bye to Nikko and left for Miyanoshita. I felt a deep regret on leaving Nikko. Its serene and placid air and surroundings had exerted the most wonderful influence over my spiritual nature. Man is endowed with spiritual as well as animal nature. It is the animal that rides rough-shod over the intellect and reason. Man indulges in his animality far more than he exercises his reason. Capitalism which brutalises the man and fanaticism in religion obstruct the full play of man's higher nature for the appreciation of the beauty, the freshness and the sweetness of other people's art and religion.

Collectively the American and European travellers show artificial esteem of Eastern art and life. Their attitude towards their own arts does not seem to be warm, either; it might be due to the hard struggle in life and the anxiety to keep the head above water, or that they have become blase and lost the sensibility to beauty. There is a charm and fascination in the art, life and religion of the Eastern countries. Life on this earth had been insupportable but for the diversity observable in nature. Nature itself is multiform and various. Human beings are a part of nature; they are unlike each other in physical and mental features. The Easterns are as profoundly affected by heredity and environment as the Westerns are the creatures of the same natural forces. The callousness and fatigue which the travellers display in discussing Eastern men and things, are depressing to persons of liberal education and culture.

Miyonoshita :—

From Nikko we returned to Tokyo to take the train from Odawara, where we had to change to get into the electric mountain railway. The journey is delightful. All mountain railways are the same all over the world, but the coaches in Japan are prettier and more artistic. The women travel in large numbers and as frequently as the men. The women are free yet womanly and have not discarded, despite the country's progressiveness and scientific knowledge, the grace and sweet modesty of the orient. They have neither assumed the garb nor have they introduced their feet into the high heeled shoes of the occident. How inartistic and stilted the wearers look in such ugly footwear. The women enter the compartment and pass the people seated in the train with a graceful bend of the body and often sit, with bent knees on the plush seat looking out of the window. They do not feel shy to give suckle to the infants thirsting for milk. It is natural to feed the infants in this manner. The artificial and prude civilisation has not spread its dominion over the minds of the women, who have not taken to the feeding bottle. There is no one in the country to consider the natural process uncommon, barbarous or immodest. The Japanese do not immolate the natural instincts to the altar of convention. They are not a libidinous race, and think nothing wrong or shameful in the natural act of feeding the babies in arms. In other countries, perhaps, a thousand dissolute, furtive glances would be pointed towards it, and embarrass the women. In China and Korea it would not cause the tingling in the ear. Their sedate nature and common sense would rescue them from the feigned feeling of shame. The Japanese have taken from Europe and America that which is modern and useful for the security and economic advancement of the country, and cling tenaciously to their own artistic and natural life. Fujiya Hotel in Miyonishita is about 7 minutes walk from the

station. The hotel is built upon a picturesque hill amid fine scenery. There are two hot springs in the hotel which feed a swimming bath, which had on two sides little cabins for the bathers to dress and undress. One side is reserved for the ladies. As we rambled in the beautiful gardens of flowers, stretched on the hill at the back of the hotel, within its ambit, we strayed into the hot-house for tropical plants and met an Englishman, who had served in India. He was a pleasant, jovial man; he took out of his waistcoat pocket a fine gold watch—a present from the Begum of Bhopal. He said he visited Japan every year since his retirement from the service, and praised the Japanese for their exceeding great love of flowers and warmly tapped one of the gardeners on the shoulder. There was not a trace of laodicean luke-warmness in his commendation, but it was an enthusiastic expression of esteem. In Nikko Hotel a Frenchman, an official in Indo-China, came in with a French speaking Japanese guide. He appeared to be the miserable victim of the replica of Parisian life in Indo-China. He was neurasthenic, never smiled, never took a human interest in anything or in anybody, and looked a pitiable and disgruntled species of the human kind. There is a regular motor bus service between Miyonoshita and Hakone. Hakone is renowned for hot springs. We alighted at the Lake Hotel where I had a bottle of cider and a chat with the proprietor of the hotel. A woman servant opened the bottle and poured out the contents into a tumbler which she placed on a tray. They were very pleased to see two Indians and accorded us a warm welcome. The Buddha is a strong link in the chain between China, Korea, Japan and India. If we take away the Buddha from India, India will cease to exist in the memory of the Far Eastern peoples and the warm and cordial welcome the Indians receive at present will be turned into cold, commercial greeting. We returned to the hotel by the same motor-

bus. The next day we took the train to Gora Park up the hill. At the terminus we transhipped into the hill cable train which ends at the top of the Park, the park being situated on a hill. At this end one meets with heaps of restaurants. The Park extends from the foot to the peak of the hill. After a short rest and partaking of some refreshment we followed the crowd and traversed three hills to reach the active volcano of sulphur. The range of hills, which emit sulphurous smoke, killing every species of vegetable life, goes by the name of the Hell. It has been a new experience to visit hell on earth, to see it with the conscious, physical eye. The other hell, the imaginary abode of the wicked after death, invented by the untruthful, neurotic theologians, frightens the ignorant and imbecile men and women, and makes their hair stand on end. They momentarily shiver at the dismal prospect of being enveloped in the stifling smoke and entombed in "the burning marle," yet pursue unabated on this earth the career of wickedness and villany. The theologians' hell is supposed to be at the bottom of this planet and easy to go down. The hell of Japan is situated on the summit of a hill, it is hard and laborious work to ascend. We were all hot with perspiration, our hearts beating at a terrific rate; the thump was almost audible. We had to cross over several streams of molten sulphur, of liquid manganese and other ores. We had to walk slowly and faintly along narrow foot tracks on the side of the hills, with a deep, yawning ravine on one side, and pace through heavy clouds of sulphureous vapour and smoke. These blind and choke the sinners and dry up their lips and mouths. The different points of the mountains belch forth incessant smoke and lava. The entire extent of the hills look desolate and parched. Now and again tongues of fire proclaim the course and magnitude of devastation, and nature seems to grieve and lament over the vast dreary ruins. The sight of this terrible havoc

pulls at the heart strings, turning one blanch with awe and terror. The hills are overspread with black and yellow cinders. In several places we had to move on rapidly over hot ashes. When we got over this gloomy waste and survived, our sins were remitted; and on the opposite side of these hills of flames, fumes and dust of fire, the welcome smiles of Japanese Inn keepers greeted us. The new laid eggs, and bread and butter and the cold drink of cider refreshed and reinvigorated us. Here we felt we were resting on the soil of tangible heaven, not of the illusive and fancied paradise of the theologians, wherein the disembodied spirits could enter in their gauze of white. We breathed the ambrosial air and drank of the fragrant water with a nip in it. A young University student, who walked the distance with me, would pay for the refreshment. The spirit of generosity is abroad in the land and the Buddha's countryman is esteemed the more. There are chairs for hire for those who want them. I did not hire one, for my bones and joints were solid, and they carried me a distance of 6 miles uphill and downhill. The generous young man is a student in the University of Tokyo, and attends the lectures in the day and works for gain in the evening. Seventy out of a hundred of the students follow this course of life, the life of self-reliance and education. The young man is a Buddhist of the original virile type., It is a lucky event in the history of Buddhism in the Far East, that it has not been contaminated by the decadent, effeminate and logic-chopping metaphysics of the Brahminic people. The Jains who were womanly men with the brain upside down, had rendered unto the expression *ahimsa* a meaning which is contrary to the laws of nature and to the experience of life in the cities and the jungles, the strong prevailing over the weak and life living upon life. The Japanese like the Chinese and the Koreans, do not accept the Hindu interpretation of *ahimsa*. They eat all wholesome

flesh meats and render homage to the Buddha. The monks alone abstain from slaughtering animals and eating flesh meat. The Brahminic people and those who came under the baneful influence of the insane teaching of the degenerate Brahmins, have since 2,000 years encouraged the anthropophagai and allowed themselves to be weighed out at so much a pound, to be dressed and set on the tables as succulent, tender meats. They have been devoured by physically stronger races. Even so now, they have not realised their pitiful position in the world in which force is the ultimate sanction. Aristotle says that in this world, two kinds of people are born, those that are born free and those that are born slaves and born to obey. The Hindus, by their social laws and customs and superstitions have for 1,500 years, made themselves slaves. They have either to change their food or remain obedient slaves to physically powerful races. In the hotel the elegant Japanese girls wait at the tables. The service is quick and neat. Every thing is done in perfect silence and the waitresses are obligingly attentive. The high-heeled boots of European waitresses, with their clack clack, do not disturb the even tenor of the dinner hour. We left this enchanting hill station for Yokohama. We made it our head quarters for the remainder of our sojourn in this beautiful country.

Yokohama :—

Yokohama proper is rather a morose town. The town extends to Sakuragicho which has become a populous and busy port. All the consulates and the banks carry on the business in this part. The Bluff, the high steep hill overlooking the sea, has residential quarters for the European settlers. There are churches and boarding houses kept by European women. The Bluff is separated from the new town by a canal. They have built three bridges over the canal for easy communication and traffic. The Japanese have the genius of setting up shops in their own houses. They live and

carry on business in the same premises thereby saving rent. Their social and domestic schemes are so clean, free and practical that it has been possible for them to conduct their business economically and efficiently. All appear to be engaged on some occupation. Mendicancy is absent from the country. No occupation is too mean for them. Notwithstanding the monarchy, democracy in its best form prevails in the country. Several Indians are in the export and import trade. They have a club of their own with a good billiard table, and meet in the club in apparent friendliness; but the national vice of jealousy and envy mars the human relationship between them. The soul of India is in the keeping of the devil. It is cursed with a dreadful curse. A young sikh, a brilliant youth, told me, with sadness in his voice, the terrible story of the base nature of our people and their conduct towards each other. Such a race is considered unfit for self determination in the political sense of the terms and merits nothing but contempt. The Indians keep themselves aloof from Japanese society and are ignorant of the virtues and qualities which have built up the race. The Indian mind is fault-finding; it does not discover good in any race. In this respect it is somewhat like the European mind. But the European is a masculine and progressive man, the Hindu is a feminine and unprogressive man. The Japanese do not care a snap of the fingers for the captious criticism of the Hindus. The Europeans and Americans treat us with pity and contumely.

Kamakura :—

We went on an expedition to Kamakura. It is a place of pilgrimage. At the entrance to the precincts of the temple a notice board has been put up, warning the visitors of other faiths not to create a disturbance or jeer at the sacred objects but to enter it in a spirit of reverence. My friend and I were taken aback by this caution, and concluded that some foreigners had come

and given exhibitions of vulgar and disrespectful behaviour in the temple; hence this admonition had become necessary. There are low barbarians in every nation, who behave much in the same way as wild, unclean animals, and can only be kept under control and discipline by physical chastisement. The politicians, for the sake of power and vanity, have abolished flogging, which used to be a deterrent and reforming influence. Persons, who show disrespect to women and the sacred places of other religions, need to be whipped; no other punishment is adequate to the crime. In the centre of a terraced garden, a stupendous bronze statue of Buddha in a sitting posture welcomes the visitors at the approach of the temple. In the temple itself, behind the facade, we were shown an image of Buddha, 70 feet tall, carved out of a single piece of wood. At its feet lights and incense burn all twenty four hours. There is also a shinto shrine. In a pavilion we got refreshments and picture post cards. From Kamakura we took a trip to Fujisawa by electric tram car. The tramway runs alongside the Inland Sea and through the villages. It is a glorious ride. In travelling in Japan it is wise to consult the Japanese Tourist Bureau, which issues tickets to all parts of Japan and saves the tourists a lot of bother. After a most enjoyable outing we returned to our hotel in the evening. On the following morning after breakfast we took the electric train at Sakuragicho for Keio to visit the university. They call it Keijogijuku University. It is a private endowment founded by Yukichi Fukuzawa-San, who was subsequently named "The Sage of Mita." He laid the foundation in 1865 and had written a disciplinary code for the guidance of the teachers and students. It will serve a useful purpose if I quote here a few articles of the instructions. The preamble states clearly the object with which the university was started:—"When we ask the question how, in these days, and in what manner, the

men and women of to-day should order their conduct in society, we find that as a rule such conduct is regulated by various systems of moral teaching which have been handed down from past ages. It is fitting, however, that moral teachings should be modified from time to time to keep pace with the progress of civilisation and it is but natural that a highly advanced and even advancing society, such as we find in the world to-day should be provided with a system of morals better suited to its needs than the antiquated teachings already mentioned. It is for this reason that it has become necessary to state anew the principles of morals and rules of conduct, individual as well as social." Then follow the articles :—(a) " It is the universal duty of Man to raise his personal dignity and to develop his moral and intellectual faculties to their uttermost capacity, never to be contented with the degree of development already attained, but even to press forward to higher attainments. We urge it, therefore, as a duty upon all those who hold the same convictions as ourselves to endeavour in all things to discharge their full duty as men, laying to heart the principles of Independence and self-respect as the leading tenets of the moral life." (b) " Whosoever perfectly realises the principle of Independence both of mind and body, and, paying due respect to his own person, preserves his dignity unblemished,—him we call a man of independence and self-respect" (c) " The true source of independence of life is to eat one's bread in the sweat of one's brow. A man of independence and self-respect should be a self-helping and self-supporting man." (d) "Strength of body and soundness of health are requisites of life. We should, therefore, always take care to keep mind and body active and well, and to refrain from any action or course of life likely to prove injurious to our health." (e) To realise the principle of Independence and Self-respect demands nothing short of an audacious, active, and dauntless

spirit. It requires a combination in a man's character of courage with fortitude." (f) "A man of Independence and self-respect should not be dependent upon others for the determination of his own conduct. He should be intelligent enough to think and judge for himself." (g) "To treat women as though they were inferior to men is a barbarous custom. Men and women belonging to a civilised society should love and respect one another as equals, each sex realising its own independence and self-respect." (h) "Children should be trained to become persons of Independence and self-respect, it being the duty of parents to take charge of the proper bringing up of their children so long as they remain in infancy. Children, for their parts, should yield due obedience to their parents, and make every effort to fit themselves to become persons of Independence and self-respect when the time comes for them to step out into the world." (i):—"The ideal person of Independence and self-respect deems it incumbent on himself to go on learning even to his old age, and never to allow either the development of the intellect or the cultivation of his moral character to slacken or cease." (j) "Society having both individuals and families as its units, it should be borne in mind that the foundation of a healthy society is to be found in the Independence and self-respect of the family as well as of the individuals." (k):—"The only way in which social life can continue is for each *individual* to keep unimpaired his or her own Independence and self-respect as well as that of others. This may be done by respecting the rights and happiness of others at the same time that we seek our own happiness and protect our own rights." (l):—"Every man should be faithful in the discharge of the duties of his vocation. He, who is regardless of the importance of the trusts committed to him, neglects his responsibilities, is unworthy to be called a man of Independence and self-respect." (m): Treat others with trustfulness. If

you trust others, they will trust you in return. It is this mutual confidence alone that can enable Independence and self-respect to be realised in ourselves or in others." (n):—"Courtesy and etiquette are necessary to the continuance of social life. They should be observed strictly, and yet with moderation." (o) "Citizens of Japan, of either sex, should never forget their supreme duty to maintain their natural independence and self-respect, against all foes, and at the sacrifice of even life and property." (p):—"It is the duty of every citizen, not only to obey the laws himself, but to see that others obey them likewise for this is necessary for the maintenance of the peace and order in society." (q):—"The number of nations in the world is by no means small, and they differ from us in religion, language, colour and custom. Yet they are our own brothers. In our intercourse with them there should be no partiality, and no attempt at swaggering or boastfulness. Such conduct only leads us to despise other people, and is wholly at variance with the Principle of Independence and self-respect." (r):—"It is natural that man should be born into the world with varying degrees of intellectual and physical strength. It is the province of education to increase the number of the wise and strong, and to diminish that of the weak and foolish. In short, Education instructs men in the Principle of Independence and self-respect, and enables them to form plans for putting the principle into practice."

In the life of the Japanese one sees the fulfilment of these principles. They carry them out in the streets, in the railway compartments, in the tram cars and in the large and small assemblies. The university and its schools and colleges require the students to participate in military drills, three times in the week, as part of the curriculum. The Primary schools provide the boys and girls with interesting games in the open air, at frequent intervals. The university has athletic organisations

such as, tennis, baseball, rowing, swimming, jujitsu etc.

We next took a trip to Kobe for the second time and met our old friend T. Fujinuma-San, who had been a professor of jujitsu and had given lessons in the art of self-defence in almost all the countries in Europe. The last appointment he had held was in Patiala State. Poor Fujinuma had to leave Patiala, the position in the Native States being so insecure. The mid-orientals need severe discipline of the mind and conduct and must be taught even with the rod, to keep the sanctity of words and pledges in private dealings. It does not matter two pins, if they become pledge breakers or diplomats in public and foreign affairs, for the politicians all the world over gloze, and make mince-meat of the truth. Evil example is catching, with the added western diplomacy the Indians have become more shifty in the nature of their minds. The train service is of two sorts—the local and long distance trains. The local trains have second and third classes only. The long distance trains, in which one has to pass the night have first, second and third classes, with sleeping berth accommodation. Here we are face to face with the nationalisation of railways in perfect working order. The State, instead of incurring loss, makes some profit. The remotest corner of the country can be reached either by steam railways or by electric tram cars. There is a species of human beings, saturated with greed and selfishness, who get alarmed at the hint of the nationalisation of the railways. They are caught by the old habit of thinking of one's own personal interests. There is a bird of a description, called the gannet! it is notorious for its stupidity to be caught. The opponents of the nationalisation of land and railways and industries have receding minds and are unable to receive impressions from other countries: They think backwards, of feudal times, of villains and labour slaves.

Nara :—

We paid a visit to Nara, noted for its temples and shrines and deer park. We rode in the rickshaws through an avenue of deer lining both sides of the passage. Some were lying listlessly on the turf, some were browsing and some were eating the cakes out of the hands of the visitors and strollers. The park is attached to a monastery appertaining to the main temple—Daibutsu-den. The Buddha is also called Daibutsu. It is a magnificent serene statue of Buddha. The monks take an entrance fee from the visitors, which goes to keep up the temple in ship-shape condition. The gardens of the temple were a mass of cherry blossoms. In exchange of the gate money we received two copies of the history of Daibutsu-den and a lithograph copy of the image. Wali-ul-huq, being a follower of Islam, would not accept the picture. The Mohamedans are opposed to images and sacred stones, yet they kiss and go round and round, in reverence, the black stone—Kaaba. The Arabs had never cultivated the refined art of painting through fear of reverting to the image-worship of their ancestors of pre-Mahomet age. The neglect of the fine arts, the dread of natural sciences and the distrust of women had turned the Saracens to a half-cultured race. Their civilisation in consequence of these defects, has not been abiding nor has it, in any manner, affected the mentality of the race. As soon as they had been put out of Europe, they returned to the civilisation of the jungle and the sand and have ever since remained in the murk and obscurity of unprogressive life. The foundation of their civilisation had been laid on shifting ground. The other races, which have embraced Islam, like all converts, have absolutely surrendered their intellect to the unenlightened, retrogressive thoughts and ideas of the Arabs. The painting of pictures and hanging them on the walls do not convert the lovers of fine arts to image worshippers. The appreciation of sculp-

ture and paintings on canvas betokens refined feelings and a high degree of culture and civilisation. In another part of the park a shrine has been set apart and consecrated to the memory of the ancestors of the Japanese people. Inside this Shinto shrine two men, looking like the monks, sat on the floor with a low, square stool in front of them, collecting gifts of money and a couple of girls dressed in pretty, artistic, white flowing robes slowly moved forward; turned and wheeled round in rhythmic steps with a graceful movement of the arms. In the end they join the hands and lift them to their forehead in a prayerful attitude. It is the sacred dance.

We met the Beardsleys again. The dear, old lady was hard upon the Turks for their life of ease of unprogressiveness and of brutality. She is a Christian and her heart was stung by the cruel treatment of the Turks towards the Greeks and the Armenians. The devout Christians falsely think that the Christian religion elevates degenerate man to civilisation. Degeneracy, when it sets in, works insiduously, and corrodes the bone, like gangrene, and no religion of any potency is able to stop the wasting away process. The Turks have appealed to her country and given a clear, straight forward explanation of the Greek and Armenian situations.

These two races are not pale-faced angels, singing hosannas to the God of the politicians and theologians, with upturned head showing the white of the eye. They are cowards and demons like all other uncultivated, barbarous races. In my book "Rambles in the Evening Countries," I have given instances of their brutality and cowardice during the great war. The intellectual Turks are straining every nerve to lead the country into modernism, and striving with all their might to come into the hegemony of modern, progressive civilisation. Mrs. Beardsley smiled and shook her head in doubt. Her genial son, Herbert, asked me about the blessed word, self-determination, in relation to India. I said that his

question puzzled me as Alice had been puzzled in Wonderland when the executioner was asked to cut off the head of the cat. The executioner said the cat had no body and he could not behead a cat which had no head. India has no self to determine. He raised his eyebrows and plunged into silence. In our hotel in Yokohama, a Japanese student of the University of Keio, graduating in Economics, came into my room, after knocking on the door, with a big bundle of Kimonos, and asked me to buy one from him. He undid the knot and spread out the articles on the table for my inspection and to select from. He said he attended the college in the day and in the evening hawked his goods from hotel to hotel. The students do not believe in being dependent upon their parents and wish to preserve their independance and self-respect. The son of the manager of our hotel attends the college during the day and takes up his father's work at 9 o'clock in the evening. False notions of respectability, which spell abject dependance on others, do not enter the brains of the student community nor do they worry about *respect-humain*. The whole social and educational systems of Japan have been so framed and adopted by the people as to make them independant and self-reliant. The other Asiatic races will be well advised to take Japan as a model and an exemplar. The Japanese are not imitative. I differ from the Europeans in their frivolous criticisms of these people. They are not self-centred, but progressive; and cast their eyes over the wide world to look for things which the genius of man has produced for the benefit, convenience and strength of mankind. They gladly take the results of other people's thought and work and make them a part of their own system. The Japanese mind is neither emotional nor nebulous nor sentimental. It is practical to its very root. The Europeans and the Americans are nettled by the common sense and practicality which distinguish

them from the rest of the Asiatics. A few German commercial men, whom we met in the hotel, frankly admired the skill of the Japanese in combining the practical knowledge with the delicate sense of art and beauty; and have the constant feeling that in the East Japan holds the unique position in the world of Eastern mankind. China, India and the Mahomedan countries have entered into the black shade of the night; with a far distant hope of their emergence into the light. Japan is firm, strong and stable and compels respect. These men, the foreign travellers, carry back to their far away homes the impressions and the word re-echoes what is shouted into it. The Japanese are a simple, unsophisticated people. The lineament of their nature and constitution is boyish. In many respects they resemble children, easily petted and patronised by the foreigners, and have not the sedate dignity of the Chinese of the north. The naiveté is an admirable point in the character, but it opens a way to foreign influences of polymorphic nature.

The Agricultural Department of the State is efficient and practical. There are experimental farms throughout the country. The laboratories are kept busy with experiments in agricultural chemistry. New fertilisers are produced and distributed among the farmers and cultivators for a nominal price and the seeds are sold for a few *sens*. Exhibitions are held every six months to which the farmers, large and small, are invited. Every new method and discovery are explained to them. The scientists, the chemists in particular, are not only engaged in higher scientific experiments and discoveries but are employed in finding chemical combinations to improve agriculture and fruit industry. At dinner we were served with a plate of berries and cream. I liked the taste of the berries, large as cherries. These grow only in Japan. They told me the berries grew wild and were of the size of a small pea. The Agricultural

hemists by experimentation have increased their size. is the result of genuine knowledge and patriotism: The men who, by knowledge and industry can increase the foodstuff of a country are truly humanitarians and patriotic. Breeding and rearing of cattle is extensively carried on; this industry has provided them with fine heads of cattle. The horses are rather of poor quality. This is not due to neglect but to the defect of cross-breeding. I do not think they have studied the question with the degree of attention it deserves. We attended the races and had a close view of the animals. The mares are not of the stamina and size to produce fine progeny from the crossing. An American who has been in the country for eight years and was in charge of the wicket gate, supplied me with the information that the native mares had for some years been served by American, Australian and European stallions. The first generation from this crossing proved successful; the second generation began to deteriorate. The man appeared to be quite cheerful in his second home and, speaking of the Japanese, he said, "they are an easy-going people, if you do not worry them, they won't worry you but they can be nasty if rubbed on the wrong side." The labourers have a wonderful spirit of combination and fellow-feeling; and do not declare strikes in a huff or without grave reason. When they call out strikes it is war to the knife, there will not be found a single black leg amongst the workers to make the strikes ineffectual. This solidarity is estimable. The labouring classes are sensitive to boorishness and incivility and will not brook rough words or haughty treatment from any one, be he a foreigner or a Japanese. An unfortunate incident occurred a couple of months ago. An English ship came to the port of Yokohama. Labourers were engaged for the discharge of the cargo. The ship's captain, for a slight cause, flew into a rage and used savage words towards a few of the dockers. The whole body of the

workers walked out of the docks and for a whole week the cargo remained untouched in the hold. Not one single labourer could be induced to work on the ship, till at last the captain himself had to eat the humble pie and to address gentle words and apology to the men and shake hands with some of them; after that the men resumed work, and the commander slept a dreamless sleep and paid no penalty to the company which had engaged him. This incident had a salutary effect upon the other ships and since then there has been no repetition of such unhappy incidents. Every man and woman can read and write and has become self-respecting and independent.

The Crown Prince attended the races and was recorded a splendid welcome and send-off. It is a fine course on an upland; it is different from the flat country races, and more interesting on the score of the undulating feature of the course. They had 4-horse, 3-horse, 2-horse and 1-horse races. There was an immense crowd inside and outside the enclosure. When the heir-apparent was leaving the course, thousands of people came tumbling down the hill to get a glimpse of him and shouted *Banzai*. The orderliness of the people was remarkable. The crowd was guiltless of jostle and scramble and barbarous gabble. There was an inconsiderable number of policemen who had very little to do to manage the crowd. The quiet, correct conduct of the crowd accounted for the *fewness of the guardians of the peace*. An American lady-lawyer made an attack on the Eastern peoples, in a speech in Tokyo, for the inhumanity of prostitution. I controverted her exaggerated criticism and addressed my remarks in the *Tokyo*

eroticism and moral obliquity of their readers by publishing loathesome and nauseating details of divorce proceedings and conjugal infelicity and various other sexual irregularities of their men and women. Two Indian young men, Mr. S. K. Majumdar and Mr. Amar Singh, having read my letters did me the honour of calling on me in the hotel. Mr. Majumdar is a native of Bengal, employed in a commercial firm in Tokyo, where he resides with his Indian wife and child. Mr. Majumdar is a man of considerable education and experience and speaks Japanese remarkably well. He is a man of common sense and sound understanding and does not let himself go in sentimentalism and wool-gathering. Mr. Amar Singh, the young Punjabi, is a clever, affectionate youth. He is a graduate of the Punjab University and has been in business with his uncle in Yokohama. His opinions are candid. He said that the Japanese were far more capable in commerce and trade and practical circumstances of life than the Indian University men. He ruefully admitted the uselessness of his University degree in the situation in which he had placed himself; and wished to cross over to America to apprentice himself in journalism. Modern civilisation unrelieved by ethical principles, has brought in its train dishonest and flamboyant journalism. The politicians and theologians have banded together to destroy fair honest and free-thinking opinions among men and women. The press has lost its virtue of clear, independent lofty and sedate thinking, and fallen from the eminence of being the teachers of plain-living and high thinking of the vast mass of mankind. I tried to save him from the contamination of modern journalism which has become the drudge and the serf of the rich and self-seeking politicians. Mr. Amar Singh took us to Tsu-muri on a Sunday. The park was thronged with men, women and children. It is hilly and has all sorts of apparatus for gymnastic exercises for the use of the boys

and girls, a sliding board of considerable length a tank, with fantastic boats for the boys to row and paddle in. It is in fact an open-air gymnasium. There is a pavilion in which they have put up a stage to entertain the visitors with musical performances. The music and the songs were a happy commingling of European, Indian and Japanese airs. I enjoyed the music and the acting. In this park they have a dancing hall and a restaurant for the foreign people. The foreigners eat and drink and after the gratification of their inner man they begin to dance between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening. They combine physiological and æsthetic actions and so keep the harmony of life. Our time to take leave of the country soon arrived. All things have an end. We booked our passage for Seattle, U S A by N Y R. Steamer "Saga Maru." Majumdar and Amar Singh came to see us off and stayed with us till the boat sailed for the land of the New West. The Japanese have a fine, genial custom which is observed at the leave taking of friends and relatives going abroad in ships. Reels of paper tapes of various colours are purchased by the friends and relatives of the passengers sailing for distant lands. They do not take with them the Duratean horse, concealing the hidden spear. The tapes are handed to the departing friends on the deck who, holding one end of the tape throw down the reel to the friends on the wharf who retain the other end. There were sixty of such reels and the pedlars made a good thing out of them. It was a beautiful and affecting sight. Our young friend Amar Singh, unnoticed by us bought two reels, went down the gangway to the wharf and flung them up to us on the deck, he and Majumdar holding the two ends. He took us by surprise. Wali ul-huq and I were somewhat moved by this act of genuine sentiment and regard towards their fellow-countrymen. This delicate little action on the part of these two young men was the manifestation of

true patriotism. The Japanese were pleased at the observance of this charming custom. The usage has a sweet significance. The tape is the emblem of friendship and kinship. It lengthens out and spans the Oceans, unbroken, to alien shores, the ends remaining fast in the grip of each at both extremities, the flame of friendship and kinship keeping steadfast and unflickering. Japan is enchanting and majestic. On the Far Eastern Sea, alone and friendless, she floats. Her children of both sexes have to labour and work hard and keep united to save the little island from drifting and floundering in the billows and surfs of international jealousy and politics. She is in the East, yet not of the East. She is living in the midst of death. I take leave of her and of her amiable, cheerful and kind children. May she prosper more and more.

“Kaga Maru” is the sister boat to “Sado Maru.” She glided on noiselessly from the wharf into the harbour, leaving the charming country and our kind friends and countrymen in a flood of sunshine. They waved their handkerchiefs until we could see them no more. We looked with wistful eyes to the shore as the keel swept through the boundless deep; and my tongue said with low murmurs, farewell. The ship carried 150 passengers of whom all but ten were Japanese. Most of the Japanese were going to America for technical and scientific education. Four women students, dressed in their exquisite Kimonos, were our fellow passengers going to take admission in the universities. A Japanese professor of Imperial University of Tokyo was bound for Germany, in search of fresh knowledge in his own subjects. A Swiss merchant, from the German canton of Switzerland, was returning home to advise his firm to extend the business in Japan. He deals in machinery and is prosperous. An Englishman, with wife and three children, was on leave—a pastor in one of the districts of China—going to Los Angeles. He was a baker in England.

emigrated to the United States and continued to bake bread, and worked desperately hard at the oven to turn out excellent loaves of bread *a la anglaise*. 'All of a sudden an inspiration came to him to alter the course of life. He saw the glorious vision of heaven, grieved at the shameful sight of the torches of hell, and was seized with the exalted desire of *leading erring Eastern humanity* along the ambrosial path of supreme happiness in the life to come, and of rescuing them from the punishment and cruel fate which await the wicked spirits after death. He carried on his ministry in the shadow of the French gun. In Pakow, the French have established a consulate. In appearance all consular establishments look innocent and mild but in acts and deeds they are terrific. They come in with the soft note of the flute and go out with the discordance of the drum. 'A short time before he left, a sort of political disturbance had taken place between the two factions of Chinese politicians. His congregation, who had remained submissive to him in uneventful hum-drum days, got out of hand in the din and noise of battle, escaped from the holy jurisdiction of the mission, joined one or the other of the contending parties, reverted to their ancestral belief and faith and took possession of the Mission House and the Church. The poor pastor was distracted and made an appeal to the French consulate to assist him to remove the soldiers from the mission ground and to prevent the desecration of the sacred edifice. He proclaimed from the steps of his presbytery that he had invoked the aid of the consul; it terrified the soldiers. He saw the dread in their faces and marched straight into their midst and threatened death and extinction.

He chastised a few of the invaders with cane and slaps and drove them out of the sacred precincts neck and crop. When the political ebullition had subsided, and that part of the country entered anew the former state of quiet and peace, he was rewarded, for his ener-

getic action and persuasive eloquence, by the majority of his flock returning to his ministration. He candidly expressed his uneasiness in regard to their fidelity and loyalty to the new creed in his absence. What will happen to them and to his record of conversion when he will not be at his post? He has left them in the charge of a not very sympathetic physician of the soul. The thought worried him but the long sea voyage, his wife's recovery to health, the pleasure of new associations and a long delectable menu brought about reconciliation and checked the gloomy thought from lingering long in his mind. He is a pleasant man, a dreary talker, rather fussy. On the Sunday following the day of our sailing, he held the Divine Service, and solicited the passengers to attend and listen to his sermon. All the passengers, excepting ourselves, the Swiss, the German Consul at Kobe and the Japanese professor, walked into the dining saloon where the Service was held. When the service was over and the sermon had been delivered—the sermon which the Japanese could hardly have understood, because of the meagre knowledge of the language—a considerable discussion took place on the deck among the Japanese officers and passengers as to the advisability of assisting at the service. They came to the conclusion that it was not prudent for the Japanese to have identified themselves with Christian rites and ceremonies inasmuch as, the Christians would not have attended Buddhist Service or listened to the sermon of the Buddhist monk. The Japanese are too simple minded, and too unreasoning followers of St. Paul's dictum of being all things to all men, to have the courage to refuse the request of the Western people. That was the carping criticism levelled against them. They felt abashed. Another Sunday came round, they kept themselves aloof from the Christian service. Deck golf was played with vigour and the crew silently and steadily put up a stage in the second saloon to entertain the passengers with a

variety entertainment after dinner My friend, the pastor, vowed he would excommunicate vaudeville and bring down from heaven the wrath of God upon the recalcitrant sinners He complained bitterly against this mysterious conduct of the Japanese and hung on to me to relieve his heavy heart The bill of fare was extra good that evening The pastor, with his docile wife and bright children, sat opposite to us at the table I do not remember that we had omitted a single item, not even the Japanese dishes After the repast we felt and looked contented At 9 o'clock, we, the unbelievers, took our seats in front of the stage in the neighbourhood of the commander The entertainment was most enjoyable The *mis en scène* was remarkable and entirely Japanese The crew who took part in the theatricals regaled us to comic hits throwing us into peals of laughter I took a survey of the audience, and my heart leaped into my mouth when I discovered that the pastor with his attenuated flock was seated behind me shaking with merriment Wali-ul-huq and he used to have frequent discussions on European social conventions to which the Japanese rigidly adhered, without thorough comprehension of their significance One of the points of argument was the higgledy piggedy use of the word, "Sir," Wali ul huq got the better of the pastor and the Japanese, agreeing with Wali ul huq, dropped the use of the term in season and out of season The Japanese were in the habit of putting the harmless word to nauseating use At the termination of these discussions, the pastor confidentially told me that Wali ul huq would get trouble in the hands of the Americans I kept my counsel and thought the remarks were the result of puerile pique Wali ul huq is careful not to express his opinion until he is certain of it He is circumspect and wary and feels the ground before taking the spring, and standing on it The Pacific Ocean was as calm and rippling as was the water of Lake Chuzengi In

N. Y. K. steamers the commanders have never received the toast, which is usual in the English and French boats, from the passengers at the termination of the voyage.

The Japanese are too bashful or timid in the presence of foreigners to do the common civility by drinking the health of the captain. I myself suggested that I should formally thank the commander for the safe and comfortable voyage and the happy life we had spent on the boat. The Japanese passengers cheerfully and unanimously agreed to the proposal and expressed their thankfulness to me. The night before we reached Victoria in British Columbia, the Professor proposed the toast in Japanese and I followed him in English, the Commander thanking us in a pretty little speech in his own tongue. It was a pleasant function and I was proud to have had the privilege of inaugurating and organising it. I hope, in the future, the Japanese will have the courage and good sense to continue the function. In the morning, under a clear sky, our steamer lay alongside the wharf. A couple of negroes, with enormous physical strength and of great stature, and a couple of Canadians, under the direction of the dock-master, threw up a heavy bridge on the gangway of the ship for us to land. The place looked deserted and sad. The stillness was weird. We landed to have a walk round the city after a fortnight's imprisonment in the ship. Wali-ul-huq, the Swiss fellow-passenger and I walked out of the huge empty shed and confronted three men with motor cars for hire. The Japanese hired two of the automobiles and the third man invited us to engage his car for a drive round the city. We wanted to stretch our legs and eventually to hire one in the city. The man plaintively told us, "if you stretch your legs, Sir, I shan't make the fare and get nothing." There is not much doing in the city, withal, it is a beautiful city with wide roads, lovely bungalows standing on fine lawns and flower gardens, clean and peaceful. We went over the

rain, a large number of the dockers were in attendance. It was real activity and life. A stupendous bridge was hauled down silently. The porters came trooping on the deck, and carried aloft on their back and shoulder the luggage into the lift of the custom's house. The negro porters of gigantic muscle and thews and tremendously broad-chested, the like of whom I have not seen anywhere, came with a slight stoop, waddling on the deck, to carry the luggage. Their immense size with a little stoop put me in mind of Vulcan going to his fiery work. What a difference was there between listless Victoria and vigorous Seattle! We walked up the steps into a vast hall, where the luggage had been arranged according to the letters of the alphabet. While we were in waiting for the inspection of our luggage, Wali-ul-huq, came up to me, from his corner of the hall, to inform me of the presence of two men waiting to know something about ourselves and the country we came from. Wali-ul-huq took them for representatives of the Press. I went up and saluted the men, they were not the interviewers of the type, who make up an attractive story, half-truths and fabulous for the gullible and inquisitive readers. The conversation that I had with one of them impressed me that he was a man of education and culture. Mr. R. L. Dyer is a member of the Chamber of Commerce of Seattle, which has a foreign department to meet and look after the foreigners during their stay in the City. Mr. Dyer placed his services at our disposal and handed me his card if we wished to find him. He wanted to engage a hotel for us, but we had already fixed upon the New Richmond Hotel. It was a surprisingly new and delightful experience. In other parts of the world the agents of the hotels meet you. It is their business to get customers. But to have educated gentlemen to meet us at the port or at the station offering their services to us, is a wonderfully pleasing experience. I felt for the moment that I was in the New West and that the Old

West lags very many leagues behind it. Our acquaintance with the United States began under genial auspices, unexpected and undreamed of. Where in the world is such an organisation, such human sympathy, such free gift of service. The New West, torn from the side of the old, is creating new mind, new heart, new aspirations and new heredity. Mr. Dyer is a member of the firm of Stuart, Mannell & Co., whose office is in Arctic buildings in 3rd Avenue and Cherry Street. Seattle is built upon seven hills. It is modern Rome, without the Vatican and its Pope.

The Indians were here, they are here; but their untutored mind and sleepy brain could not lay the foundation of a city on these hills. They lived and died in the jungles with their buffaloes, dogs and hens. Other men from other countries came and gradually transformed the vast wilderness into smiling and productive land, and built cities of exquisite beauty and magnificence. What in the law of Nature retained these original inhabitants in a low and degraded mental condition, even in the most beautiful surroundings? What in the law of nature repressed their intellect and will, delivering them over to the men from different lands separated by thousands of miles of sea? Are we to believe with the degenerationists that the tendency of some races is not to improve but to fall away from the high quality inherent in the races? If I look around the world and cast my glance at *Asia and Africa*, I cannot resist the conclusion reached by this seemingly pessimistic theory. Many races had been born, became dominant and have sunk into oblivion, pitilessly hit by the law of degeneracy. I do not say that there are no other laws of nature which, clearly understood and prudently obeyed, do not inspire hope of improvement. But the races, which have decayed, do not follow the imperious law of nature and in consequence can hardly have the vigour of intellect and the stamina of purpose to be able to discriminate between

the beneficent and harmful 'laws of nature. Their mental and bodily incapacity helps them to abolish themselves in the world of action—the world which has never been governed by the sweet and noble precept of *ahimsa* or by the same teaching put in other words, *my soul is thy soul*, but it has ever been governed by the immutable and invincible law of intellectual and physical might over mental and bodily decadence. In 'Asia, we have the races which waste away and fritter away time in futile contemplation of the irrevocable past; in 'Africa, we have races which live a nearly animal life of, self-preservation and reproduction of species. Nitzsche has ridiculed the love of the past in his manly way in virile words:—

“ Your false love
For the past,
'A love for the graves of the dead.
Is a theft from life
That steals all the future.”

On the morning following our arrival, I took the Swiss fellow-traveller to visit Mr. Dyer in his office, Wali-ul-huq did not come, as he was in one of his meditative moods. We were in the outside room at 9 30 a.m. A young typist girl was at her desk and told us that Mr. Dyer had been in his bureau since 8-45 a.m. We went into his room and were received cordially and inundated with informations regarding the social, economic, educational and political aspects of his country. Mr. Dyer's mind is stored with knowledge. His expressions and manners, his tone of voice and courtesy befit a man of culture, nevertheless his mind is steeped in practical concerns of life. His regard for the ancient philosophy of India was genuine and grateful. Hinduism of the last fifteen hundred years seemed to him a puzzle and inconsistent with the grand emancipated philosophy of the ancients. He wished the Indian people, or the “Hindus” as they

call us coming from Hindustan, to engage in trade and commerce and sciences rather than take to unproductive and unprogressive occupations. Honesty is the *sine qua non* of trade, domestic or international. He would like to see "Hindu" tradesmen and merchants come into contact with the Chambers of Commerce of the United States. The Chambers of Commerce will readily furnish them with all necessary and useful informations as also the method and rules of business prevalent in his country. At the end of the conversation, he took me over to the office of Mr. W. B. Henderson, Director of Foreign Trade Bureau of Chambers of Commerce, in the same building, and introducing me to him, withdrew to attend to his own work which he had neglected for at least $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour. Mr. Henderson introduced me to his lady-typist who shook hands with me with a benign smile. Mr. Henderson spoke to me with the ease and openness of an old friend and a bland smile. He enquired of India's foreign trade and its extent and asked me if there was a possibility of an increase in foreign trade with the United States, and expressed a desire of hearing me on the subject at a luncheon of the members of the Chamber at which they had invited a few foreign delegates. The luncheon took place on the same afternoon and he graciously invited me and the Swiss friend to attend it and address the assembly. At 11-45 a.m. he strolled up to my hotel, and putting his arm into mine, we three walked together to the banquetting hall close by. It was a goodly gathering and I was introduced to Mr. Piggott, the President of the Chamber. Mr. Piggott, on his part was exceedingly affable and presented me and the Swiss friend to nearly all the members. What an assemblage of smiling, affable and humorous persons!

In the well-decorated hall, there, among equals sat the representatives from Japan, Canada, South America and Switzerland. I was the goose among the swans.

But their kindness and generosity rescued me from the awkward feeling. My fellow-passenger and I were given the honoured seats at the Presidential table. My immediate neighbour, on my right, was an American, who had lived 30 years in Japan and had returned to breathe the air of his native land intending to go back to his business in his adopted country. He is a charming man, with a charming mind. Mr. Piggott, Mr. Henderson, and the Secretary together revised the programme, then and there, to give us an opportunity to speak. The speeches were limited to 5 minutes each, the Secretary and the President taking 10 minutes each. A few ladies attended the luncheon among whom was a Japanese lady. The gist of the President's speech was that the trade of the United States had been carried on at haphazard, without proper study of the foreign markets, and in consequence, it had not expanded and its progress had been slow. Since a few years the Chambers of Commerce of the Country have started the foreign department seriously to study the needs and wants of foreign countries throughout the world, and had been sending representatives to those distant lands in friendly spirit, to meet the requirements of the alien peoples. The trade has since increased and he hoped it would augment year by year. In trade there should be friendly rivalry. The spirit of animosity or opposition should be eliminated from the competition; and the competitive world should infuse into the transaction the spirit of the sportsman. I was the third guest to speak and gave them the exact picture of the condition of the trade, of the industries of the country and of the backwardness of "Hindus" in commercial and industrial enterprises, due to the moral delinquency of suspicion and distrust of one another and lack of practical training in these two of the most important branches of knowledge. I ventured to impress upon them the dual functions of the foreign traders, especially in the Asiatic and African continents. The

trader should not merely bring his goods at the door of the purchasers and get money for his labour and the supply of merchandise to the backward races of mankind, but it also behoves him to become the friendly missionary of civilisation. An American trader in the Far Eastern countries had a knack of driving a bargain, and at the same time of becoming friendly and sympathetic. To this quality if he added the amiable and self sacrificing virtue of instructing the customers in high sanitation and other principles of civilised and progressive life, he would be able to revolutionise the life and character of his constituent countries, and to place them on amicable relations. The happy combination of the moral and material aspects of the trade could only be effected, when we could catch the boys in the schools and instil into their minds the commercial and educative influence the modern trader could exert upon unprogressive races. The new method would diminish racial hatred, which has become fierce throughout the world. I have seen almost in every country, particularly in the Eastern countries, the terrible blue flame of race hatred, which, if not checked and controlled, would sooner than later burn to ashes the race which becomes the object of the curse of hatred. The Swiss friend apologised for the ignorance of the language of his host and his inability to express himself fully, and thanked the American people for the generosity and hospitality exhibited to the strangers like himself and me. The American, sitting next to me, followed my friend in a neat, instructive speech and frankly approved my ideas saying that he himself had been doing similar work in Japan, which had borne good results.

After the speeches we dispersed; while I was taking leave of my host, a young man came up and greeted me as a fellow-member of the British Empire, identifying himself as a Canadian, and expressed his pleasure on meeting me. He spoke well of the business

ability, affability and hospitality of the American people. Mr. Dyer and ourselves left the hall; he repaired to his office and we returned to the hotel. In the lounge, two men spoke to me and riddled me with questions relating to India. Their directness of speech and freedom from oriental mealiness and European hypocritical palaver were refreshing. Mr. W. S. Evett and Mr. Charles Snipes are both men of business, well informed and courteous. Mr. Evett is a representative of Landis Machine Co. at St. Louis in the State of Missouri. It is a machine for quick repair of boots and shoes. It is a wonderful machine which he showed us in work. Mr. Snipes had been in the trade and made money. He is a man of varied experience and wide knowledge of European politics and mentality and method of trade. Mr. Evett is an estimable man and has yet to work hard to swell his banking account. America is an expensive country to live in. The war has enhanced the prices of every thing and all commodities. America was wheedled into the war and flattered into lending money to Europe, to save her from bankruptcy and abject defeat in the war. America had to pay herself for the transport and upkeep of her army and air-crafts in Europe. I answered all the questions put to me regarding the social and economic position and educational state of India. These two men were amazed to learn that we had no compulsory education, that the standard of living was low, that women and girls were kept in mental and physical bondage and that technical education had not been enforced and made obligatory for mitigating economic distress. The American soldiers have had to resent the flouts and jibes of those whom they had crossed the seas to save from conquest and destruction by the Central Power; and they have returned home angry and vexed, fully determined never to allow the States to be involved in European complications. The Europeans will have to fight out their own battles and quarrels in the future. The American

opinion is decided and unhesitating on this point; and the Americans will leave Europe alone to destroy herself if she be afflicted by madness. Both these men have been very friendly to me and wished to see India liberated from the old world ideas and mode of life, taking her place among the progressive nations.

Mr. Dyer took me over Horton's National Bank and introduced me to Mr. Burnside, the Vice-President of the Bank, who received me with a pleasant smile. Mr. Burnside would like to open a branch of this Bank in Calcutta, but the American trade must first flow in that direction. Banks follow trade on its heels. His sound practical mind, large experience and calm and deliberate manner of conversation enhanced the worth of his courtesy and amiability shown to me. Business ability and culture are stamped on his face. The Bank employs a large number of girl assistants and Mr. Burnside told me with pride that the girls were better at figures than the men.

Wali-ul-huq and I paid a visit to Mr. Hardeman with whom we travelled through China to Seoul, till we saw him again in his office room in his factory of high class plush hats. We went rather late in the afternoon; the workers had all left. We found him talking to a young man, who was introduced to us as Mr. Johnson.

The latter has a store near Portland in the State of Oregon. He is a clothier in a large way of business. Mr. Hardeman was at his work in shirt sleeve and showed us over the whole manufactory consisting of 5 storeys. He took the trouble to explain the various processes, stages and evolutions through which the hat has to pass before it was put in perfect form and was ready for the wearer. He told us in simple manner the story of his business career, from what modest beginnings he had brought it to its peak. Mr. Hardeman took us over to his bank and presented us to one of the directors, who made numerous enquiries regarding the banking business in India and

said that trade was the hand-maid of the bank, and that the Americans should bestir themselves to extend their trade to India, as they had done in the Far Eastern Countries, such as China, Japan and the Phillipines. He further frankly said that the Americans had not the least desire of grabbing other peoples' territories but would like to make the Eastern peoples progressive and to extricate them from the superstitions and out-worn traditions which had, for ages, hampered their growth and development, and left them in mental retrogression and the procrastinating habit. Their highest reach of ambition has always been to foster amicable relationship with the nations of the world; that can only come about when the general level of civilisation has been raised in all the countries of the world. This is the general public opinion in the States. The politicians and the Europeanised millionaires might think and act otherwise. Civilisation predicates that illiteracy must disappear, that liberal education must permeate the people and that women must receive enfranchisement from the old, savage servitude, which for centuries the Easterns have heavily laid upon them.

Mr. R. Guy Frederick of Stuart Mannell & Co. is an affable young man of correct education. He thinks that the "Hindu" people seem to be listless; that they must acquire the "pep" of the Americans and do away with untouchability, and put their back into the work. He thinks that the Eastern peoples are apt to be lazy and to scrap work. I have heard the same complaint from every nationality of Europe. In America, the Europeans have not earned the reputation of being steady, solid workers or progressive. Any man with half an eye can discover the truth of the charge. The Americans are far more go-ahead than the Europeans. I find from the conversations I have had with a variety of people, that the Americans are sorely hurt at the ingratitude of the English and the French for the services rendered to them

in the War. The Americans have lost over 70,000 men killed on the field of battle, and as many wounded. The open and secret banter of the Europeans, in regard to the quality of the American soldiers and the help rendered to them, has brought about an estrangement not easily to be repaired; and the Americans as a nation, leaving out of the reckoning the sycophantic press and a few millionaires, pity four square the allies for their moral perversity of biting the hand that fed and saved them. The European diplomacy, in a situation of extreme difficulty, becomes mealy-mouthed, subtle and easily deceives the politicians of Washington D. C. The cuckoo cry of Europe was too alluring and thrilling to leave the hefty youth of this country unresponsive.

They lustily strove to carry out the ideal of amity and peace, which the schools and colleges have instilled into their brain. The appeal to America, practical yet ardent to realise the peace on this earth, to destroy Prussian militarism, to invest Europe and Asia with the rainbow of peace, touched the exalted hearts of the youths of the country. The soft and plaintive cry of the cuckoo in the spring is seductive and warms the blood; the head and the frame begin to tingle with the hot overflow of exalted natural passion, and impels the youth to unpremeditated act. When the spring is passed, the pretty little bird is seen and heard no more. It perches on the solitary branches of its own leafy tree and mocks the giddy youth. The thoughtless act brings its own remorse, and at the end of the day, he grieves in the words of La Fontaine,—
"Rein ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour."
 He had gone forth, in the light of the day, marching side by side with the allies, to carry into execution the brilliant scheme of renovating the world by establishing for all time the reign of peace, but at the end of the fine day, he discovered the black clouds gathering in the sky, and saw the base animal nature of half-civilised man asserting itself; and his beautiful ideals derided by the partners who

had cajoled him into this lawful adventure. Is it to be wondered at, that he would feel sick and weary at heart? They told me that a perfect system of propaganda had been set on foot against Germany by the mercenary press. The press anathematised Germany for casting sinister eyes on the integrity of the United States. The denunciation had to be repeated day after day with blood curdling details of German brutality and bestiality; and it came about that the people began to believe that the Prussians would attack the United States, after they had subjugated and annexed France and England as the provinces of Prussia. The world is filled with half-educated, half-starved men who would do any unclean thing for a consideration. They attach themselves to the politicians and to the press which act as jackals to selfish politicians. One has to pour money into the lap of these men to be able successfully to start propaganda work. The Americans, in general, are not worth a cent in world-politics. They are keen and watchful in regard to internal politics. No party, democratic or republican, dare go back upon the progressive character of their social, economic and educational policies. The politicians are not respected; they are accused of "graft." The lawyers compose the majority of the politicians. The bungling in international politics is ascribed to these men. The Americans, same as all other people, believe what they daily read in the newspapers. Their school books are full of exaggerations of other people. They teach them that India is so hot, all the year round, that the doors and windows of the houses have to be closed to keep out the heat, and that the people lie in bed in half-stiffed condition, incapable of doing a stroke of work. I could not know the name of the authors. We have heard many similar absurd stories about the people of Hindustan and endeavour to sweep away the cobwebs from their simple minds. There are spiders all over the world to weave the gossamer net over the minds of foreigners about India; we must let

loose lizards to gobble them up, preventing generation.

Mr. Dyer took us in an automobile round Seattle and motored in the grounds of the University. It has a stadium built in the open air. The amphitheatre is of stupendous size and has seats for 40,000 people. In the fresh air, beneath a clear sky, in the soft wave of sunlight, the University confers the degrees and diplomas upon the University and High School Students, male and female. The stadium has been built after the Athenian style. Several buildings of public character are either Greek or Roman in architecture. What is best and most ancient in Europe has been taken and reproduced to decorate the country. I am certain, that the Americans, with money and artistic genius, will succeed in reproducing the memorable buildings, now in ruins, of ancient Greece and Rome. On the Lake Washington, an immense expanse of water, people take excursions in hydroplanes. On the subject of Asiatic politics, Mr. Dyer was gloomy. He seems to think that India is immersed in tremendous ignorance, superstition and religious bigotry, retarding political development, progress and modernism. In these circumstances, self-determination for India is a far and faint cry. India is respected for its imperishable, humane philosophy of the Upanishadas, of Vedanta and the ethics of Buddha. The people of India, owing to their unprogressiveness and anti-modern tendencies, have nearly forfeited America's regard and respect. We were, nevertheless, generously treated by these kind men, because we live in the shadow of a great and kindly philosophy, which is free from superstition, religious bigotry and untouchability. He spoke of China and Confucius. Despite the grand and rational precepts of Buddha and Confucius, China has been steadily going back. The orientals lacked rational and scientific education, and have got fat and

soft like cod-fish, cooped up in a barrel, without the cat-fish to chase it to keep it lively. The orientals need mental flagellation, and science and rationalism can give the chase and stir to keep them in fit condition.

Three-fourths of the population of India nominally belong to the civilised religion of the Vedanta and the Upanishadas, but the real religion, which they profess and act upon, is the mean kitchen religion—the religion of inhumanity—the creed of the wolf. They are divided amongst themselves. The provinces are alien to one another, the kitchen and the food keeping them poles asunder. They believe, and it is a stupid belief, that the sun of life stands still, and the savage war cry for political freedom will scare away the consolidated, progressive races of mankind from their midst.

These uncohesive, separated people of Hindustan have more cry than wool, than strength, than common sense. The Mahomedans in India, nine-tenths of whom are converts to Islam, have a twist in the brain, and have the fantastic belief of being the descendants of the Mahomedan rulers of India. It seems probable, that in future ages, the native Christians of India, like their co-religionists of Goa, will have the exaltation and airs of the descendants of the British and other European races. What a pretty kettle of fish India is. The orientals hold fast to their religions and dwell in dirt and filth. All religions are unhygienic. After a long fatiguing journey, Jesus with his disciples came to rest. They were hungry and sat down to a meal, without washing their hands and feet. The clever but effeminate Jews jeered at them for want of cleanliness. Jesus answered the scoffers in just the oriental, mystic words:—“Whatsoever thing from without entereth into the man, it cannot defile him, that which cometh out of the man, that defileth the man.” I would rather human beings washed their fingers before touching the food than that they would learn the insanitary

lesson, preached 2,000 years ago by an oriental sufi. Scientific men of Europe have altered this habit of the people, and turned them into the path of hygiene and civilisation. The Europeans and Americans have had the intellectual courage and common sense to broaden the religious precepts, not adhering to the letter of the law. The East has receded into a palæolithic age—the Arabs in Arabia, the Moors in Morocco, the Brahminic people in India. The presence of uneducated men, hide-bound in religious customs, in America has altered the kindly feeling of the Americans for the civilisation of India. The Sikhs reside in the States of California after the fashion of barnacles shut up in shells, sticking to the hull of the leaky ship of religious custom. Their backwardness in the most progressive and humane country has alienated the good people. It is painful and humiliating to have to hear the terrible reproach from the mouth of these magnanimous people. The average American, stranger to politics, speaks, directly, in unadorned phrases. We shall have many opportunities to hear of our people in the course of our stay in the different States in California.

Mr. Hardeman invited us to lunch with him in the Arctic Club. He had in the company Mr. Johnsen and Mr. O. A. Kjos. Mr. Kjos has travelled in Europe and the East and is President of Saxony Knitting Company. The Club has on its roll 3,000 members. The cloak rooms, or check rooms as they are termed in the States, are in the charge of handsome dark-skinned maidens, exceedingly affable and polite in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Kjos, as his name indicates, is the descendant of the old Scandinavian Vikings, and like his friend Mr. Hardeman, has become a New Western to the tips of his fingers. Mr. Hardeman's hospitality was unaffected, pleasingly natural. Mr. Kjos travelled through India, was pleased with the beauty of Darjeeling and admired the Englishman's hospitality. He was right in his praise of the Englishman in India. The Englishman is generous to

well-known Europeans and to the Americans in particular. The Englishmen have fine clubs, and an organisation which meets wealthy foreigners and men of reputation in politics, in letters and in arts. They entertain them lavishly in their clubs and sometimes in their homes. I told Mr. Kjos that it was right that he had seen the natural beauties of the ancient land and the British rulers of the country. But he did not care to know or understand the native India; he had to meet us face to face here, at the hospitable board of our host. Mr. Kjos felt the point of the remark and blushed. It is not the fault of the foreigners that they do not come into contact with the natives of India. It is entirely our lack of the sense of hospitality that is to blame. Our social customs are illiberal and almost unfriendly, in as much as we observe, for caste reason, anticommensality. Centuries of foreign domination has also contributed to the timidity and shyness of the people. They have no clubs wherein to invite and entertain foreigners nor have they an organization like the one in Seattle to meet foreigners at the ports to look after them. The result of all these drawbacks has been very much to the detriment of our people.

Foreigners have not known or understood us and think and believe that we live a jungle life in big cities and are devoid of all ideas of welcoming and entertaining strangers. The Indian Mahomedans, who have no caste restrictions, have behaved equally badly, owing to, I believe, congenital defect in character. All this has to be changed, if we wish to be friendly with the nations of the world, for, it has become small due to the invention of science. Anti-social habits are dangerous in politics and international relationship; they are just as unsafe in the country itself, for they keep the people themselves at arms' length and in vicious temper. I have known this terrible disease for many years eating into the very marrow of my co-religionists, withering and burning them to a

cinder. For 5 years, I have spoken and written, under the auspices of the Indian Rationalistic Society in Calcutta, the very ideas and thoughts which foreigners have entertained and expressed to me in my wanderings on this earth. The education has been so thoroughly had, the books selected for the high schools and the University have been so antiquated, teeming with ideas of pre-Sewalik man, that the rational and progressive ideas cannot obtain entrance into the brain-box of the educated men. The Christian missionaries, who are an appendage to the government, having a potent voice in the education of the country, become indignant and abusive over the attempt at rationalisation of the minds of the people, on the assumption that the native members of their own communion might injuriously be affected by the process. Books, admirably written by the best scientific men of Great Britain and of the Continent of Europe and of America, have never been prescribed for the schools and colleges in India. How could the boys know of the true origin of this earth and of man, of the relation he bears to the world of life? And how could they know that the present day customs, having the sanction of religion, relate back to the savage parents of primitive age, should the illuminating treatises on such subjects be kept from them? But it may be asked, whose fault is it that the mind and intellect of the boys have been allowed to lie in the sombre shadow of the old world ideas. The blame lies with University authorities, who strut about, with a grand air, in false academic distinctions, the outcome of the feat of memory; whose minds have not travelled beyond the pages of their books and annotations, and never received shocks from the new thoughts and discoveries of the greatest men of Europe and America, overturning the old-womens' tales, with which our academicians have been fed from childhood till they left the University, with mock

diplomas and degrees. The parchments, on which their names are inscribed, are so flimsy in quality that they have no value and are the fine sport of the wind. Nothing good or great comes out of such guardians of learning. This is the real cause of the backwardness of the country. The education since 1857, under the British rule, has had the tendency to manufacture politicians, constitution-makers and lawyers, who lift up their eye-brows and solemnly and slavishly cite authorities from the text-books and receive plaudits from their less educated countrymen. Europe and America have not entirely freed themselves from superstitious and absurd conventions having the sanctity of customs, but these silly and irrational practice and usages are not permitted to materially interfere with the development and progress of the country. Europe and America are constantly shredding these foolish things in spite of their long standing. We went up to the top of the Smith's buildings 60 storeys high. At the top, there is a curiosity shop which vends souvenir articles depicting several interesting places of Seattle. I bought three things and found to my utter surprise that they had been made in Germany. The meals, in this country, chiefly consist of fruits and cereals, porridge, puffed rice, semolina, milk and cream and a little animal food. In the morning, the Americans eat oranges or cantaloupes or cream of apples or strawberries or other kinds of berries with cream, and wheat cakes with butter and honey or syrup. The principal meal is at mid-day when they dine on soup or fish and meat and iced fruit pudding and sometimes cheese. Between 5 and 7 P M supper with a long bill of fare is served. It is all *à la carte*. The cooking is fine. Different races of Europe have brought with them their own culinary art and satisfied the gastronomic instincts. In big hotels and restaurants one gets a fine *mélange* of cookery and a great variety of dishes.

California has begun to grow since forty years. It awaits further development, and Mr. Dyer tells me that it will be 30 or 40 years before they could finish improving and developing the country. The people have strenuous work before them, every ounce of energy has to be poured into the field, every strip of land is to be brought under cultivation, farms are to be laid out, cattle and horses are to be raised and reared, minerals are to be dug out and amassed, easy transport is to be devised, and cities and factories are to rise to embellish and increase the wealth of the country. In order to achieve these ends, they have to bestow undivided attention on each item of this vast undertaking and to focus devious energies on it. The Americans have no time to twirl their thumbs in lazy, undignified leisure to think and talk politics or to indulge in empty discussions and foolish dreams. They themselves recognise the serious defects in their political system, and are well aware of the duplicity and graft of the politicians; but the work on hand is so onerous and absorbing that the political evils will have to await remedy till the business is done. Hard work does not kill people, provided their body is sustained by nutritious and wholesome food. There is nothing to object to the country's law against alcoholic drinks. Persons, whose heredity is evil, whose greed is intractable, whose germ-plasms have been poisoned by the taint of ancestral alcoholism, are opposed to the enactment and support their opposition by specious and besotted argument.

Seattle has its Japanese, Chinese and Jewish colonies. The Japanese men and women, and the Chinese men, their women not having been emancipated yet are not to be seen, wear American dress so long as they remain in the country. They keep fine restaurants and let apartments at a very moderate price. Their houses are kept clean and sanitary for they are a clean race. The Chinamen all come from the province of

Canton. The Northern Chinese are mostly students. The Jews, not having a home or country, behave as limpets, adhering to the country to which they emigrate and adopt its dress, manners and customs, yet strictly remain attached to the old-world habits and attitude of mind. They come over to America poor, and begin life from the lowest rung of the ladder and by dint of hard work and sheer determination, from a pedlar, rise to immense wealth and influence in the country. The rich Jews pour out money to establish schools and colleges and hospitals and Synagogues for the community. The Jews are a compact body, being, by inheritance, shrewd and worldly wise are naturally pusillanimous and leave politics alone. They know instinctively that wealth is the power behind politics and wars, and that it is the basis and foundation of the development of the resources of the country. They feel, in this country more than any where else, the security of modern civilisation; and naturally wield the authority and sway of the purse in these important elements of social and industrial life. There is not much of the international Judaism in America of which one hears in Europe. The protective instinct of the Jews often compels them to change colours, but deep down in their hearts abides the Semetic of Palestine. The effete Greeks, coming over to this country of laborious day, have been transformed, as if by magic, into efficient workers of open and independant bearing. The coloured people appear to enjoy very great personal freedom. These primitive people, any way these descendants of the primitive people, have adopted the religion, the dress, the language, the manners and the mode of life of the dominant white races. In their ancestral home in Africa, they had an animistic religion, an unformed language and the simple rude dress of the old days of Adam. Their manner of living, almost resembled the life of the cave-dwellers and their language simple, monosyllabic words, numerically few. Such men can easily

adapt themselves to the superficiality of dominant civilisation. The coloured people have achieved the result in an astonishing degree and acquired the quality of courtesy and polite speech from the white neighbours. Their self-respect is of a high order, they have more of it than what I have found in some countries in the East. They do not court insult and will not suffer insult. In some countries in the East, the people confound self-respect with abrupt manner and speech and familiarity of conduct. Mr. Dyer asked me if I would care to meet some lawyers. His amiable request gave me the shiver, having come from a country over-run by lawyers and litigants. The glorification of backward religious customs, joined to the new apotheosis of law, has twisted the fibre of the people of India, who rush into litigation with almost the same naturalness as the ducks run into a pool of water. Mr. Dyer looked solemn, and we dismissed from our thoughts the unscrupulous lawyers and the vulgar litigants.

The University of Washington teaches all subjects of human knowledge. Agriculture and forestry and commerce have been made the special points in the curriculum. On the last day of our stay here, we had the surprise of our life in watching the removal of a wooden building of considerable dimension. It was carried away by motor vehicle. In transit the house did not receive the least injury or damage; not a sound escaped the lips of the workers in the act of lifting the structure. Thousands of Greeks, who were Turkish subjects, have emigrated to this home of dollars and freedom and turned excellent citizens. But the home of the ancestors is still present in their minds and they like to speak in Turkish. They tell you how indolent and shiftless and without ambition the Greeks are in Greece and in the Turkish Empire. Better environment, absolute social freedom, equal opportunity for all and better education have metamorphosed the craven spirit and

nature of these men. The Japanese and the Chinese have not acquired the dash and the freedom of talk of the New Westerns, and have happily retained the natural grace and the etiquette of the old world civilisation, which makes the Far Eastern countries so attractive to the foreigners. They are esteemed by the Americans in general; but the Japanese are falsely suspected, by the politicians, of bellicose sentiment in regard to the Phillipine Islands, where, it is said, Japan wishes to dump her superfluous population. Mr. Dyer personally likes the Japanese people; and cannot account for the anti-Japanese feeling entertained by a certain powerful group of politicians. The propaganda against the imaginary invasion by Japan of the Phillipine Islands, has been carried on ruthlessly by a certain class of politicians who have been backed by European diplomacy. The people have arrived at that stage of mental condition, where they are easily driven into the trap laid by the politicians, who have to show the *raison d'être* of their official life in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. The United States, in consequence of the alarmist doctrine of the politicians, have to maintain a big and efficient navy for her own protection and the integrity of the Phillipine Islands, from the earth-hunger of Japan. There is a second group of politicians, who believe that Japan is desirous of dominating in China, which might have an evil effect upon American trade and re-act upon the mission work; and a third group is envious of Japan on the score of her remarkable progress in science and art, unique in the oriental people. She is *facile princeps* among the Eastern peoples. Her obviously preeminent position in the East has made the West and the New West envious and vigilant. American life, education, ways and manners, have not touched even the outskirts of the soul of Japan. She knows that if she ever loses her soul, the principle of life, she will abolish herself and there will be no reason for her exis-

tence in the world Japan has built for herself a unique civilisation, strong in fibre and delicate in artistic oriental setting Japan can face squarely the civilisation of America or of Europe and will not submit to the patronising pat on the back China and other Eastern races spread their tails like pea cocks at the soft stroke from the white man's hands, these countries have never tried to swim against the stream or stake their lives, at all costs, on the truth—the emancipation of the mind, the liberation from the ancient noxious institutions and customs and the recognition of modern progress and innovations In order to get a place in the modern world of rapid advancement one has to discard the low, cowardly and effeminate course of conduct of Crispus, who was never guilty of indiscreet verities and always contrived to be in with the winning side and lived to see four score years even at the Court of Domitian There are countries in the East, crowded with men as contemptible as Crispus and as perfidious as Ephialtes, the Trachinian, who led a detachment of the army of Xerxes by a secret path to attack the Spartans at Thermopylae The European and American politicians who have never been straightforward in political and international matters, who are practised hands in the devilish arts of dissimulation, cannot like Japan for its progressive and scientific turn of mind All the orient, excepting Japan, is under the subjection of Europe and America

'In this travel, I have met with several Englishmen, who seem to prefer the Far Eastern races to the Americans, whom they described rather unfavourably and sneeringly The picture almost frightened us to enter the United States Yet, in full dress banquets, these very Englishmen would make glowing speeches on the loving kindness and deep affection which they entertained towards their cousins across the seas The venal press of both the countries would exploit the false sentiment and make black look white.

One learns, within an hour, more of practical business life, by listening to the unaffected conversation of these men, than all the encyclopedias of commerce could teach in two years. They have such complete mastery of the subject that the explanation becomes simple and is easily understood. I took leave of our hospitable friends, imbued with generous sentiments towards the world at large and the progress and civilisation of mankind. With us it has been love at first sight and will abide.

Portland—

We took the train for Portland and sat down comfortably in the parlour car, otherwise the Observation Car. It is at the extreme rear of the train. Mr Johnsen travelled with us up to Portland. He was a member of the Air Corps during the war, and has seen a good deal of Europe. He is an educated, liberal and spirited young man and had a long conversation with Walt ul huq and me. His frankness, deliberateness and delicacy of humour were charming. There was not the least trace of namby pamby in his ways, manners and talk. His mind is precise, his criticism and decision on the Europeans and his countrymen in Europe were refreshingly candid and unshakeable. His analysis of European character and mentality was severe, he was not the less censorious of his own countrymen's servile imitation of the jaded aristocracy and snobbery of Europe. He dissected, with the sangfroid of a surgeon, the American millionaires who hob nob with the politicians and aristocracy of Europe, and play the second fiddle and assume airs of superiority during their sojourn in Europe, but in the States these rich men would have to shrink back into their shells and conform to the free institutions and usages of the country. If ever they attempted to put on the prodigal appearance of greatness and exclusiveness, contrary to the mode of life and the constitution of the country, they would be relegated

to the obscurity of alien society, cut off from the large and puissant life of the country. Mr. Johnsen hates every species of laziness and idleness, and pointing out to me, at one of the stations, two burly men with curved shoulders straggling on the platform, remarked that such type of men did not like to work but created labour trouble. In the States, a man can earn liberal wages and become prosperous, provided he conscientiously works either with his brain or hands. Indolence, slackness or inefficiency is not suffered in any part of the States. Mr. Johnsen entertains a high regard for the ancient philosophies of India and regrets the unprogressiveness and unchangeability of its people. The inhuman custom of untouchability grated upon his nerves and irritated him. He almost despaired of India's political regeneration. Like all the Americans we have hitherto met, he conversed with an agreeable, smiling face. In the Observation Car, we struck up acquaintance with Dr. Even Pratt Clapp. He was a homœopath, and now in middle age, with his eldest son, carries on an extensive lumber industry in the State of Oregon. As the train rushes on the lines, we see giant timbers floating on the river and great timber yards present themselves to our view on the land side. It is a profitable industry, demanding zealous attention and close personal supervision. We received much attention and kindness at his hands. Mr. Johnsen, Dr. Clapp and we, two, the jetsam and flotsam of an incorrigible and unalterable Eastern country, had varied conversations until we reached Portland. We bade adieu to Mr. Johnsen who left us at the station for his home and business; Dr. Clapp and ourselves took our abode in the beautiful hotel which takes its name from the city.

After registering our names at the counter in the book of the hotel, we were introduced by Dr. Clapp to the manager, Mr. F. C. Harrington, a middle-aged man, of delightful manners and exquisite courtesy. In the

verandah of the hotel over-looking the thronged street, seated on rocking chairs, (the Americans are fond of rocking chairs), we had a long agreeable talk on social, economic and political problems of India. Mr. Harrington was eager to know the effect upon the minds of the Hindu people of Mr. Gandhi's propaganda, especially with reference to his appeal to extirpate the scourge of untouchability. I had to admit with humiliation, that his noble and self-sacrificing call to the people was disregarded if not unheeded. The Hindu brain seems to have acquired a peculiar quality different from the brains of the Far Eastern Orientals. Its vicious property prevents bold and clear thinking and keeps the people back from changing the offending and injurious, social and semi-religious customs; and has made them selfish, inhuman and cowardly in social, religious and political concerns. The Chinese, who had the notoriety of being conservative and averse to change, possess an infinitely more advancing mind than the Hindus and the Mahomedans of India. I have already cited the innovations the Chinese have introduced, since the republic, in their social and political life. Mr. Harrington kept sad silence and shook his head. The significant lines came to my recollection as I looked at him—

“ ‘Is there no hope,’ the sickman said,

The silent doctor shook his head.”

We went out in a sight-seeing car on a 75 mile ride. The road is all paved, smooth and shining as glass. The drive was exceedingly comfortable, free from the encumbrance of jolts and bumps. We passed through gorgeous mountain scenery with the waterfalls on one side, and the wide tranquil river on the other. It was a holiday; hundreds of automobiles driven by the owners, loaded with smiling women and children, rushing along the highway, stopped near a waterfall and deposited the inmates on a charming spot, rich with the verdant glory of nature. They had a picnic on the green

sward, in the fresh and soothing environment. All, or nearly all, of these excursionists belong to the working class. It is civilisation; because it gives a pleasing rest to the hard-working men and women in these wonderful surroundings, having the virtue of insinuating into the heart and mind of these people the true spirituality. The vast country is at their elbow and they get the chance of contemplating the beauty and magnificence of nature, the effulgence of Savitur, for spiritualising their thoughts. I do not wonder at the average American's peaceful nature of the mind, his detestation of the war, and his desire to impose peace upon the uncivilised world. I have heard these sentiments expressed by every one, I have had the pleasure to speak to. These men reminded me of the working people of Europe, dour, sad and sour, whose lives have been a disappointment and a failure, who cannot soar high as these happy men and women can. It is the New West, with new ideas, new institutions, new freedom and wonderful natural beauty and climate.

Portland is a garden city, where the homes of the working men have been built with an eye to beauty and art. They are all detached bungalows and have been constructed without monotonous routine of architecture. Each bungalow is different in style from the other; and in the building of these homes, the architect has put in much of art and taste. The green lawn, with beds of glowing flowers, enhances the artistic beauty of the houses. The owners themselves attend to the lawns and flowers and keep them in excellent condition; they look proud of their possessions. The working people vie with the others in their ambition to erect hundreds of cities as beautiful as Seattle and Portland, in California. The Americans are blessed with scientific knowledge, art, wealth and energetic labour, to pour into the scheme of the development of the country. They are not hide-bound to traditions and precedents. Fresh

minds in art, science and architecture are utilised, new methods, carefully thought out by intelligent and practical men, are associated with the fresh energy of efficient labour. This mental liberalism has rescued the Americans from the dull, drab, monotonous life and aspect of conservative Europe. The result has been, and will be in the future, astonishing. Every day the Real Estate Company invite the people to buy or lease the plots for building houses on easy terms of monthly payments. The Company acquire the land, cut it up in plots, make roads and put up big posters as a means of advertisement. The terms are so reasonable that soon the land is taken up, and the people commence building. The bungalows are made of wood and planks, and in the minority of cases they are constructed with bricks and stones. In what fine houses and surroundings the labouring classes live; the middle class Europeans would envy the lot of these men, if they could only see the bright and dainty life they lead. These people do not meddle in politics, do not indulge in chauvinistic rhodomontade, nor are they in the habit of reciting, in honour of the greatness of their country, the old and strange litany of barbarous times. They are better educated and have a clearer conception of humanity than the labouring classes of the imperial European countries. They have retained, in greatly modified form, the colour prejudice of their ancestors. It is confined to social life. In ordinary concerns of life, they exhibit the same courtesy and politeness to the coloured people as they show to the members of their own community, and have frankly told me, with a tinge of regret in the words, that the South, with the vivid recollection of the past—the labour slaves from Africa—has not displayed towards the coloured people the charity which the humane constitution of the country requires. In California, the Scandinavian settlers are considerable in number, and have brought with them freer and nobler instincts and

ideas of humanity, and influenced the mind and conduct of the descendants of the Anglo-Saxons. At present the two races are indistinguishable, becoming the great peace-loving American people. In my long walks in Portland, I used to enter many dairy shops to drink butter-milk. Everyone of them was owned by a Scandinavian American. In his manner, look and talk, I saw the free humanitarian Scandinavian I had met in Norway, Sweden and Denmark two years ago. In my book, "Rambles in the Evening Countries," I have faithfully delineated their character and civilisation. To the natural beauty of climate and landscape, the progressive genius of the Americans has added the art and architecture. They are putting in strenuous work to develop the State and are not satisfied with what they have achieved, and are determined to wrench good things out of nature and art for embellishing the life of the people. The rich and the non-rich, there is no poor man in the country, join hands to increase the wealth and the beauty of the country. The rich men of India, unprogressive, uneducated, loaded with ornaments like women, with ear-rings, nose-rings, bangles, anklets and necklaces, recline on soft sofas and listen to the fanciful fairy tales of the courtiers whose "honour rooted in dishonour stood." The Americans and other progressive races would yawn in their faces but for the controlling authority of their civilisation, or perhaps for favour to receive from these feudal lords. India is a land of anachronisms and paradoxes. The feudal lords are an anachronism and untouchability among the Brahminic people is a paradox. Does not the untouchable man worship the same gods and goddesses which touchable classes venerate? Is it not the Vedanta Hindu religion, which teaches man to believe in the unity of beings—my soul is thy soul? Does India forget the fascinating precepts of the Buddha, the sweetest and noblest of men?

THE FAR EAST AND THE NEW WEST.

We took leave of amiable Mr. Harrington and took the train for San Francisco. It was our good fortune to have had Dr. Clapp in our company. He is unobtrusively witty, cheerful, stored with information, anxious to assist foreigners in their wanderings; and now and again indulges in benevolent flashes of seriousness. He is a rich man, puts on no side and is going to his home in Pasadena.

San Francisco—

We reached this famous place in the morning and Dr. Clapp and ourselves drove to the same hotel, Palace Hotel. It is a huge magnificent hotel. We had to go to the office of Thomas Cook and Son for our mail. Dr. Clapp volunteered to guide us to the office of this wonderful institution. He came right inside and left us to transact our business. Having got our mail, we betook ourselves to the hotel, where we found Dr. Clapp conversing with his friends and finding us in the lobby, at once introduced us to Mr. Barnes, a great captain of industry and past president of the Chamber of Commerce of Chicago. Mr. Barnes has retired from business and enjoys what wealth can afford him; but Nature has the surprising knack of striking people in the midst of prosperity. Mr. Barnes is in poor health, taking a cure in the city by the sea. In speaking of India, for whose philosophy he has great admiration, he informed us of a visit of a turbaned man, whom he suspected to have been in the diplomatic service of the Government of India. This man addressed a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, presenting to the members the gorgeous picture of the benefits of the English rule in India. He told us of another man with a peculiar head-dress, somewhat like a sauce-pan inside down with three sharp peaks. He called himself a Persian and gave a roseate description of the English rule in India. Then came a third man, young and handsome, with excellent power of exposition

and fine delivery. He uncovered the other side of the picture, a very shaded and shapeless picture. Mr Barnes thought it was party politics, and the audience did not pay serious attention to any of them. He asked us if we belonged to the diplomatic service. We had not gone there for any kind of propaganda, but spent our hard earned money to obtain knowledge and information of the various features of life and activities of different countries. Mr Barnes had not heard of Anomalops, a kind of fish with luminous organs. Anomalops constantly turn the light on and off, the fish using it, as a search light to attract and mislead its prey. The "Hindu" propagandists, whom he had heard, have the character of this fish. He was hugely amused at the comparison. Mr Barnes' point of view was that the "Hindus," the Americans call all the inhabitants of India by the name of Hindus, must have education from the bottom upwards, must put aside caste, and traditions and customs that stand in the way of the progress of the nation; and that he would like to hear of the disappearance of the religious differences which disgrace the so called civilisation of India. Will they vanish unless real civilisation takes root in the country? I was invited to address the Chamber of Commerce, but we could not stay long enough to accept its hospitality. Two representatives of the Press came to interview us and put us through a heavy fire of cross examination. Both were young men of suave manners and brilliant talents. They would have made successful lawyers and won eminent positions in litigious countries like Europe and India. They asked me about Gandhi's appeal to do away with untouchability and other religious differences. What effect it had upon the people, etc. His invocation to common sense and high morality was the lifeless voice from the dead, it remained unheeded. The two guests looked agonised and pale. After profuse thanks they took leave of us. I do not know how they have painted

us. The brush and the palette were in their hands. What colour or mixture of colours, they have laid on the canvas, I have had no means of knowing. I do not read the newspapers from the top to the bottom, as the intellectually lazy crowd do. The European and American papers publish such shocking matters and incidents as to turn cultivated persons squeamish, throwing them into despair regarding public morals. The only corner of the papers I glance at, is where we find the world's telegrams and the literary and scientific articles, and criticisms on art. I made the acquaintance of Mr. John H. O'Brien of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The telegraph, system in America is somewhat original. The Government has nothing whatsoever to do with it. There are several companies competing with one another. It is a competitive system and free from monopoly. The Government gets the tax, derived from the incomes earned by the companies. The competition makes the service efficient and quick; not a word is misspelt or left vague or nebulous. Every message is read and re-read till the exact meaning has been discovered; and it is then that the message is sent out. The transmission of the service occupies a minute and the message reaches its destination in 6 minutes. It is an astonishingly rapid despatch of messages. We have still the old effete system in Europe and India. *Festina lente* is the angelic motto of Europe and India. It is fallacious, cuts both ways. There is more tardiness than speed. The New Westerners' attitude towards the maxim is antipodal. It is not surprising, then, to hear the sneering criticisms of the Europeans in regard to America's go-ahead impulse and continuous efforts made in the application of science to domestic and industrial concerns. The grapes are sour, said the fox in the fable, and he sneaked away. When we cannot reach a thing, we deprecate and scoff at it. The mid-Easterns mock at the Europeans; the

Europeans jeer at the Americans. The Americans eat and enjoy the luscious grapes of life, grow healthy on them, and laugh in their sleeves. Dr. Clapp, in artless, open manner, told us that his country did not keep itself aloof from the outer world nor was it *éloigné* from human sympathy and friendliness. The country is composed of various races of Europe, each race having contributed its best quota to the making up of the American race and the building of its character. In general, we have not, hitherto, met with prejudice and antagonism. Dr. Clapp left us in Palace hotel for his home in Pasadena, inviting us to visit the serene town of the millionaires, and requesting us to inform him of our arrival in Los Angeles. Within an hour of his departure, I received a telephone message from Mr. Richard Perkins, announcing that he would call for us if we would care to look round the interesting points of the great city, in his company. Mr. Perkins drove to the hotel in his automobile and took us for a drive round the city, affording us a splendid view of the Golden Gate, that part of the Bay of San Francisco, which, when the sun shines, becomes flooded with light, the water glisters and sparkles and looks burnished with gold. On a rock jutting out of the water, a herd of seals, with their young, was gambolling and lay basking in the rays of the sun. The law of the land protects these aquatic animals from the greed and destructive instincts of half civilised man. The inheritance of man from the ape and the tiger is tumultuous and turbulent; the instinct can only be curbed and mastered by penal laws; but it is encouraged and pandered in the interests of trade and imperialism. There are no penal laws against war—the annihilation of human beings. The park, through which Mr. Perkins drove us is extensive and was magnificent with the gorgeousness of the flowers, blushing and smiling at the admiring spectators. We stood for a while looking at them; what beauty, what fascination, what loveliness,

what pride in their simple, natural, and clean-hued looks! They have greater divinity in them than the big-brained, rapacious men can own. Man is superior to the lower animals and the lowly flowers just when he has attained the full development and discipline of the brain. Men and women with instructed and trained intellects are infinitesimally small in number by the side of the vast countless millions of human beings, just a fraction of a degree removed from the gorillas and the hyenas. In order to determine the character of a race, one has to take into account the quality of its head and heart. The race must have good heredity, and environment and liberal education to enable it, to place itself on a higher plane than the beasts of the forests and the crawling, hissing reptile. The civilisation of Egypt, of Crete and of the Brahmins in India had moral maxims and saws, inculcating the fear of God's punishment for evil-doing, even so these races had been cruel and murderous to man. Egypt and Crete have disappeared, only lingering in the memory of man. India lives, but in disgrace. Her untouchability is a species of cruelty and moral killing. It were better if she had gone the way of Egypt and Crete. The later religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam, inspired their respective followers with equally noble and lofty ideas; in spite of their teachings, their followers have been crafty, cruel and merciless to their fellow-beings. What is the supreme remedy, what is the cure for the savage acts and conduct of man? The improvement of mankind does not rest with the selfish, ravenous, ease-loving, ranting preachers and politicians; nor is it dependable upon the dilettante scientists, who breathlessly push their way to the lime-light and manoeuvre to catch the applause of the journalists, who, for pecuniary or social consideration, drum mediocrity into transitory fame; the amelioration of human beings turns upon the practical use and application of the laws, discovered by patient

industry and life-long labour of the biologists and eugenists, men of retiring disposition and resentful of the advertisement of the vulgar crowd. It is the selfless, persevering and indefatigable band of scientific workers, who invent and discover things for the good of humanity. Their knowledge and work do not cut them off from the nations of the world, on the contrary they place under contribution the entire human race. True men of science have no national frontiers. Nature is their grand and supreme book; it is their holy scripture. They turn over and over again its pages, scanning each line to extract knowledge and wisdom for the benefit of the world at large. These are oft repeated ideas, and at the risk of being jejune, I lay bare my thoughts. Mr. Perkins did not controvert the statement of fact nor did he consider them barren. We became friendly and confiding. He asked me about the movement which Mr. Gandhi had set on foot, and wanted to know what progress it had made. I had to admit its failure. Mr. Gandhi's motive was not merely political but vitally social. His appeal was to give up the rigidity of castes, to regard no man as socially inferior for the particular work he does, to bring about social freedom, to emancipate women and thereby to establish concord and fellow-feeling between the Hindus and the Mussulmans. Mr. Gandhi has failed in the whole of his programme. His followers and countrymen are too custom-ridden, too narrow-minded, too timid, too unprogressive, too selfish, too servile, too jealous of one another and too ill-educated to respond to his stirring ideas. India will continue its life and character as a land of mystery, mysticism and wild fables, and live on as a home of naked poverty and bejewelled ignorance and conceit and hungry hate. Mr. Perkins spoke of Tagore's wonderful thoughts and beauty of ideas. The writings of Tagore are sweet, his ideas are lofty; in his fragrant and mellifluous style, he has given to the world the exquisite thoughts and religious

emotions of his remote ancestors. But such beauty and fragrance cannot last long in the heart and mind of men and women, who have to work for their livelihood in this hard and competitive world. They cannot keep modern man and woman in food and apparel, which have to be earned by the muscle and the brain. India for 1,500 years has lived on the thought which Horace beautifully puts in his *Carmen* :—" *Unda enaviganda, sive reges, sive inopes erimus coloni.*" The river, to be crossed by all of us whether we are kings, or poor husbandmen. The modern man whether in India or elsewhere has to eat better food and wear better clothes, that involves the acquisition of natural science. The modern man of Europe has reached the knowledge of nature, superior to that of his predecessors. He goes on improving from his present condition of life to the more comfortable life in the future, by harder work and stronger brain. Man cannot repose long on the glowing thought of fast receding glory and tradition, without feeling mental vexation and boredom. He must give his back a shake or else he will feel agonising pain, and in the end be stricken by sclerosis of the spine and atrophy of the brain. Mr. Perkins, who is excellently educated, with broad views, and an expanding and progressive mind, expressed deep regret at the backwardness of the people and doubted the political uplift of India. The foundations of political greatness of India have lain buried in the past. The Americans love India for its philosophy and humane ideas of peace and contentment. Can she not preserve all this heritage and yet keep pace with modernism? That is how the Americans speak and think of the peoples of India.

We went over to Berkeley, the seat of the University of California. We had to cross over in a ferry steamer. The University has been built on an extensive hill and has on its roll 35,000 students, and has built for itself a stadium on the Greek model under the "canopy of

heaven." The seats and steps are made of fine stones. Ten thousand people can be accommodated with seats, to witness the ceremony of conferring degrees and diplomas. It is a sanctuary where the scholars are honoured, at the end of the academic career, in healthy and salubrious air and surroundings. Europe suffers from quinsy, and loves to remain indoors, and holds the scholastic rites in the closed, stuffy and fetid atmosphere of a walled hall. The University teaches all subjects. The agricultural department is in Sacramento, the capital city. San Francisco is not the metropolis of the State of California. The dental and medical colleges are situated in San Francisco. These sections form part of the University. Agriculture is taught in the capital, because the country about it lends itself to agricultural industry. San Francisco having a large population serves as a suitable centre for dental surgery and medicine. Both theoretical and practical training is given in this University. Mr Perkins is friendly to the Japanese and wanted to take us to a Japanese restaurant, but it was closed. I put it to him, as forcibly as I could, that America should not be beguiled by European diplomacy to entertain ill-feeling towards the only oriental country, which maintains its self-respect and independence. Japan might have been silly to put its neck under the heavy yoke of European diplomacy. Japan had to act in this manner to safeguard herself from the clutches of Europe, this has aroused suspicion in America, which does not look for new territories to annex. American politicians suspect that Japan is longing and working for the acquisition of the Phillippine islands. It wou'd be wrong and mischievous foreign policy on the part of Japan to hold the idea in the mind, relying on the seemingly friendly policies of Europe.

I visited the Library, a stupendous building. It contains rooms for all sorts of people and of all grades of minds to sit and learn, from Kindergarten hall to the

Research Scholar's Study. The inscription over the door is exquisitely put. The words are noble. "May this structure throned on imperishable books be maintained and cherished from generation to generation for the improvement and delight of mankind." The Americans are ever thinking of mankind. They do not think parochially, or nationally or in compartment.

The guide, who took the sight-seers round and showed the objects of interest, and explained the history of many things connected with this part of the country, was a cultivated, facetious man. On our way back from Berckley and its neighbourhood, he told us with the frankness of a New Westerner, that he and the Governor of the State were in the same class in the same college. He used to look out of the window of his class-room, instead of attending to his lessons, whereas the other man was assiduous in his studies. Lack of attention to his scholastic duties had turned him out a guide with 600 dollars a month, but the man, who had put his back into his work in the class-room, had become the governor. He was a bit of a philosopher and a moralist to boot.

In Berckley, there is a dense population of negroes, mostly small traders and shop-keepers. The quarter looks like the poor quarters of London, Rome and Berlin, only the denizens here are ebony black and pleasingly free from the foul odour and steam of alcohol and its concomitant evils. In San Francisco, there is a large contingent of Sikhs with immobile habits and mode of life. They wear the long hair under the turbans, and beards twirled up round the ears. The unchanging disposition keeps them in a state of segregation and isolation in the great flood of the life of this city. In social *entrain* the Sikhs live in a state of detachment. The art, science and industrial movement of the country have not touched them. They have dwelt secluded in the midst of all the greatness and activity of life, and have muffled their eyes, ears and mind preventing their

intelligence from comprehending the agents and forces working in the country, leading it to a higher civilisation than that of Europe and Asia. They have not the gumption to perceive that the old world customs and habits, which have nothing to do with the observance of religion, have insulated them in this country and consigned their own country to a painful backward condition. The Western Americans suppose that the "Hindus" do not possess elastic and pliant minds and, are incapable of deriving profit from liberal education. They think that we are a primitive people, and that our minds become disconcerted by the flood of new thoughts sweeping over the country, and that we consider their achievements in science, arts and industries to be the results of necromancy, which baffle our gods and sacred writings. They believe that it is necessary for us to seize our boys early in the class-room for scientific instructions. Knowledge of physical science, if it be imparted early in life, would do away with mythology and primitive religious superstitions. I believe, what is needed is the light to enter the brain of our people, in order to dispel the false knowledge which has for centuries imprisoned our mind. The ancient Hindu elevated his mind to the highest peak of excellence in philosophy and arts of government. His descendants have reached the lowest pitch of moral, material and political corruption and humbleness. Monsieur Maurice Barrés once said to his countrymen, during the Great War, that :—" *L'héroïsme est quel que chose de nécessaire et permanent dans la vie de l'humanité, et les nations vivent d'héroïsme comme de pain.*" The "Hindu" has lost heroism; to him it is not a necessary and permanent thing in life. He lives on bread alone. There is a saying of Cromwell, which has an enduring value for all countries and all times :—" *What liberty and prosperity depend upon are the souls of men and the spirits which are the men. The mind is the man.*" But it is imperative that the mind

should have a lodgement in a strong muscular body. Courage, determination, constancy of purpose, honesty and perseverance are the qualities of the mind. Three-fourths of the men and women in India are frail in body. They subsist on food, having little substance in it, food which had been prescribed by their degenerate ancestors 1,500 years ago, who had lost all national honour and heroism, who had opened the gates to stalwart foreign races, under whom they lived a humble and lowly life. The prescription has assumed the form of inviolable custom and gained the force of the statute of limitation. Time has run against the change, so they have placed the bar of time across any innovation or departure in that regard. But is there a statute of limitation in regard to diet and national honour? The "Hindus," who follow the injunctions of the Koran and have assumed Arabic names, are far better off in the matter of nutriment, and more stalwart in physique than three-fourths of the population of India.

I asked Mr. Perkins about the Indians of his own country. He gave me a gloomy picture of this fast-dying race. For the last few years the government have given them protection and settled on them rich and fruitful land, and try to keep off from these people greedy exploiters who hang about them. Some of them are enormously wealthy and have matrimonial connections with the white people, but the larger proportion of them are indolent and remain uninstructed. The Indians had all this glorious country. Nature treated them with prodigality except in one important respect. She afflicted them with penury of intellect. They have lost everything, and now go about with a beggar's bowl in the land that was once their own. A similar fate has overtaken other races in the Orient. The Indians here have a mournful look and sad eyes. The sunken soul sheds gloomy reflection on the dead eyes of this fast dwindling race. They must either be extinct or mingle with the

white races possessing unlimited resources and springs of energy and mental activity. The Americans are kind to them but their kindness, without the aid of the Indians themselves, will not save them from extinction. The Indians forget, as the Asiatics have done, that the world is for the quick and the instructed. Knowledge is truly the salvation of mankind. Kapila pronounced this truth 3,000 years ago. Truth is inviolable and imperishable. Kapila's glowing dictum stands impregnable.

Our experience so far has been that the Americans, in general, are Christians, but there is nothing that is narrow and aggressive in the practice of their religion. They are attached to the memory of their Puritan ancestors, whom they fondly call the great Pioneers of their emancipation. They spoke to us with pride and affection of the qualities and virtues of their Puritan ancestors which enabled them to throw off the English rule in America. The Americans do not allow their religion to impede their progress or enclose their minds in an iron collar. I was sick unto death by constant questioning about the unprogressiveness of my countrymen. In spite of the generous heart and kindly feeling of the Americans towards the "Hindu" people, they cannot conceive of any period of time when the Asiatics will be able to stand on the same platform as political equals of the white races. They know that the religions and the customs are a great hindrance to the advancement and development of the Asiatics. They are also aware that there are white races which are fatally afflicted by degeneracy; and, would like to help them out of the mire and putrefaction, if only the civilised European powers would co-operate with them. I put in a plea for Japan. She is an oriental country with strong fibre and iron determination to move with the time. She is progressive and modern in the same sense as America is, yet she retains her oriental beauty and fascination. The confluence of these two streams of tendencies makes

Japan intensely interesting and instructive Are the Americans, generous and noble as I find them, going to nurse baseless suspicions against Japan? Are the Japanese, the superior race of the whole Orient, to be dealt with brutally and in a niggardly spirit by the expounders of the laws of the country? They are a clean people, eat and dress well and live in clean and sanitary homes Their living is of as high a standard as that of the Western Europeans They are a peaceful, hard-working, artistic race, and do not give the appearance of a wild, jungly and oily people The Americans of non-Irish descent tell me that the Irish are the bitterest enemy of the estimable Japanese people *Quantum mutatus ab illo, Heclore* The Irish, in America have forgotten the tragic song, "The Wearin' o' the Green" They have forgotten the fettered neck and the garrets of the poor of Ireland They have come to the land, beyond the sea of which they heard a whisper, where rich and poor stand equal, here standing on the summit of freedom they have forgotten the British Conservative Minister's ruthless and savage order to the Irish Constabulary, "do not hesitate to shoot" The Irish are enacting the same scene with the Japanese as was presented to them in their native home in Ireland In Calcutta I had witnessed a scene in the docks which was painful and ludicrous A West Indian Negro, a supervisor in the docks, abused the "Hindu" coolies and called them niggers!

I went to see the auditorium, a stupendous building and constructed with much artistic taste It had not been then completely finished I went inside and found six men working to decorate the walls It has seats for 15,000 persons I spoke to these men and had an interesting conversation with them They said they were hard at work in beautifying and embellishing their city They received wages and were proud to put in the best work they were capable of for their city, and

asked me if my country possessed a structure similar to this. They seemed to be dissatisfied with some of the laws passed by the government under President Harding and characterised these laws as arbitrary. There are too many laws and legislations in the country, which is not good for the people. They disapprove of the way the law against alcohol has been passed. The country had undoubtedly gone dry but it was an enforced dryness. They had taken away the freedom of action and Mr. Harding was leading the country back to the age of slavery. They would vote against him, so that the country might remain civilised and free. They surprised me by a shrewd question about India. They thought that India was a country of ignorance, superstition and poverty and consequently was incapable of governing itself. They did not like the English people, but India must have them to learn from them civilisation and progressive life. Thus terminated the talk with these working men, animated by civic pride and self-respect. I met a few Sikhs and spoke to them. They have stayed in the country long but their mind is in an iron frame. Mr. Barnes has given us a letter of introduction to the Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce of Chicago. By an accident we met Dr. L. J. Lipset of New York whose acquaintance we made in Yokohama. Dr. Lipset has travelled much in Europe as well as in the East. He visited India two years ago, and is a charming companion and a wonderful talker. I believe he is a Jew of Polish extraction. He has invited us to see him in his home in New York. He has made money and travels about. He spoke to us about India and gave a most lugubrious picture of the people and played upon the same string as the others. He did not believe that India would ever be great and self-reliant. We packed up to visit the Yusemete valley and took leave of Mr. Perkins, the General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. He is a broad-minded and a cultured man. We shall never for-



View from Artist's Point Yosemite Valley California

get his affability, cordiality and courtesy. It is said in Europe that the Americans think of nothing but dollars and in knowledge are infantile. All the men we have met are as good as any who have come out of Oxford or Cambridge, or La Sorbonne or Heidelberg. There cannot be any sequestration in the world of commerce, industry and trade. The Western Americans are as near to India as Calcutta is to Bombay. They know as much about the Indian people, and their religious and social customs as any cultivated Indian does. It is impossible to hoodwink an American man as regards the Indian condition; perhaps it is possible to bamboozle American women; we came very little in touch with them.

Yusemete :—

We left San Francisco in the morning to see the beauty and grandeur of scenery of the valley and mountains of Yusemete. We alighted at Merced, a station on the main line to Los Angeles. At Merced, we were entrained into a sort of mountain railway and after an hour's climb we came to the terminus station on the top of the hill, where 5 tourists' car were in attendance to drive us to the hotel situated in the valley. At the station I saw two Indian men and a woman seated on the bench. The woman had a dog held by the leash. At first sight I took them for my own countrymen. They have regular features and wavy hair and a brown complexion tinted with a little pink. The colour is not red. The Americans are colour-blind. The men were dressed like the Americans with broad-brimmed hats. The woman had a frock draped over with a shawl, something like the Indian Sari. They looked sad and listless. One of the men appeared consumptive. In the midst of the buoyancy of American life, they lead a gloomy existence with far-away melancholy eyes. These poor people, having been unprogressive and unresponsive to the call and invitation of modern knowledge, live submerged. They are the mendicants of the charity and

generosity which the white man can spare. What a doleful, cheerless existence! I wonder if they feel the ignoble situation in which they are.

After a glorious drive of over two hours we reached the hotel. There were over 1,200 tourists resident in the hotel, residing in tents and cabins built and put up among the pine trees, over an extent of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile square. The tents and cabins contain two beds and other conveniences. It is a habitation in a forest, watered by the springs and mountain rivers. It is an enlightened primitive life. It is an unique experience for both of us. We occupied a cabin, and I for myself felt that I was living in direct touch with nature and primitive man. My heart was aglow with a transort of joy. There is an immense waterfall in close proximity. The booming noise of the waters, falling upon the rocks below, is unceasing and lulls one to sweet repose. There are many excursions, one can take from this hotel through beautiful scenery right up to the Mirror Lake. Two out of three women visiting the valley wore knicker-bockers. It is quite an usual sight in this country. They do not regard it as something *gauche* or outlandish. In any other country these women would have been sneeringly stared at and put out of countenance. The Americans have still kept the old European respect and regard and politeness towards the women. They stand up at each instance, the woman appears at the table or in the sitting room. The visitors were all happy and full of fun and laughter. We both got into the vein of it all. They used to make primitive Indian fires in the open, such as the Pioneers used to have, and sit round them for warmth for the nights were chilly. There were music, dance, picture shows, lectures on various subjects and other kinds of entertainment to make the sojourn agreeable. Wali ul-huq had varied conversations, sitting in front of the theatre, with many men. At the table we were well-looked after. It seemed

our lines were fallen to us in pleasant places. Here, too, we knocked against Dr. Lipset. His jovial temperament and conversational powers added to the gaiety of the forest life. Our stay in the midst of beautiful panorama and an exquisite climate and light-hearted, cheerful people came to an end. In the morning Wali-ul-huq and I, with four other passengers, took the motor car to drive down to Merced. We took a different route, over hills and dales, through the well known forest of ancient, venerable trees. We took the horse-shoe trip to pick our ticket at Merced, and were three hours in motion before reaching the summit of one of the ranges of the hills. It is an unforgettable ride; the car groaned and shrieked and exhaled clouds of blue breath as it toiled up the giddy steep. We came to Inspiration Point. It inspired awe, as I looked round the surrounding hills, encompassing us with their calm, solemn, unperturbed look, as if it were instinct with life. When we looked down into the deep gorges, our heads began to swim. Wali-ul-huq smiled in appreciation of the beauty and grandeur of nature. At this point they have kept a telescope fixed to a frame, through which we saw long distances. After a while the machine with the human luggage began to slither down the slope. It glided along without the manifestation of agony, and turned and twisted in the bends and curves of the road, which lay through the forest of gigantic trees of immense stature and enormous girth. There is a hollow cut through one of these monsters yet venerable, and the clever chauffeur drove right through it. A lady was photographed in this place. How vain are we! Wherever we go and whatever we do, the elemental nature of vanity overspreads and eternally travels with us! The trees are a wonderful sight. They are almost co-eval with the hills; thousands of years old. The Norwegian oaks and the pines in Nikko are indeed wonderful, but these are more wonderful still. Nature is so inexplicably

wonderful and living that she seems to talk heart to heart to the erect and brain-endowed man. Yet man compasses himself with artificialities of life and lives in Sheol. The ancient Brahmins and the Hebrew Psalmists had broken their hearts over the unnaturalness of man. Modernism has often turned away from nature and raised the habit to a secondary divinity. Natural selection does not mean beating nature into pulp, and converting man into a soulless machine from which the intellectual and emotional beauties are to be crushed out and squeezed, leaving man high and dry on the sandy shore. I, for myself, have not let my soul be dead, and when I am face to face with such wonderous natural scenery, my inner mind becomes exalted and chastened. The dross is washed away, the pure metal shines within. A long stay in the horrid artificiality of life destroys the feeling of grand harmony, and the sweetness of being the intelligent part of nature. In the midst of this deep and silent forest of giant trees man has built himself a log cabin. His inner nature is apparently in tune with outer nature. The owner keeps a refreshment room, well-stored with dainty things and soft drinks, and supplies the visitors with post cards and stamps. The shop is also a post office. There is no rough and fiery drink to be had. The law of the country has turned the land dry and soft. The man supplies the visitors with juices of luscious fruits freshly picked from the trees, and we moistened our lips with fragrant sherbets. America is being led back to the simple, innocent days of Adam. No Eve will be allowed to have converse with the soft-speaking serpent or gaze at an apple and seduce Adam. The Eves in this country are more than a match for the Adams. They have seemingly eaten so many apples from the tree of knowledge that they cover themselves with thick fur-overcoats, even so, in the burning sun. It is quite on the cards that apples dry the humidity of the body and make the skin

impervious to the smarting rays of the sun. I have taken to drinking cider. I do not get any result. The moisture is not winnowed away. Adam and Eve have been placed in mid-Asia; my research places them in America. The foundation of my theory is that their descendants wear woollen clothes and fur and stoles in warm weather. But *chaqu'un a son goul*.

The forest through which we passed is deep, thickly wooded and extensive. They cut down the leviathan trees for the lumber industry. After staying an hour and investigating the log cabin, we started again through many lovely valleys and alighted at Miami Lodge. We took our tiffin in the exquisitely clean, well-appointed dining saloon of this charming villa. The food and service were excellent. The waitresses were courteous and smiling. It is truly a romantic spot on which the Lodge is built. The hostess, Mrs. Edwin Kuffman, is a charming person, well-read and well-travelled. She had visited the Far East. In the course of a conversation, she told me that the Americans in the Far East conducted themselves egregiously badly, and often she was ashamed to call herself an American. She has read a few works of Tagore and is fascinated by the sonorousness of his language and the soft glow of peaceful thought expressed in all his writings. In the Lodge was residing an old American lady, enjoying the bland, still life in the calm and serene surroundings. Mrs. Kuffman and this lady have been drawn by the writings of Tagore to the peaceful thoughts of the Indian philosophers. These two women have the appearance and expression of education and culture, and were exceedingly affable and friendly to us. Her husband, who was introduced to us, had been a sailor. He does not possess the fine intellectuality of his wife. I believe the men in this country have to work hard to develop the country and have to forge away till every corner of this vast country has been turned into an yielding unit. They cannot have leisure to

put up the oars, to bring themselves under the benign influence of culture. Too much of great and noble thoughts, without corresponding manual and intellectual work, destroys the fibre of the race, and the race loses its political entity. They asked me the reason for India's low position in political, social and intellectual civilisation. I gave them the biological and eugenic explanation. Mr and Mrs Kuffman are wealthy and expect to visit India in neighbouring years. We took leave of our charming hostess, got into the car and through beautiful parts of the country made our way to Merced station. We had to wait 2 hours at the station for the train to Los Angeles. The time would have hung heavily but for the good luck of meeting a well informed, intellectual man of the name of Mr W P Wood of San Rafael. He walked up to me and enquired of the country we came from. He was staggered when I told him that my friend and I were inhabitants of India. He hesitated to believe that we came from the same country as the men with the turbans who passed for "Hindus". He frankly told us that these turbaned men were the most ignorant and unclean people that he had ever met trying to settle in California. They cannot speak English, live in clusters like savage tribes in the jungle, keep to their turbans which are hardly clean, and keep themselves aloof from the Americans and the Americans, on their part, look upon them as the lost tribe of the jungle trail. He told me of some of the vicious habits of these people and begged of me to prevent these people from coming over to America to save the good name of India. Mr Wood informed me of the influence and strength of the Roman Catholics in California. The Irish are predominant in this part and wield great power. The immigrants from the Roman Catholic countries of Europe settle in California and increase the Roman Catholics in number. He introduced the railway officials to us, "folks from India". They looked at us with

amazement and incredulity. I believe, they had the picture in their minds of the turbaned fellows as the folks from India, and were puzzled to meet us, two English-speaking men, dressed in modern American style, hailing from the same country as the turbaned tribes. They listened to the conversations between me and Mr. Wood, and agreed in all that Mr. Wood had said with regard to the Sikhs. The Negroes, he tells me, are well-treated. Nobody makes any difference with them and they are as free as the white man. But the white man is opposed to matrimonial relations with them. In all other respects the Negroes are quite as free and self-respecting as the white man. As to the Indians, he said with a smile, they are not killed off. Their number is diminishing in pure blood, as they are mixing up with the whites, who marry into their community for its wealth. The Indians, as a rule, are less progressive than the white man or even the Negroes. Even at the present day, a great number of the Indians live in the mountains and forests, leading primitive, ancient lives, dwelling in wigwams and mud-huts, contracting tuberculosis and other fatal diseases. The United States Government has been very kind and generous to them, assigning to them large tracts of arable land rich in mineral wealth. It protects their interest from the depredation of the exploiters and "grafters." It has a special department to look after the interest of these people. The Indians have full rights of citizenship, and those who take to modern ways of living and education prosper. Mr. Wood says that the religions are more potent in the States than in Europe, for the simple reason that the bread-winners have no time for independent thinking and leave the Church to its ancient method of influencing public mind. Mr. Wood enjoys intellectual freedom, is a man of vast reading and an unbending rationalist. He has read much of Indian thoughts

and philosophy and has great admiration for them. The Greeks and the Italians, who come from the working classes of their respective countries, put their necks under the yoke of the clergy, who take charge of them on their arrival. It is like beating the wind to knock reason into the heads of these people. The average European man is more of a rationalist than a submissive Christian, and is a better and closer thinker than the average American. The common American man and woman are made up of the constituents issuing hot from the fiery furnace of the Church. The strong bulls of Bashan have beset them around. They are motionless. I told Mr. Wood of the Indian Rationalistic Society in Calcutta. He almost staggered. It was a surprise to him to hear of our Society, in a country which is unprogressive and lives in ancient, worn-out customs and traditions. Customs and traditions, which have health in the flesh and soundness in the bone, should be conserved, and those that have no life and movement and cannot influence mankind should be cast off and buried with the dead bones of the past. He wished me good-bye and good-luck and went to look for his automobile to drive home to San Rafael. Mr. Wood is a fine character. One meets with such persons in old Europe. Europe is old, but ever rejuvenating herself. Her brain is in perpetual activity and ferment. She is still creating, her wheel of thought is in incessant motion.

Los Angeles—

We got into our sleeping car, made ourselves comfortable in the bed, pulled the curtains and hid ourselves behind them, and soon after were transported to the land of the dreams. The man in charge of the sleeping car is invariably a coloured man. He is dignified, he is not a mean, cringing fellow, nor is he pompous or insolent. He is characterised by his sense of duty, and is helpful when his services are required. In the railway there is only one class. It is called the Chairs

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Hotel Savoy. It is a beautiful, big city. A few years ago it was a placid, handsome city. Now they are turning it into a busy, manufacturing city. It still retains its beauty and serenity. In making it a manufacturing town, they have not lost sight of the artistic and cultural aspects. It is amazing to see the energy and hard work of the people to raise this part of the country to the eminence of a great and magnificent city. They are building suburbs and fashioning them with art, in order to bring home to the people the comfort and amenities of civilisation. They have made 1,200 miles of motor road from Seattle to Los Angeles. In laying down these paved and concrete roads, the public spirit of the people comes to its aid. Each State and the municipality issue bonds which are taken up by the people of all grades of fortunes and the money so raised is utilised for the purpose and the people are content to receive 5 or 6 per cent. upon their investment. All the States throughout the country adopt this principle. In this country one cannot afford to be slow and let grass grow under one's feet. Soon after our arrival, we went to the Chamber of Commerce to see Mr. C. A. James, whom we were recommended by Dr. Clapp to meet. We found Mr. James at his desk, who promptly took us over to Mr. Matson, the head of the Foreign department of the

Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Matson asked us regarding the commerce and industry of India. He listened to us with great patience. He knows his geography well, being the chief of the Foreign Department. He showed us a letter, which he had received from an Englishman, from a remote part of Mesopotamia with regard to some sort of trade. He advised us to get over the ancient methods in the transactions of life and take to modern and progressive ways of commerce, industry, agriculture and farming. He is a charming man, precise and clear-cut in his ideas. He knows the woes of India and seemed to answer us with a genial smile in some such words:—"My dear good men, you are excellent people on the other side. Your mental, moral and physical sufferings are entirely attributable to your tergiversations. Your peculiar attachment to the antique customs and ideas parts the communities asunder, and separates man from man, and dishonours manual labour." Mr. James is a young man of excellent education and refinement. His culture has not induced fat in the brain or weariness in the body. He does not turn up the white of his eyes, gaze up at the ceiling, twiddle his thumbs and engage on inane, high flown discussions. He has the alertness of an athlete. He was good enough to obtain for us an introduction to visit Gold Wyne's Film Manufactory, and took us there in his car and introduced us to one of the managers of the establishment. It is a huge place; horses, different kinds of huts and bungalows, wooden terraces and balconies, men and women, dressed in costumes antique and primitive, were all ready to be photographed. We saw the actors and actresses play their parts and photographed. It was a wonderful sight. It costs tremendous sums of money to employ these artists. Every scene that is represented on the screen is taken from real acting and staging. Los Angeles is famous for film industry. In Los Angeles, a countryman of ours, Mr. S. G. Pandit practises the profession of

law. He is a successful lawyer and is exceedingly affable and kind-hearted. The lawyers are called attorneys who act and plead for the clients. The litigation, in consequence, does not become costly as it is in Europe and India. It is an improvement upon the antique system. We notified our arrival to Dr. Clapp. He came to our hotel and in his charming way invited us to be present at the Graduation ceremony of the High School at Pasadena. On the following day, we took the electric tram to go to his house, but by mistake we got into the wrong car and had to get off at the bottom end of the avenue; and as we walked down the avenue to reach his house, Dr. Clapp drove up in his automobile and picked us up and drove to Mrs. Norton's house. Mrs. Norton is a close connection of Dr. Clapp. She is a fine old lady of considerable intellectual distinction and charming manners. We accompanied her in her own car. The luxurious machine was driven by her chauffeur dressed in well-cut, tailor-made lounge suit. I was pleased to notice that chauffeurs in this country are not compelled to wear the uniform of a driver—the badge of servitude. In America man is free and goes through life in freedom and self-respect. The slaves and the bondmen of Europe, after a couple of years' stay in this country, forget the shackles which cut into their bones; the sore gets quickly healed, the air makes them whole and they move about in dignity among men who bear no marks of inferiority. We drove to the stadium which is of immense size. It is an amphitheatre having a seating capacity for 30,000 persons. It is *en plein air*, without canopy. In front of it was erected a platform, with tiers of seats for the candidates for honours. The ceremony of graduation is a function for conferring diplomas on the successful candidates, who after the graduation may either go out into the world of work and action or enter the Universities. Over the platform, an amplifier was put up to make the voice of the

speakers audible to the 10,000 people who had taken their seats in the stadium. The amplifier is an electrical contrivance, which receives the voice and throws it far out into the distance, reaching the ear of every person in that great gathering. The grounds in the centre were decorated with rows of delicate flowers twining round wooden poles. In a corner of the ground, thick with closely cut green grass, having the appearance of a rich, heavy carpet, stood a velvet seat raised on an eminence, decorated with republican colours. At the foot of the stadium, there was a full orchestra led by a genuine artist, playing exquisite music. The sweet echo of the music grew faint as the magnificence and splendour of human scene shone and sparkled before the gaze of the expectant audience. There, on the opposite side of the stadium where we sat, and behind the platform, one group of young ladies in artistic costumes, with drapery of light sea-green hanging on one side of the shoulder, and another group with drapery of a soft hue of pink, emerged, two by two, from the opening on the topmost stairs, and descended the long flight of steps in rhythmic accord. It was music in motion. There were 50 in each section. Each young lady held a beautiful bouquet of flowers, enhancing the beauty and fascination of the spectacle. They took their position on each side of the platform. In their train, came in a bevy of bright little girls, beautifully dressed, and stood in close vicinity to them. To me it looked like a scene cut out from the Greek plays without their tragedies. Then came forward a lady, appropriately dressed as the personification of liberty. She walked with slow and dignified steps, holding aloft the 'American banner of liberty, and saluted it with the strain of their national anthem, the whole assembly standing in respectful attitude, and marched back in measured steps, taking her seat on the velvet chair, in the glare and shine of her country's flags. It was a noble scene, nobly presented to the

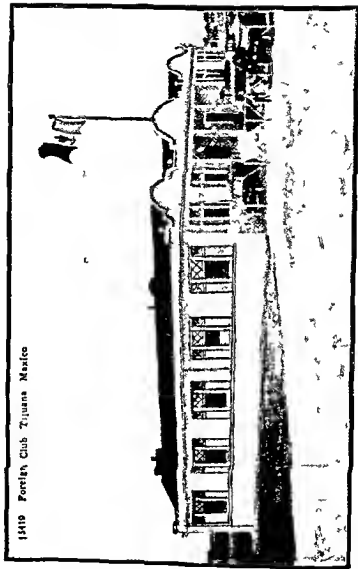
students having the privilege of participating in it. The scene has the effect of humanising the minds of the students. It generates pure love for education. It is wonderfully spiritual in its tendency. Before the diploma is actually handed, two or three out of the aspirants are selected to deliver oration on the subjects which they choose for themselves. There were 3 Negro students who received the diplomas. One of them was picked out to sing a solemn song. He sang it with great effect and received loud applause of appreciation. The coloured man looked modestly proud of his wonderful performance. I believe, for that moment, the great American audience did not remember his colour. The charm of the voice captivated their artistic instinct. The young man himself looked oblivious of his tint and the mass of pigments in his blood. Then came the intellectual turn of the orators. The preference was given to two young men out of a large number. The topics upon which they dwelt were stimulating and humanitarian. They spoke of the genial influence of education on the conduct and mutual relation of men in the world of thought and labour. Progress and peace in the world, friendly and generous regard and respect for mankind were the principle themes round which they framed their speeches. They alluded to their lessons in the school with tender affection, and spoke with wonderful power of eloquence. I could discover in their accent and manner the true sentiments of their heart. It was not a camouflage. Young men and women, imbued with such exalted notions of man's duty towards man, are sure to become illustrious citizens and will shape the action and policy of their politicians. They stressed that modernism is better than antiquity, that progress in thought and learning should be constantly kept in view; and that they had received the impulse of the moving mind of modern man during their term in the high

school. The ideal of young America is to do some acts of benignity and philanthropy. The youths of America have clear perception and vision of the future world-movement. The future of America will be greater and more sublime than any country in the world. Europe with its antiquated ideas and over-weening conceit will lag leagues behind America. Dr. Clapp's son Norton Clapp obtained his diploma. He is a fine lad, with pleasing manners and practical turn of mind. The education he has received in the High School is of better quality than the education given by the Universities of India. It is a pleasure to have a conversation with the young man. His outlook is wider than what the University man in India has. His information of the world is more varied than that of an Indian University graduate. At the termination of the ceremony, Dr. Clapp invited us to take supper with them in his house. He made a charming host. Then he and Norton brought us to our hotel, Norton driving the car himself. Dr. Clapp wished us to attend the Commencement of the College of which he is a member on the Executive Committee. The Commencement is a ceremony to confer the degrees on the University students. Norton Clapp called for us and drove to the College stadium to witness the interesting ceremony. This one is not nearly so big as the other one. The University graduates did not have the flattering prolegomena, with the wealth of colours and music, which the graduation students had had. The degrees were conferred by the Principal of the College, under the authority of the Committee, which accept the recommendation of the examiners, themselves being the professors of the college. It is a private University and by virtue of its own charter and prerogative grants degrees to persons whom it may consider fit and worthy. There were as many ladies as men to get the diplomas of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts. Three men and a lady were chosen to deliver

orations. A good many Jewish young ladies obtained their degrees. The young men, in glowing period, addressed themselves on the humanity and peace on earth, and reached the brilliant peak of their ideas when they declared in eloquent words, with prophetic inspiration, that humanity and peace on earth are the goal and ambition of the American people, that service to man and unceasing progress in every department and section of knowledge are the motive and intent of the great American people. These young men and women, passing out of the College, will enter into the roaring and boisterous world of life, ever remembering the lesson of philosophy which they have received in their class-rooms. The humane and practical aspects of life have gone deep into their constitution. They will not sicken, they will not be ill at ease in the bounding surf of life that will break upon them. They are aware of the constitution and mentality of their own people. They know the great past of the country and the sublime words of their immortal ancestors. They will be ever anxious to carry on the law of continuity which they emphasised in their remarkable speeches. I was struck by their naïveté and clear and frank expression of their own thoughts. There were a few men who obtained degrees in *causâ honoris*. These honorary academic distinctions were conferred with chaff and pleasantries. It tickled me and looked unreal. To me who am accustomed to lugubrious, lump-in-the-throat kind of dignity in the performance of similar ceremonies elsewhere, the function appeared rather airy and sportive. The ceremonies in both the places began with Christian invocation to God. These people have been reared upon Puritanic Christianity—of the kind what Cromwell and Kruger professed, the former staggered humanity by his Irish policy, the latter staggered himself and straggled to an ignominious end. I have frequently been asked regarding the work of the missionaries in India. They are interested to know how

the missionaries occupy themselves, for they receive enormous sums of money from the subscriptions raised in the country. They pressed me to tell them what progress and victory have been achieved by the evangelists. The missionaries buy babies and women in the distressful time of famine and make "rice-converts" of them, and produce a peculiar amalgam of human species. All proselytisers diaper religions and adorn them with flowers and figures to attract simple-minded people and suffer the philosophy and heart of the religions to wilt. The generous and charitable people who support the missions believe in the conventions which have gathered round the simple faith of Jesus and think that Christianity is the foundation of all progress in the world. I had to fight against this erroneous notion, and by gentle persuasion induced them to look at the facts of history when the Church was dominant in Europe. The history of the Church has been the heartless account of the persecution of the Jews, of Galileo, of the fiery death of Giovanni Brûno and of the annihilation of knowledge in the destruction of the Alexandrian library by Bishop Eusebius. It was the chemists, the physicists who have laid the foundation of the intellectual progress in the world. The physical cleanliness and æstheticism have been the work of men who have never bothered about religion, but cared more to relieve humanity of diseases and other ills. The American civilisation is greatly based upon the kindness of heart and burning imagination. I took the liberty to tell them that the heart and imagination should be controlled and corrected by the intellect, and that Christianity and civilisation are not synonymous terms. For nearly 1,600 years Europe was under the shadow of imagination and simple faith. The dry and inquisitive intellect of man, after hard struggle, triumphed over the Church and lifted the ambient shade from the face of Europe. Europe now stands like the freed, rejuvenated giant in the full blaze of the

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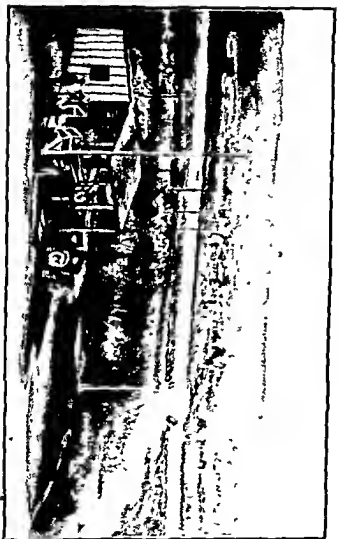
Foreign Club Tijuana Mexico

sun. In the University of Pasadena there is a large library under construction. It will be named after the late lamented Mrs. Clapp. The lady could not have wished for a better place for her name to be inscribed and perpetuated. It is a temple of knowledge. There is one only good *viz.*, knowledge—and one only evil, *viz.*, ignorance. This temple will help to dissipate ignorance and superstition.

In our hotel we made the acquaintance of Mr. Edward J. Wilson, a clever educated young man. He has read a good deal about India and its ancient and modern thoughts and ideals. Mr. Wilson is a practical business man. He thinks that American business method is efficient and sound, and wishes the Indian people to start business organisation upon American lines. Mr. Wilson was often in our company and expressed a desire to take a trip to India to impress upon the minds of the youths the importance of taking to trade and commerce. I was delighted to have met Mr. James and Mr. Wilson. They treated us with the cordiality of an old friend and countryman. Our relations with the Americans up'til now has been agreeable to a degree. It has been like the enchantment of the early morning sun; but the morning sun may vary in its growth and the scrutinising traveller will have to wait to see the changes which come over it. In a separate chapter I will deal with the greatness and the smallness of the American people.

From Los Angeles we went in a sight-seeing car to San Diego. It was a glorious drive and we were about 10 of us in the car. In the car I sat next to a cultivated, intellectually free young man, Mr. Harry W. Meltzer of Chicago Title and Trust Company. San Diego is a naval and aeroplane base and one of the most charming spots I have ever visited. The trip is unforgettable. We were all like a big, happy family and saw many interesting sights. From San Diego we strayed away

into Mexico. The city is called Tijuana. At the frontier on the United States side, we had to show our passports. United States is dry, Tijuana is wet. As we crossed the frontier and passed alongside the race-course, the music of the revellers reached our ears. On approaching the pavilions we smelt the fragrance of the grapes and the fumes of the malt. The old familiar bacchanalian carousal was a fresh experience. The Mexicans, soaked in the brew with the hats tilted on their heads and bleared eyes, looked sub-human. They are a dark skinned people with rough countenance. The women are not attractive and wear half-European and half-Asiatic costume. We visited the gambling booths where cards, dice and roulettes were played. The gamblers gazed intently on the game, their eyes almost starting out of their sockets in the expectation of winning at the table. The chief of the booth in cold-blood scooped in the dollars. The greed was stamped on the faces of all these people who gathered round the tables, staking all that they possessed. It is Monte Carlo in miniature. The whole scene was gay and informal. There was not the faintest epicurian note in the life of this wonderful little town. We were all glad to have visited the City of the Roués and participated in the gaiety and merriment of its people. There were hundreds of Americans who were glad to get the opportunity of dipping their lips in the wine of the country. On our return journey we stopped at a restaurant well-known for its lobster dishes. Wali-ul-huq had a conversation with an Americanised Russian young man. This man seems to remember the hard life of his people under the old régime of Russia. He knows the evil of superstition and religious fanaticism which weighed down the Russian people. He escaped from that iron régime and here in America feels the glow of political freedom and liberty of conscience. I heard them talk of the political condition of the people of India. He told Wali-ul-huq



Tijuana, Mexico

that nothing would save India, politically and economically, until untouchability was removed and the religious dissension had ceased. And with the enthusiasm of a man who has newly acquired the political and economic freedom, he denounced the people of India and in loud voice told my friend, "The English have not flogged you enough to make you realise your position." I sat at the table between Wali-ul-huq and this young man. He was amiable and explained to me the reason for his outburst. He is for the progress and freedom of all the peoples of the world. The unprogressive people, in his opinion, should remain servient to the progressive and scientific nations. After this explanation we plunged into amiable conversation and discussed the most appetising dishes placed before us. The ladies, too, entered into the spirit of the art of life. After the repast we all were insinuated into merry mood and our guide drove us to Point Lorna, the international, theosophical headquarters of which Mrs. Katherine Tingley is the head. At the gate, on the spur of a hill, the keeper inquired if we had photographic instruments. Some of the trippers had cameras, and had to leave them in the car. No one is allowed to take photographs of the interior of the place. The drive from the gate to the door of the Temple of Peace is magnificent. The situation is one of the finest and most reposeful that human eye and heart could desire. The Temple of Peace is truly a Sanctum. The young Swede, who left his country to join the Theosophical Society of Mrs. Tingley, was a charming young man. His devotion and zeal to the principles of the society was unmistakable. He believes, and he expressed his belief with the vigour and tenderness of a young prophet, that the theosophy preached in the hall of this establishment is the sole means of bringing about peace and good-will among the nations. There are hundreds of men and women who get the finest education and are trained to do every thing

for themselves, who are taught to help others and to love mankind. They have built an Athenian theatre. It is the handiwork of the students themselves, a beautiful structure built upon a beautiful spot. I regret to say that some of our fellow-travellers tried to make fun of the institution and ridicule the statements made by the Swedish young man. The levity of these men was jarring and irrelevant. In the midst of a cross-fire of criticism, the young man kept his temper cool but looked red in the face, indicative of contempt and disapproval. Wali-ul-huq expressed a desire to see Mrs. Tingley and the young man said that it would be necessary to make an appointment. Wali-ul-huq felt disappointed and told him that the head of a religious body should be visible to persons wishing to see him. The young man explained that so many hundreds of people came and desired to see her that it would be impossible for Mrs. Tingley to grant audience to them. On our way to Tijuana one of the tyres of the automobile gave way and we had to vacate the car for the driver to repair the damage. We halted by the side of an extensive, well-irrigated prairie. Mr. Meltzer showed me several water-pipes used for the purpose of irrigation. The State bears the cost and gets contributions from the farmers who own large tracts of land for their own industry. The farming is done on a gigantic scale and they can well afford to assist the State to carry on the work of irrigation. The farmers here are not content with 3 acres and a cow. In the company was a young lady, a friend of Mr. Meltzer, a charming little woman. She is clever, intelligent and was a pleasant friend. She took our photographs to while away the time. Mr. Meltzer is not hampered by any system of faith and worship. We had many agreeable and intellectual talks. He is of the opinion that the Americans are not intellectually free. Religion hinders them in the culture of intellect. India being backward, custom-ridden and fanatical in religion

must have to submit to the progressive English rule for a long time. A poor, ignorant and illiterate people cannot claim equality with the instructed and progressive nations with high standard of living. The orientals of India are dimly perceiving the world-movement; and the Hindus are slowly realising the eternal truth that physical strength is the basis of life and invincible protection from internal and external dangers. Physical strength induces firmness of spirit. The world, for thousands of years, has respected and bent its head before a strong and resolute people. It is gradually dawning upon the Hindus to change the character of their food in order to build robust body to give shelter to robust mind. European rule, is a necessity in Asia; its civilisation, being founded upon liberal, scientific knowledge and thought, moderates the fanaticism of religion and stimulates the mind of the people, resulting in broad, liberal and tolerant ideas. The Japanese are not in need of European rule, for they are a progressive people and possess open and liberal mind to grasp a new thing and incorporate it readily into their own system. Unprogressive people stagnate and become the victims of foreign rule and domination. All peoples, who have lived merely in the shadows of the past and allowed the weeds to grow in the social and intellectual soil, have been caught up by the rapidly advancing modernised races. I told Mr. Meltzer of the Indian Rationalistic Society of Calcutta. He was wonder-struck at the mention of the name of the society, and could not believe that such a progressive society could be inaugurated in a country like India and expressed deep satisfaction. He invited me to speak at a meeting of a similar society in Chicago, of which Mr. Percy Ward is the chief and eloquent exponent. Mr. Meltzer, like the generality of his countrymen, prefers peace to War. Peace is delightful, and in every way an object of desire; but between peace and slavery there is a vast difference. Peace is liberty calmly enjoyed, slavery is the most

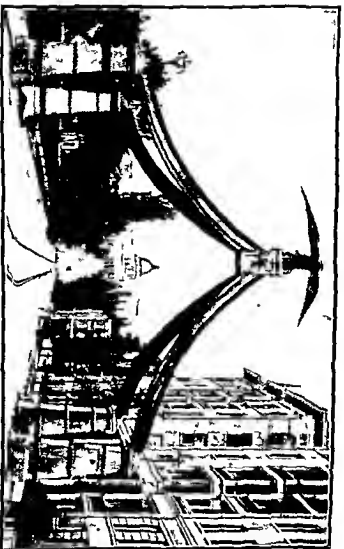
pernicious of all evils. Where there is social, political and intellectual accordance, it is enjoyable peace. In Europe they swell the voice to have peace. They make such noise and clamour as one would suppose that all the asses of Arcadia are braying—*Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere*. Can you have peace in Europe, where a large tract of land is inhabited by uncivilised, barbarous races? Civilisation has the onerous duty to humanise these races, as it has to lick into shape the uncouth and rude peoples of Asia. The Eastern Europeans are wild and ferocious in their nature, and their neighbours in the East are alike in fierceness and villainy. In order to tame these peoples, the civilised nations have to be rational and united to take up the rod and administer it on the backs of these peoples. It is cruel, but cruelty sometimes is kindness, and becomes a means of improvement. Such conversation has been possible because the Americans think straight and do not suffer mist to gather round their brain. In Europe, it would not have been feasible to have had such bound and rebound of ideas and opinions. The Europeans are admirable dissemblers and get into the conventional pose of feigned humanitarianism. They would have pursued up their lips, turned up their eyes and looked horribly shocked at these sentiments; but all the while, in the recesses of their hearts, would welcome and flatter the notion. In Los Angeles we visited a big store of leather goods. The proprietor recognised our nationality. I put several questions regarding the method of business in America. He looked at me in amazement, and said to me that he had not expected a man from India to talk on business with seriousness as I had done. He had thought that the people of India were lazy, shiftless and incapable of carrying on trade or business. "You are alive, sir, I thought that your people were all dead." We laughed at this unexpected remark, the amiable proprietor joining

in. He told me that he had educated his son in the university and his daughter well married. He would soon retire from the business and make a tour round the world and in the sweep would take India. The women in these parts bob their hair, because the Bureau of Health of each State has expressed the opinion that long hair is not hygienic and becomes a nest and happy hunting ground for noxious microbes. The Health Department employs young men and sometimes women, with sound scientific education, to lecture in every town and city, bringing home to the public the necessity of being clean and hygienic in food and drink. These lectures are given - not once in a blue moon, but twice or three times in a week and the people muster in large numbers to listen to these lectures. It is remarkable to notice the absolute trust the public reposes in the words of the lecturers. The enthusiasm and earnestness with which these missionaries of health speak, carry conviction to the mind of the public. Each State makes its own laws for public safety and inaugurates systems of education, sanitation and public works and spends million upon million dollars upon these useful operations. The rich men of the country lavishly support these causes. Most of the museums and art galleries have been the gifts from the rich men. The buildings of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. throughout the Pacific coast have been raised and furnished by the munificence of wealthy men and women. These palatial mansions have become the home of thousands of men and women, who obtain all the modern comfort and ease and intellectual pleasure within their precincts. In Denmark they have what they call "Mission Hotels," which answer the purpose of these associations. There, too, the benevolent wealthy class contributed largely to the establishment of these "Hotels." India looks after the decrepit old cattle, feeds them, albeit miserably, and passes by, without a glance of pity or a feeling of humanity, men, women

and children, the wreck and salvage of life. The West of America abounds in agriculture, fruit farms, dairy and cattle, sheep and hog farms. The Japanese and the Sikhs are engaged on fruit farms. The Danish and the Swedish peoples settle on these parts, bringing with them their talents, to carry on these vocations with cheerfulness and tranquillity. They make agreeable and fine citizens and enjoy the amenities of modern civilised life, even to own luxurious motor cars. Their peaceful life and strenuous work have often brought to my recollection the magnificent words which Shakespeare put into the mouth of Corin :— " I am a true labourer, I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other man's good, content with my harm and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck." The Western people are an affable and a smiling race, moreover, saturated with self-respect and independence. Their talk is crisp, curt and short. To the ears of foreigners habituated to sanctimonious hypocrisy—culture, it sounds brusque and graceless, but at bottom there is kindness and amiability. Isn't sincerity better than grace? We bade adieu to one of the most delectable and grateful climates in the world, and its charming people. We took leave of our kind friends, and I hope the expression will not be unwelcome to them; and caught the evening train for Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City :—

We took our seats in the Parlour Car where we found several Americans, all business men, with the exception of two young naval cadets. In the smoking room a few played cards. Wali-ul-Huq got into conversation with his neighbours and discussed many questions of importance. Into the conversation I was dragged, and lively discussions took place. They wanted informations regarding India and asked us particularly about its system of education and of government, its



Eagle Gate and Capitol, Salt Lake City, U S A

agriculture, farming, cattle, industries and its general prosperity and population. When I told them the number of India's population they were nonplussed. They thought the population was too numerous to be prosperous. The U. S. A. has a population of 1,10,000,000. The figure of India's population bewildered the young cadets. They looked at me with surprise. I had to tell them that agriculture and farming were in a primitive state, modern method was unknown. The agriculturists and farmers have no opportunity of receiving instructions in respect to the modern methods and improvements. They see no demonstration of the scientific work done in the laboratories, and the result has been that these industries have remained in backward condition. In all countries, throughout the world, the peasants and farmers have been conservative and tied to ancestral routine. No one in the land has ever taken the trouble to bring the latest knowledge home to them, or to tell them, by exhibition, of the new things produced by the agricultural chemistry. In Scandinavia and America and even in Japan, they hold exhibitions to which the tillers of the land and the farmers are invited. I have not known of such exhibitions taking place in India. Cattle is deteriorating, milk is becoming scanty, meat is wretched, moreover there is not enough to have. Education is antiquated, it is literary and legal. It has not been brought up to modern scientific standard. The country needs technological institutions, and more vocational instructions than legal and literary education. They entirely agreed with me and informed me that in their country more attention was paid to practical subjects than to law and poetry. They, moreover, said to me that they had read of the utter wretchedness of the Indian people and of the famine and of their religious superstitions and prejudices which stood in the way of improvement in the standard of living. They were of opinion that the State should make education universal and com-

pulsory. One of the men in the company suggested that the breeding of cattle should be taken in hand on a large scale and that the breeding should be improved and could be effected by observation and scientific method. The advice was given to me by Mr. Charles, O. Robinson of the Live Stock Commission of Chicago. Mr. Robinson was educated at Cambridge in England and is a wealthy man of great refinement of manners. He is friendly towards the Indian people and wishes them to eat and dress well. Mr. Robinson is witty and has a repertoire of anecdotes. He intimated to me, as we were going to Salt Lake City, that it would be advisable to meet Mr. Edward, C. Parsons and his father who are Live Stock Commissioners and owners of extensive ranches, and could give us lot of hints regarding the raising and the improvement of cattle. Mr. Robinson presented Wali-ul-huq and me with a couple of pencils with his name and address engraved on them, and in his charming, humorous way said that these two pencils would serve as excellent introduction to his friends, the Parsons. We had some conversation about the War, which has left in its train many disturbing and harassing problems for solution. In America the prices of all things have gone up, living has become more expensive than it used to be, and there is the confused tangle of America's loan to Europe. The derision and satire of the Europeans in regard to America's part in the War have made the people angry and bitter, even the young cadets looked crimson with anger. They will never again be got round by soft words into European complications and will never more listen to their politicians. We had a lot of bantering talk around the sparkling topic of the dryness of the country. All these men were exceedingly affable and friendly to us, and spoke to us without reserve about their own country and ours. There was no lack of culture in their conversation and manners. Mr. Robinson in apology of his

country's law against alcoholic drinks, quietly invited me to take a drink of whisky which he carried in his trunk. He brought me to his sleeping berth, pulled out his trunk, opened it and showed me two flasks containing whisky and brandy and insidiously tempted me to take a peg. These he kept for pressing necessity. He failed to coax me to try it. In the heyday, the period of my fullest vigour, I would not have refused the offer. I thanked him and returned to the Parlour Car, where in the most friendly manner he invited us to pay him a visit in the Stockyards at Chicago. We shook hands and said goodbye to the amiable men and repaired to our beds. Our Pullman Car was hitched on to another engine, in another direction; his went right into Chicago, ours to Salt Lake City. The roads separated and widened. We passed through several tunnels and in the forenoon our train glided slowly alongside the great Lake at the foot of the mountains. The beauty of the scenery is enchanting. The whole nature was glorious. The Lake, heavy with salt, was still; not a ripple disturbed the serenity of the surface. It is an immense sheet of water, almost shoreless. Our train entered into the station softly, noiselessly. My friend and I and two other men got into an automobile and drove to Hotel Utah. The name Utah revived in me the pleasant memory of youth when I saw, in the irrevocable past, the dainty little play—"The girl from Utah" staged in one of the theatres in London. The Salt Lake City has been associated in my mind with the resolute and vigorous community of the Mormons. Our hotel stands directly opposite to the great Mormon Temple. What a beautiful place of worship, what lovely gardens, what cleanliness, and what solemnity prevailing over the entire spot. The spirit of peace and gentleness presides over the buildings. Salt Lake City is graceful and pretty. Mr. Brigham Young was the founder and builder of this magnificent city. He was

devout Mormon. We discovered his genius as a builder in the harmonious and attractive aspect of the city. All the requisites of arts are to be found in symmetrical proportions. The country was a wild and savage jungle when he came into it, and by his supreme genius decorated and turned it into an enchanting city. Mr. Brigham Young, a Mormon of former generation, married nineteen wives and had eighteen mothers-in-law. He has left a large progeny of thirty children who are high up in the business world. He had left to each of his widows a good house and liquid cash for their support. The Mormons call the temple, "The Latter Day Saint Temple." It is liberal Christianity applied to human nature as it has been and as it is to-day. At present they do not indulge in the plurality of wives. I believe the modern women have become more quarrelsome, jealous and selfish, and claim more luxury than their female ancestors; and the sons of Nebat find the daughters of Zeruiah too hard for them. A few years ago, the Mormons in their assembly decided to abolish polygamy. Since this decision, the State of Utah has passed an act making polygamy an offence under the law. The great Tabernacle stands in a corner of the grounds of the temple. It is an immense two-storied building having seats for ten thousand persons. Its roof is made of one piece of skin. The dais, from which the lay speakers and religious preachers deliver the sermons to the congregation, is an extensive platform. Behind it stands the stupendous organ which has no equal in this country, only St. Peter in Rome can rival it. Every day, at midday they hold the recitals which are one of the finest performances one can ever wish to hear. There was a tremendous concourse of people in the hall when we went to hear the musical recitations from the celebrated organ. It was magnificent. The organ seemed to have sung with almost human voice. My friend looked for the singers, it was so human. They play on it the music of the most



Mormon T heracle Salt Lake City

eminent composers of Europe and America. It is an education and a refinement to listen to such glorious, sonorous and thrilling music. It is a culture of the mind; and lightens and softens labour. The Mormons by the daily recitals civilise the savage instinct of man and lift him to a higher plane. The European immigrants who have settled in this city have received freedom, comfort and elegance of life. They have come from countries which oppressed them, crushed their soul and broke their bones under the wheels of feudal and industrial Juggernaut. The torn and ragged humanity escapes into this land of sunshine and cheer, where nature is vast and abundant and man is emancipated and gets his full reward for all his labours. The Mormons, by the sublime and stately music in the Tabernacle bring to it new life and liberates its soul from the mud and murk of its past existence. This submerged and cheerless population from the wilderness of Europe, coming to this country, becomes wild with the intoxication of larger life and freedom. Their talk becomes curt, almost brutal, for they try to wreak vengeance upon the society which had been cruel and neglectful to them. The next generation of these people will be more suave and indulgent in its relation to society.

We have gone over the copper mine famous in the country. It is a surface mine and its operation is a feat of engineering worthy of note. The copper is on the hills and it is wonderful sight to see how the quarry is cut. The miners have built for themselves a little lively town. They have apartments to let and the town can boast of couple of restaurants where one can get fairly good dishes as in the city. The Americans are exploiting every conceivable thing. They have tapped the oil wells in Los Angeles and copper here. The prospectors are roaming the country with their instruments. When they strike anything it is at once taken up and the work is started. Men of great ability in the

sciences of chemistry and engineering are employed and kept at the elbow for helping and advising the industries. In this country everything is done through the telephone. Typewriting has taken the place of manuscript writing. I believe the Americans will in course of time forget to write. I telephoned to Mr. Edward Parsons telling him of the introduction from Mr. Charles O. Robinson. He was in the stock yard, a few miles from the city. He got my message on his return home; next day he called at the hotel and took us up in his fine automobile and drove to the stock yard. What an affable, charming and generous man! Mr. Parsons was so friendly that *we could not believe that we had met him for the first time.* There was not a trace of convention or formality in his demeanour and we felt quite at ease in his company. When we reached the stock yard we were immediately introduced to Mr. R. N. Mead a banker and Mr. J. H. Manderfield, the general manager of city's Union Stock Yards. Mr. Manderfield is well-known all over the country where there are stock yards. They were exceedingly cordial and assisted us in our further progress to inspect different stock yards in other parts of the country. A stock yard is conducted in this fashion. The owner of a stock yard builds pens for cattle, sheep and hogs. The breeders and raisers of these living commodities bring them over to the yard for sale. The owner of the yard weighs each animal and supplies fodder for a couple of days at the end of which the animals are sold. The farmer pays for the weighment at a fixed rate and for the feed of the animals. The buyers pay the price according to the weight of the animal and the weight as shown by the owner of the yard is taken as correct. Mr. Parsons weighed us on the machine and it is astonishing how precise and accurate the machine was in marking the weight. But, alas! no one came to buy us. Mr. Parsons drove us round the city and its parks and over a high hill over-

looking the Lake and the city. He was pleased that we took interest in the cattle industry and promised to help us in obtaining more information regarding the raising and improving of cattle in India. Mr. Parsons entertained us to a luncheon in his club. It is a big, comfortable and well appointed club. An air of peace and tranquillity reigned over the whole building. At the table we were introduced to a lawyer and a medical man. The doctor had just returned from France, where he had left his wife and his children for education. The lawyer all over the world is a grumbler, avaricious, and imagines that he has not received his reward in adequate form. The attorney enquired of the doctor whether a medical man did not earn more than a lawyer. A lawyer is like a person, who when he is in, wants to be out, and when he is out, he wants to be in. In this country, men and women dress remarkably well. There is not measly appearance in their garments. In this country everyone is furiously busy from eight in the morning till five in the evening, having hardly a moment to spare to speak to any body except on business. We did not see any one between these hours, for we respected their work and considered their convenience. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Manderfield gave us letters of introduction to the stock yard at Denver. In the hotel I met two women of considerable education and spirituality. Mrs. Ida Balfour Dorsey is a cultivated woman with fair knowledge of the spiritual side of ancient India. She is practical minded yet spiritual. She heard an Indian philosopher in the city and was greatly impressed by the doctrines he expounded of ancient Indian philosophy—the Vedanta. Mrs. Dorsey is an ardent humanitarian. The other lady has similar stamp of mind and loved to discuss with me the spiritual problems of the world. She has great admiration for the peaceful philosophy of India. Both these ladies are against war and international disputes. It is long way to spirituality for

Europe and half savage races in Asia, but the ladies emphasised the determination of her own people to have nothing to do with war or international dissensions. We said good-bye to these two good ladies and took leave of Mr. Parsons and his friends and left for Denver in the State of Colorado.

Denver—

We booked our seats in the Parlour Car, the train, passing through beautiful sceneries, reached Denver in the afternoon. We found no difficulty in securing rooms in Browne's Palace Hotel in the city. On the following day, we took the stock yard tram to interview the manager of Denver Union Stock Yard Company. It is a large concern and one can easily get lost in the labyrinth of the huge building. In America, they have a wonderful system of information bureau in all business institutions to save time and facilitate business. We went straight to the counter and obtained the information about the manager's office and went upstairs and found Mr. Chris. F. Mealy who is one of the representatives of this company. Mr. Mealy introduced us to Mr. Johnson, editor of the Live Stock Journal. Mr. Johnson is an estimable man, humorous and exceedingly cordial. Mr. Mealy is a young man with complete knowledge of the business and of considerable education. Mr. Johnson is intellectually adroit and it has been a pleasure to us to have had converse with these two men. Mr. Mealy gave us the details of the Live Stock concern, and took us over to 'Armour and Co.'s place of business to introduce us to Mr. R. M. Shearer, the manager. Mr. Mealy is a descendent of the early Irish settlers in America. He has heard a great deal from his mother of the sad and miserable condition of the Irish in Ireland; and the woes of Ireland are vividly photographed in his mind. He feels for all oppressed peoples, especially those nationalities who have a brilliant background of civilisation. We were charmed with his



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kindness and refined fellowship. Mr. Shearer is a big powerful man, vivacious in temperament and adroit in intellect. He is a man of admirable and sweet personality. His power of conversation is wonderful. His mind is exact and practical. His seductive abandon is charming. He manifested great interest in the material prosperity of India and was glad that we had come to Denver to get all the informations regarding the breeding and improvement of cattle in India, and made us acquainted with one of the best men in that line. Mr. Shearer invited us and Mr. Mealy to lunch with him in his club, a fine rendezvous for important men of business. We were taken to the dining hall thronged with men, where they had invited travellers from Mexico and other countries to address them on business aspects of their respective countries. Mr. Johnson presided at the luncheon. Their kindness and liberality were so overpowering and ample that, in spite of the especial invitation to the foreign guests to speak at the luncheon, they altered the programme, the other guests cheerfully acquiescing in the change, and called upon me alone to address them. They wished to hear me all about India and our impressions so far about the American people and their institutions. I told them exactly what I had experienced in America and acquainted them with India's social, religious, economic, industrial, educational and political situations. Mr. Shearer and other members of the club engaged in cattle industries, were anxious to help me to obtain knowledge about cattle in order to get milk and meat plentifully in India. Mr. Shearer heartily undertook to assist me and on the following day took us over to Mr. Murdo Mackenzie, an authority on cattle. The luncheon was served by handsome coloured girls. The service was infinitely better than one gets in Europe. There was much dignity in the deportment of the girls. The company was playful and animated. It was one of the most

enjoyable social events we have experienced. Mr. Mackenzie is a Scotch-American and talks with winsome highland accent which has an attractiveness of its own, which allures foreigners to the Highlands of Scotland just to hear it flowing from the mouth of bonnie lassie on the heather. Mr. Mackenzie had been invited by South America and Brazil to advise them on the betterment of the stock of cattle and had stayed there for that purpose for three years. His knowledge and experience has benefitted those countries in getting abounding race of cattle for milk and meat. He knows the climatic conditions of India and told me that the climate of South America and Brazil is similar to that of India, and advised me to import Hereford bulls from America and cross them with our cows. He also said that Hereford bulls would be able to stand the heat of India same as he found them to endure the South American and Brazilian heat. These two countries have for long years been importing cows from North India. He calls these "Brahmā" cows with humps. By crossing these with the Hereford bulls he got the next generation without the humps. Humps, he said, damage the meat and suppress the milking capacity of the cows. He repeatedly advised me to make the experiment and we were sure to get surprising results. Will the people and the government of my country accept the precept of this dear old man, so kindly given through me to my country. He presented me with a pair of dehorner. It is an instrument to take the horn out of the cattle. The horns impede growth and fat and are of no service to the cattle as protective weapons, for they have been thoroughly domesticated. Mr. R. B. Begg, the Superintendent of Armour and Co.'s packing house, Mr. Mealy and another man of Union Stock Yard and Mr. Mackenzie learnedly discussed among themselves and racked their brains to discover real means to ameliorate the health and increase the wealth of the people of India. They want the people to be progressive

and to have liberal ideas. Rigid customs and superstitions must be laid aside and the problem of increasing the number of cattle and reforming its stock should be seriously taken in hand. They looked at me with affectionate regard and said with serious deliberation that I had undertaken a gigantic task to reform the mind of my people in regard to this subject. But they wished me all success. How they like India! and how interested they are in respect of its material prosperity. Progress, rapid progress, is the motto of America. The philosophy of the living is its philosophy and ethics. The idealism of self-mortification, of death and of hereafter is vaguely understood. To work is to pray. Body has to be nourished and looked after before one is able to take care of one's country or prevent its collapse and ultimate dissolution. Mr. Shearer, although extremely, busy in looking after the stupendous concern of Armour and Co, found time to take us round to meet prominent men of the city who are engaged in commerce. First we went to the store of the Tritch Hardware Co. where we met Mr. O. E. Bare, Vice-President of the Company who showed us over the store of many storeys high. We were struck by his amiability and courtesy and friendly address. After leading us through the maze of this huge store, he took us to see the President, Mr. Frank A. Bare. We sat in the President's commodious private room. He spoke to us with utmost cordiality and explained in a friendly manner the method of business they pursue in order to achieve success. He is somewhat aware of India's loose way of transacting business and conducting Joint-Stock Concerns. Man must begin from the lowest round of the ladder, and work in his shirt sleeves, never feeling the indignity of the meanest work which he may have to do himself. All trades and businesses are honourable and man must attend to the business himself without waiting for the direction from others. This is the secret of success in trade. Punctuality

and being as good as one's word are also qualities which are essential in the conduct of business. Mr. Shearer and the President indulged in jests and *badinage*; it was a token of the esteem which they entertained for each other. The jocularities of these men, bearing the weight of responsibility of carrying on gigantic concerns, was exceedingly pleasing to us. These men are not high-browed but are human and enjoy amenities and pleasures of life like the rest of us, who have not a heavy burden pressing on our shoulders. They are men of great worth and kind heart. Pope says truly—

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.

In the course of conversation I asked Mr. Frank Bare, why was it that the merchant princes, the great industrial magnates, the wealthy tradesmen of acute intelligence and wide knowledge of business and travelled men had never been in politics and in the administration of the country. The brother Bares and Mr. Shearer looked mysteriously at me and I saw the scare in their eyes. The politics are for the politicians, a tribe of men standing apart from the great community of labours and workers. The politics are mostly in the hands of lawyers who shuffle political cards over the desk and counter of the journalist. The press and the politicians are tied together and fastened to a single peg. I will discuss American politics later. We have had a long conversation with Mr. Frank Bare and were much impressed by the precision of his mind, his grasp of the details of the business, his power of organisation, his exact machine-like regularity in working it and his equable temper. These remarkable qualities distinguish American businessmen. He presented to us each with two^o souvenirs of our visit to him. To be successful in business, we in India have to have mutual trust and confidence and honesty. We have to have the capacity of cheerfully doing the business ourselves even to the cleaning of our

'doorsteps if it comes to that. This is the advice which these successful men have so gracefully tendered to us. We accompanied Mr. Shearer, our practical philosopher and guide, to the wholesale store of Mr. Roblin H. Davis, the President of the Davis Brothers Drug Co. Mr. Davis appeared to be highly pleased with our visit. He is a charming man and well-read. There was a deep vein of sincerity in the reception accorded to us. Intellectually and physically he is active and quick. He is acquainted with varied phases of Indian life. He knows of the social restrictions and unprogressiveness, of religious disputes, of ignorance and superstitions and abject poverty of the people. In order to gain the respect of the world, it is necessary that every individual, man or woman, should be instructed and fed and clothed according to the modern idea of living. Mud huts, insanitary surroundings must give place to decent human habitation. The instruction should be made compulsory. Books and writing materials should be supplied to the necessitous children without taxing the parents. That is the high function of the State. The State of Colorado, like most other States of this country, carries out this admirable programme. There is not a single illiterate person to be found in the State. The rich men are prodigal in their contributions towards building libraries and hospitals, over and above paying the rates and taxes to the State. Mr. Davis asked me about Tagore and his thoughts. He could not appreciate the exalted thought and quiescent ideas of the great man. Tagore is a poet-philosopher who has expounded the Indian philosophy of peace and contentment of his ancient fathers. He has disregarded the supreme problem which besets mankind viz., the survival of the fittest and the strongest. Humanity, whether Indian or American, has to preserve its heart and honour. The wicked world needs peace and contentment, but the wickedness is so ingrained in human nature, the inheritance from the lower animals,

that it would be a hard task to eradicate the evil. One could only control it by education and better environment. Mr. Davis with artlessness and a pleasant turn, enquired, what was the secret in Tagore's writings that so profoundly stirred Mrs. Davis's emotions and feelings and agitated other women's hearts. Tagore's lofty ideas, put in beautiful language appealed to the instinct of women. Women by nature are more amenable to finer civilisation and humane impressions than men; and Tagore's writings burning with glowing ideas of universal peace and brotherly feelings are just suited to touch the mellow and humane hearts of women. Besides, the American women are striving hard to reach true civilisation which has for its end the liberation of the mind of man and his deliverance from rapine and ravages of the savage and semi-civilised races of the world. True civilisation is the product of pure intellectuality, which the near neighbour in us, the animal, is unable to disgrace and dishonour. Those who lie on silken beds and lean on velvet cushions, and they that sleep on hard beds and eat rough food are alike roused to noble passion and carried away by idealism. Idealism stirs emotion, overspreads the mind with a sensation of unsubstantial life, and insinuates the heart into the longed for oblivion of the hard realities of the world, and attunes the spirit of the woman to sweet complaisance of life that is to be. Women and feeble minded men invest the world with a halo of romance and impractical transcendentalism. These estimable people, if left free to have their own way in the government of the world, would bring it to naught and rend societies to pieces. But happily we have in the world counterpoise and opposing force of understanding, commonsense and dry intellect. In the nature of things the conflict between emotion and intellect will be perpetual. Emotion or the sense of beauty is the heritage of man from his remote ancestors, the lower animals and the anthro-

poid apes; intellect is the new gift from nature to man, as he evolved from the humblest life on earth. Man is of erect posture, involving physical changes and causing alterations and growth of the brain, undiscernible in the simian tribe. Mr. Davis was fully in accord with Mr. Shearer and others in the opinion that India with its great intellectual past should make effort to come up with the traditions of the new world. Modern traditions have been created by the progressive intellect of man. India does not suffer from dearth of intellectual men, only the idea of progress, has to be impregnated into them. No progress or tradition which appertains to man, whether in America or in Europe, should be considered foreign by the man in India. Man's mind has always been on the ascending line, from the early morning of his history. Everything in the world is undergoing change. The physical and mental natures of man have suffered innumerable changes. Art, literature, even so, religion have experienced revolutions. The art of to-day is not the same as that of yesterday. The mechanical art of the man of to-day is not the same as that of the man of former days. The philosopher's stone has surrendered to the increasing knowledge of chemistry. The formula of chemistry is put into practical use. Heat, light and electricity have been imprisoned and forced into the service of man. The progressive man thus makes profit and enriches himself. Our American friends believe, and they are right in their belief, that India possesses veins of progressive intellect lying undisturbed, like the seam of coal which has not been dug and cut and brought on the surface to serve man.

Mr. Shearer wanted us to see an American home and drove us into his beautiful house situated in a beautiful neighbourhood, where we were presented to Mrs. Shearer and their daughters. Mrs. Shearer shook hands with us with a pleasant smile and welcomed us with

kindly words. The girls are preparing for graduation and destined eventually to take the university degree. Mr. Shearer's son was not in the house. He is a university man, and it being the vacation time he had gone, as is the wont in this country, to earn money on his own account. This is self-reliance in all its amplitude. We could not stay long in the house, for Mr. Shearer had to return to his office. After taking a glass of grape juice we bade good-bye to the ladies and drove off to Mr. Shearer's office. The girls in this country are keen on education, even the girls of the working classes are enthusiastic over education and ambitious of passing the High School examination. The maid in the hotel in San Francisco told us that her daughter was to receive her graduation and she was hurrying to clean the rooms to get ready to attend the ceremony to see her girl receive the diploma. In Mr. Shearer's home we saw upto date electric appliances for the kitchen and the laundry. These inventions save labour and make the people independent of outside agents to do the household work. Mr. Shearer took us round thirty mile drive in his automobile and drove us into the grounds of the hospital for the soldiers who were stricken by poisonous gas in the late European war. It is a beautiful, large structure built upon an ideal site on a hill. It has cost them over two million dollars, and is one of the heritages left to them for their participation in the war. He took us to show the hospital as a complete answer to and a protest against the European's satire and tirade against the fighting quality of the United States Army. The maganimity of the Americans in lending money and sending troops to Europe has not secured gratitude. Bismarck once said, and it is a true saying, that, "generosity is a highly respectable virtue, but as a rule in politics it secures no gratitude." Gratitude is a quality of clean and ethical mind. Its essence transcends religions. It is one of the truths of which

mankind is ever in search. All the religions of the world, which appeal to the unreasoning emotions of man, have not been able to eradicate from man's heart the vicious element of ingratitude. It is a detestable attribute of man in semi-civilisation. Mr. Shearer entertained us to a picnic in the hills and placed us in the gentle care of Mr. R. B. Beggs. Mr. Beggs and his friend Mr. Fred J. Walsh, Wali-ul-Huq and I had 60 mile drive on the hills. It was a glorious ride and the picnic was delicious. The two men were exceedingly courteous and friendly and evinced genuine interest in the advancement and progress of India. Mr. Beggs asked me many questions about social and religious matters and the important subject of food in India. I had to explain to him the difference between the Hindu and the Mahomedan. I had to tell him that the Hindu did not eat cow, which is a sacred object to him, and in the majority of cases the Hindus are strict vegetarians, and the Mahomedan did not eat pork as it has been forbidden in his holy book. All this seemed incomprehensible to him. Our two friends looked at each other in silence and wonder. What was the necessity of my taking the trouble to visit cattle and hog farms when my countrymen are so bigotted and careless of physical growth and strength. They both politely predicted my inglorious failure to convince the Indian people of the lucrative nature of these two industries. After the refreshment, we drove on to the Look-out Mountain. Here, in the wilds of the mountains with stretches of glorious scenery all around, and on a spur of this mountain, lie the earthly remains of the famous man, Buffalo Bill of the Wild West. This man entertained a generation of the Europeans with his troupe of men and women and animals from the wilds of America and Mexico. In the years gone by, I saw this man when he gave a performance in London, and a quarter of a century later I found myself standing by the side of his simple tomb in his native land. It was an unexpected

sight and experience. It is fit and becoming, that in the great solitude and wild surroundings he should choose his last resting place. In a dip of the hill close by, his son has built a rural structure, of a piece with the surroundings, in which all the trophies of the man are exhibited and a visitors' book is kept in which we signed our names. Mr. Shearer, in a light vein of humour, suggested that we should meet a millionaire, and pulled up in front of the house of a man, in his shirt and trousers, watering his beautiful garden and lawn. Mr. Shearer called to him who, putting down the hose, walked up to us and we were introduced to him. His gentle manners, simple ways and affability were delightful. In Mr. Shearer's speech and action there is no false measure; in his friend's words and reception there was no inharmonious harmony. The European and Indian millionaires are rude clowns compared with this man. He has not caught the contagion of social and political vices of Europe, for the expensive pleasures of Corinth have not spoilt him. Mr. Davis and Mr. Shearer desired that we should visit the High School and it being summer vacation, Mr. Davis took infinite trouble to communicate with one of the lady superiors to appoint a time to show us over the school. Our friends called for us at the hotel and drove us to the school, where a lady was in attendance to receive us. It is a massive and tall building. The lady with endless good nature showed us over the whole building and the class rooms. The school has several departments. It teaches polite literature and gives vocational education. The girls not only receive literary culture but also learn botany, drawing, sewing and needle-work, shorthand and type-writing, cooking, serving at the table, carpentry and kindred mechanical arts and chemistry and swimming and gymnastics. The education is compulsory and free. The children go at the age of six and leave the school at the age of eighteen. In many instances the State supplies the students with

books, writing papers and pencils. The State of Colorado is ahead of many other States in fixing the age at eighteen as the terminating period of leaving school. The High School fit a boy or a girl for a calling if he or she chooses to work for a livelihood. In the class rooms we saw on the walls cards with useful maxims printed on them in prominent letters. These maxims strike the eyes of the children at every instant and through the retina penetrate the brain. In this country they carefully study child psychology and hit upon practical means of impressing the plastic and formative mind of the child with the knowledge and discipline necessary in the struggle for existence. Mr. Shearer got from the lady two cards with mottoes and handed them to me. One of the cards bears the maxim :—" Do not wait for the boss : be a self-starter." The other one has on it the instruction :—"A mule cannot pull while he is kicking and he cannot kick while he is pulling. Neither can you." They tell me that in all the schools in all the States such mottoes are hung on the walls, and the maxims are explained to the children for their guidance in work-a-day world. In every department of busy life there is no kicking and no waiting for the boss. Every one performs his duties faithfully and with the regularity of a clock. We were driven through the Jewish and Negro quarters. The Jews are a prosperous race in this country. They get the peace of mind and social and political freedom which they never enjoyed in many regions in Europe. They are hardworking, full of shift, *non-interfering* and *politically* submissive. They make excellent citizens. The country affords them safety and security. The Jews of the prophetic age had receded into the haze of nothingness. Their descendents having passed through many fiery trials, stand chastened in the full light of the sun, face to face with their Arab and Christian tormentors. In this liberal country the Jews have extended charities. They liberally support their own schools, found hospitals

and build synagogues and look after the old incapacitated members of their community. The Jews have completely assumed the garb of modernism as protection against annihilation.— By being modern they have not abolished themselves, for they have not changed their soul nor have they lost the characteristic traits of their oriental genius. The curse of tuberculosis afflicts this part of the country. The Jews have hospitals for tuberculous subjects on the summit of a hill. An American philanthropist, who had been a victim of this fell disease, has presented this town with a hospital for consumptive patients. A long stretch of hills is dotted with hundreds of one-roomed huts with a small verandah in front. Mr. Shearer and Mr. Davis came to the station to say good-bye to us and, in shaking hands with them, I felt that I was leaving behind, kind and generous friends. We took the mid-day train for Kansas city.

Kansas City.

It is as picturesque as those that we have left behind. We found comfortable rooms in Muelbach Hotel.

We took excursions in the sight-seeing car. It is an institution in the country. We came across in the car, people from different States, for the Americans are great travellers. Our companions were not stiff or unapproachable. When they found out that we were not cold and stiff-necked, they easily entered into conversation with us, giving their opinions on domestic policies and the European War and their impressions of Europeans in general. The English and the Germans, they said, were a way behind them in progress and instructions. The French were primitive without ambition to rise above the ancestral routine of life and business; their villages and dwelling houses were humble and rude and patriarchal, and being unprogressive the standard of living was lower than that of America. England, Germany and France lagged behind them in the use of electricity and mechanical sciences. These countries

did not possess macadamised paved roads outside the cities similar to those that they had in America. The Europeans, more so the English, became insufferable and aggravating owing to the parade and vaunt of their antiquity and their haughty and scornful expressions in regard to the newness of the United States. These men had served in the War and had plenty of opportunity of studying the Europeans. The true American men are nimble in mind and sensitive of nature. More than half of the entire world has not received enough light to understand the soul of France. She is simple and unostentatious and tries more than any other race of Europe to live in tune with nature, harmonising civilisation with unaffected natural way of living. She is humane to the fibre of her being and far less tossed about by racial and colour prejudices than any white race on this earth. Her civilisation is as much spiritual as material; she has the illumination of great culture and high ideals. She is not an angel, her foibles are the imperfections of human nature. But there is much truth in their observation about the Frenchman's mean and medieval dwellings. These healthy and straight forward criticisms of the go-ahead and generous people of America ought to induce the Europeans to mend their manners and improve their mode of living. We visited Sweeney's school for practical training in automobile and aeroplane machinery and radiograph. It is a remarkable institution for learning everything in connection with these subjects. A student coming out of the school becomes a complete master of the machineries and an expert in radiography. Mr. Sweeney gives a two-month course—two months of hard, unflagging and devoted labour. One of the men in the office took us round the seven-storey building, consisting of class rooms, machine rooms, workshops, dormitory and cafeteria for the students. He told us that a week before our visit, two young men from Calcutta had finished the course and left the institution to

return to India. He spoke in great praise of the boys for their intelligence and devotion to toil and of their quick understanding and capacity for work. He said that they were superior to the American boys in their brain and comprehension. Mr. Sweeney and the teachers were satisfied with Hindu and Chinese students. There are several Chinese boys in this institution. We saw them walking on the streets sprucely dressed, happy and unclouded by their country's troubles. In the hotel Mr. Albert H. Hindman of the *Kansas City Star* came to see us. He is a clever, well educated man of exquisite manners. He entered into a long and varied conversation about India and asked about the well being of the people and their progress in education and industry, of their untouchability and religious differences. Everybody here seems mightily interested in India and sincerely wishes its advancement in higher and larger life in the modern world. 'The people of India should take notice of the sympathy and kindly feeling of the American people and make super-human effort to eradicate the barbarous temper and nature of the mind. Whatever is said or done in India, reverberates in the hills and dales of America. Everybody knows about it. The materialist, whom the flabby-brained people condemn and slander, send the news over the wires and through the air and the news is read simultaneously here and in India. The materialists in spite of silly detraction of the so-called spiritual people, have knitted the regions of the globe closer together; but in the imaginary empire of the spiritual people, the world had remained severed, isolated, primitive and in strife. We packed up our things, made ourselves comfortable in the Parlour Car en route for St. Louis.

St. Louis.—We reached St. Louis in the afternoon and took our abode in Hotel Jefferson. It is a magnificent city, tranquil and refined. The major portion of the inhabitants are of German and Austrian extraction.

Nearly all the big stores are owned by the Americans with Teutonic names. The German Americans are very able business men and possess great fortunes. Their influence in the administration and politics of the country is feeble, almost shadowy. The Teutons have never had political sense or the conception of political freedom. They have for centuries, courageously and without murmur submitted themselves to the control and direction of the drill-sergeant. In every city we have hitherto visited, there is a considerable German population who seem to live secluded life, which is clean but, nevertheless, vegetative. They seem to shrink back from the public life of the country. The city possesses a great library. It stands on a charming site in front of a beautiful garden and a fountain playing in the centre. Over the door of the Library are inscribed these beautiful words :—"When I enter a library I feel as if almost the dead were present and I know if I put questions to these books they will answer me with all the faithfulness and fullness which has been left in them." There are smaller libraries and men and women make use of them with eagerness and warmth. In the hotel we met Mr. J. O. Thompson of Roba in Alabama. Mr. Thompson greeted us with pleasant address and became friendly. Alabama is a great cotton-growing district and he is in cotton trade. He asked me if we had much cultivation of cotton in India. It is a great paying industry which we should earnestly take up for our own consumption to cover the nakedness of the incredibly vast population. Mrs. Thompson, he said, is well informed about India and has vast sympathy with its people. She is by descent a French lady and has read the philosophy and the thoughts of the Hindus; and with the quizziness of a man of wit, he said, "she knows more about you people than I do." In the evening after dinner Mr. Max Katz of Chester, Illinois, took his seat by the side of Wali-ul-Huq. He is a member of the Hebrew race and emigrated from

Austria twenty years ago. He took us into his confidence and related to us his life history and of his own relatives in Austria. Twenty years ago he landed in New York with fifteen dollars in his pocket, suffered innumerable privations, struggled against fearful adversity without giving up hope, came to Chester and stuck to his gun and now all his troubles and anxieties are forgotten; he is a wealthy man, the owner of two stores. He had taken a house for the season on the banks of the Lake Michigan, where his wife and daughters were going for a change. He told us with trembling voice the pathetic story of his mother in Austria. During the War his mother and his two brothers had to flee and hide themselves in a forest, where the old lady succumbed and died of starvation. His brothers, like most Europeans, were without ambition and unprogressive. They would not come to America, where they would have to put forth their best energy and strength to keep up to the high standard of living. They were content to set up as small farmers with the money he had sent. America, he said, is a great country of progress and he advised us to carry back this wholesome lesson for the benefit of our countrymen. It is strange how we perceived the affinity which drew us together. The Orientals approximate. Neither he nor we experienced strangeness in our relationship. We visited the factory of Landis Machine Co.—the boot-repairing machine of which I have written in another part of the book, is a huge concern. It is an immense building consisting of many storeys. We saw Mr. Primo the manager, who is a capable man of business and knows the details of export trade to the tips of his fingers. He was quite nice and promised to help us if we could get the youths of the country to enter into this trade. We wanted to try the machine ourselves and a man was deputed to show us the process. He gave two lessons which made us familiar with the working of the machine and Wali-ul-Huq and I stitched two pieces of leather on

to an old pair of boots. The American businessmen are ever anxious to meet foreigners who go to them to talk of business. They like to get information regarding trade and its method of foreign countries. They are aware of India's backwardness in the line of business, but when they come across a man taking interest in trade, whatever that trade may be, welcome him and explain to him the minutiae of American business. In commerce and trade the Indian mind is certainly in thick boeotian air; it has to rise from the cloud of smoke to the light. In every city there are homes for young women, who goaded by the imperious law of reproduction of the species have stepped aside from the path of virtue. These women are looked after with care and tenderness. The gifts of civilisation are placed at their disposal and there is contentment in these homes. The Roman Catholics do a great deal towards their reformation. In the hotel we had a visit from Mr. Frank D. Sullivan, a representative of the *Globe Democrat*, a newspaper having great authority and influence with the public. Mr. Sullivan is a man of considerable education and extensive vision. He was affable and sympathetic towards the people of India and evinced great solicitude regarding the progress and uplift of India. He wished us to take giant strides to brush aside superstitions and evil customs, in order to be abreast of modern civilisation which is to last a millennium. India is an old country of fine philosophy and culture which was the foundation of its civilisation. India casts a spell of fascination over the white man who genuinely aspires that it should take its place in the assembly of free and progressive nations of the earth. Mediæval religion and doctrines have shattered the country, separated brothers from brothers, neighbours from neighbours, turned friends into enemies and in the end brought about a complete collapse of social, intellectual and political life. The old can be renewed. We are an abstemious race. Our vitality is conserved, the operation to engraft glands

will not send us to eternity; we will rise from the surgeon's table refreshed and rejuvenated. The doctors of the world, who have been shaking their heads in doubt, will watch and stand mute in amazement at the recovery. We must cheer up; the sun has not come out of his business. Mr. Sullivan felt the energy of these words and was heartened. I took leave of the amiable man and went up to my room to pack up. We drove down to the station, took our seats in the Pullman Car and passed the night, reaching Chicago on the following morning.

Chicago.—It was a warm July morning when we reached the station. Coming from the west we found the weather oppressive; and the roar and noise of the city was deafening. We took our abode in La Salle Hotel. The commodious lobby of the hotel was thronged by men and women. Ventilation was unsatisfactory and in consequence the heat was insufferable. Men and women briskly used hand-fans to keep down perspiration. People sit or stand outside in shirtsleeves to catch a passing breath of air. They did not seem to complain of the inadequate ventilation. I believe that they dare not murmur discontent for fear of being refused a hearing. But when they travel in countries in the East they are heard to curse and swear and growl. In white man's countries I follow the maxim:—Do in Rome as the Romans do. Asia is not Rome, it is not built upon seven hills nor it is guarded by centurions. One must not be an Asiatic in Asia but must persist in pressing for Roman comfort and ease in that vast sleepy hollow of the continent. We had a letter from Mr. Shearer introducing us to Mr. White the President of Armour and Co. We had also to see Mr. Charles Robinson. Both these men have their offices in the Stock Yards. First we drove into the office of Mr. Robinson. We knocked at his private room and burst in upon him. He was in the midst of dictating a letter to

the stenographer, and looked pleased to have seen us again. He blandly shook hands with us and offering us seats went back to finish the letter. What astonished us most was his habiliment. He was dressed in his office garments and looked like a simple workingman. Mr. Robinson is a man of great wealth yet he does not disdain to work and dress like any of his office clerks. He introduced us to his brother-in-law and the lady shorthand writer and invited us to lunch with him in his club, a few doors off from his office. All Live Stock Commission men are its members. His brother-in-law, Wali-ul-Huq and I came down and waited a while for Mr. Robinson who wanted to get a change. His brother-in-law is a fine affable man and has travelled all over Europe. He was in the army a good many years ago; and gave up the army as it led to nothing better. The pay was meagrely inadequate. He has since joined Mr. Robinson in this most profitable profession. On my telling him that I had a mind to learn of the breeding and improving of the cattle in India, he showed great interest in the question and advised me to import Holstien black bulls to cross them with native cows. The crossing will increase the milk in the next generation but care must be taken not to allow of any inbreeding among the offsprings of the crossing. Inbreeding deteriorates the quality of cattle. American Hereford bulls may with advantage be imported and crossed with native cows for improving the quantity and quality of meat. Shorthorn bulls are excellent for producing milch cows but may not stand the heat of the plains in India. He advised me to start sheep farming for which Shropshire or Hampshire sheep should be imported for crossing with our sheep. Hill stations would be the ideal place for the culture. Both these industries are enormously paying. Pig farming is another important industry. Mr. Begg in Denver showed us a colossal farm where thousands of pigs had been reared. We saw these animals well fed, well disinfected and the owner himself,

having learnt veterinary science, treats the diseases of these animals. When I told him of our visit to this farm he agreed that it would be exceedingly profitable if this industry were taken up in India. Every bit of the pig can be turned into account, there is no waste. I also mentioned to him that Mr. Shearer of Denver had afforded us an opportunity of seeing the cattle owned and reared by Mr. W. N. W. Blayney. Mr. Blayney has a farm a few miles away from the city of Denver and raised magnificent specimens of cattle. When we saw these animals I found that these were in no way inferior to the first class European cattle—the prize-winners. These animals in their stables looked so distinguished and stately. Mr. Blayney is noted for the breed of his cattle. If I could start the breeding of cattle in India I would surely buy a few from Mr. Blayney. Anyway on my return to India I would endeavour to instil into the mind of the younger generation the importance of this industry and recommend the cattle from Mr. Blayney's stock. It was a pity we did not meet Mr. Blayney, for he was not in the farm when we visited it. But he was kind enough to take notice of our call at his farm by sending me excellent photographs of his livestock. Mr. Robinson's brother-in-law was pleased that I had a chance of exploring this matter. While we were discussing these important subjects, Mr. Robinson appeared upon the scene, metamorphosed to a swell in first class well-tailored dress. He led us into the club premises and in a large hall introduced us to a few of his friends. We sat at a round table where lunch was served by negro waiters of smart and dignified deportment. The American people are not esuriens. They eat excellent dishes and do not stint themselves. We were charmed with Mr. Robinson's hospitality and witty table talk. We left the club to go to Armour and Co.'s office. Wali-ul-Huq went back to the hotel. Mr. Robinson accompanied me to a section of Armour and

Co.'s office where he passed me on to an assistant requesting him to show me into the office of the President. It is a gigantic building. The first floor is given over to numerous clerks of both sexes who were working devotedly without lifting their heads from the desk. The President was not in the office and I asked one of the assistants to hand over Mr. Shearer's letter to the Vice-President, who, invited me into his room which was cool and kept at a comfortable temperature by cold air pipes or coolers. Mr. Arthur Meeker welcomed me with cordiality. He is a heavy, strong man of suave manners and has experience and acquaintance of the world of men. He has his own yacht in which he sails over many seas. He met Lord Curzon and entertained him in Chicago where the British Foreign Secretary had come to settle his first wife's estate. But Lord Curzon through natural defect had an unhappy knack of offending people whom he came across in social functions. Mr. Meeker who is a gentlemen to the tips of his fingers was repelled by Lord Curzon's high-browed address and pompous air of superiority and greatness. Mr. Meeker also met Lord Reading and entertained him. He thinks Lord Reading is affable and clever. I had a mind to see the operation in the packing house and was taken to the superintendent to show me over the place, who deputed a youth in the service of the Company to take me through the slaughter house and other sections of this stupendous place. The lad had just come out of the High School and obtained distinction. A beam of intelligence played over his youthful face. As I stood by his side on the bridge, watching the process adopted in depriving the little calves of their lives, he twice exclaimed with compassion "it is a pity to kill such tender animals." There was a deep pathos and tenderness in his voice. The boy possessed great soul and refined culture. Such youths are an asset to their country. They will save America from whirling down the dark eddies of war and inhumanity; and will

carry aloft *ave sinistra* the standard of culture and peace, and proclaim the sentiments of kindness and humanity from the steps of their Capitol. Youths of such amiable qualities of mind are worthy of love and reverence. He is the remarkable product of the wonderful liberal and humanising system of education of modern America. In less than half a century the United States will surpass and lead Europe and Asia in humanity and spirituality. I hope I shall not have proved myself a false prophet. The sublimity of these tendencies is everywhere in the air. The schools and colleges of this great country will refine the minds of the younger generation who will as soldiers of purity cleanse the politics of selfishness, chicanery and graft. According to the law which each State frames, there cannot be any slaughter of animals outside the Packing Houses. The Jews have to send their priest to the Packing House to kill the animals. After the carcase is dressed and the government mark is put, the Rabbi himself stamps it with his own seal for identification. It is an excellent enactment. Those Powers who rule over Mahomedan countries and have Mahomedan subjects would be well-advised if they would pass an act similar to the American law. Slaughtering of cows and other animals in public is ugly and unsightly. The barbarians of the world do not see any repulsiveness in the act, but they must be civilised even at the point of the bayonet. In the Packing House every animal is examined with great care by the Health Inspectors and after slaughter every carcase is scrutinised and if there be no unhealthiness in any portion of its anatomy, the stamps of the government is affixed and it is then sent down to the refrigerating room. I have seen several carcasses condemned by the Inspectors and thrown into huge receptacles from where they are removed to the incinerator. The actual slaughter of the animals cannot be seen, for, the animals are driven into lethal chambers which are con-

cealed from the view of the visitors or the people working in the place. After the slaughter the bodies are lifted by means of electrical pulleys and removed to another room, where they are slung up for inspection. In the same manner milk, fish and other food stuffs come under the strict surveillance of the health department, and I am told that though a good deal of graft is practised in this country by all sorts of people, these custodians of public health are absolutely honest and above temptation. The public can play with them at odd even in darkness. The whole place is clean and disinfected, and in every corner we see the Inspectors wearing long white coats reaching down to the ankles silently and assiduously prying into every part of the carcase. I thanked the young lad for the trouble and returned to Mr. Meeker's room. He took me up in his automobile drove down to a hospital, where unfortunately Mrs. Meeker was lying ill. He got off to see her, instructing his chauffeur to put me down at my hotel. It was a pleasure to have met and conversed with Mr. Meeker.

Mr. E. M. Vogleson, whom we had met in Pekin, came to our hotel accompanied by Mrs. Vogleson and their two daughters and Mr. B. E. Bremner who is Mr. Vogleson's partner in Peck and Hills Furniture Co., and took us for a long drive along the Lake beach and through fine parks which are the ornaments of Chicago. At the end of the drive he took us to his fine home and to supper. Our visit fell on his Birthday and he received sincere felicitations from us. He is wealthy and yet you find him at his work from 8 A.M. till 5 P.M. His whole bearing reminded me of the Scandinavian gentlemen I had met in Scandinavian countries. He is an American to the root of his hair. He is affable and unostentatious in hospitality. Mrs. Vogleson is quite motherly. Her carriage and demeanour are encircled by a halo of matronly dignity. The young ladies are well educated and eager to learn the thoughts and ideals of hoary anti-

quity. Mr Bremner is a charming personality. He is *spirituel*, and is a man of considerable reading and observation. He is penetrating in his criticisms, illuminating them with sparkles of wit. He is an elderly man, free from the seariness of years. His refinement, intellectuality and gaiety are magnetic. He creates a subtle, elegant atmosphere about him and puts every body at ease. He knows much about India yet is not showy of his knowledge.

At a dinner party we talked on many things. Mr. Bremner was most entertaining. His light words and witticisms, his elegant pride of being an American and his amiability were fascinating. Mr Vogleson narrated his adventure with an Englishman in the Parlour Car. The Englishman and his wife travelled in the same steamer with Mr Vogleson and his family from Yokohama. At Seattle Mr Vogleson discovered the Englishman in the car. On seeing him he walked up to the chair on which the Englishman made himself comfortable, and politely addressed him, the Englishman looked frigidly at him and growled, "do I know you"? Mr. Vogleson was discomfited and returned to his seat. A few minutes later the Englishman, assuming majestic air, stalked up to him and opened fire with the reproach, 'You, Americans, do not know how to bring up your children.' The biter was bit. The Englishman was ignored. The behaviour of the Englishman was graceless, it was boorish. His religion and civilisation had not polished or softened his manners. Ulysses had an adventure with mountain roving Cyclops, feeding on raw flesh. He also encountered the sacred cows of the sun, which from "their sounding flesh" uttered bitter words to him, but Ulysses returned to Ithaca in triumph, covered with glory. We were invited to dinner by Mr and Mrs McBirney whom we had met in Korea and Japan. They have travelled everywhere in Asia and Europe. Mr McBirney is a man of great learning and experience. He is

one of the most gentle and urbane men I have ever met. Mr. and Mrs. McBirney's hospitality was delightful and winning. Mr. McBirney is enormously wealthy and having retired from his business goes about in the world to study mankind. It is curious that he is not in the legislature of his country. Mrs. McBirney is affable and intelligent.

I paid a visit to Mr. Meltzer in his bureau. He was very pleased to have met me again. He is a man of liberal education and an uncompromising rationalist. He introduced me to Mr. Percy Ward. Mr. Ward has been in America for thirteen years and has lived in the country without changing his domicile and nationality. His intellectuality is of high order, and is an able and fluent speaker. His elegant manners and gifted mind attract people who come in contact with him. He is the head of the rationalists in Chicago, and every Sunday expounds with discerning acuteness and skill the doctrines of rationalism to a large audience in Studebaker Theatre. He and Mr. Meltzer graciously invited me to speak on rationalism in India. I told them of the Rationalistic Society in Calcutta and they were interested to hear of its operation. I addressed an audience in the theatre. The people here are aware of the superstitions, ignorance and religious bigotry of the people of India. After my lecture the audience thought that it would be a super-human task for the Rationalistic Society of Calcutta to make the people think for themselves relying entirely on reason, the highest gift to man. They also wondered that I could carry on the Society for five years amidst jarring notes and in the face of apathy and jealousy. The Americans have been acquiring positive minds and becoming liberal in religious thoughts and ideas and striding fast for universalism. The Jews, tenacious of their religion slowly and steadily influence the Christian people and enlarge their mind and emancipate them from the meaningless conventionalism of Christian proselyt-

itself. But the real art of government consists in governing with progressiveness and in the light of modern sciences. One of the young men requested me to give the boys a talk. They assembled in one of the lecture halls of the Young Mens' Christian Association. They were eighty of them. In the assembly there were two American men. Both of them are very friendly to the Indian students. I told them that on their return, before taking to politics they should get rid of provincialism and put their houses in order, the Mahomedans to liberalise their religion and the Hindus to cast aside their rigid cruel customs, and both together with strenuous efforts should endeavour to broaden the ideas of their countrymen and emancipate women. The great lessons which they have learnt in America should encourage them in this uphill work, and if they are worth anything they should bring the lesson home to their people. If they had confidence in themselves they would lead and rule the common herd. A young countryman of mine, a dental surgeon by profession, took me over to see an American lawyer in whose house I met Mr. S. J. Pandit. The visit was in connection with this young man's status as an American citizen. According to the decision of the Supreme Court the young man was called upon to return the citizenship papers. The American lawyer thought that the decision was wrong and by virtue of the Court's own rules the decision could be revised. But to do that he smilingly said that he should like to have a light-complexioned "Hindu" to fight out the point as a test case. Mr. Pandit is also a lawyer and a Brahmin to boot. He has the heritage of his philosophic ancestors.. But can a lawyer have philosophical mind? Philosophy seeks truth. Law prevaricates and dehumanises. Mr. Rhodes has derived comfort from Indian philosophies and is attached to Mr. Pandit and cherishes warm feeling for his country. In the hotel I once had the occasion to go up to the Information Bureau. I

spoke to the man in charge, who, to my utter surprise, asked me if I were a Britisher. I said yes. He immediately stretched out his hand over the counter, saying, "let me shake hands with you, I am an Englishman." On my enquiring how long he had been in America, he told me that he had been thirteen years in the country with his mother. I asked him if he had taken out papers to become an American citizen, and with great vigour, he said, "no, I have not, nor do I wish to." It is an exhibition of strong character and noble self-respect. Very few races have such wonderful virtues. The Englishman is always proud of his nationality and doggedly holds fast to everything British. He puts to shame the Americans and other European races. But it is not always right in the advancing thought and progress of the world to stick to one's own old things. This temper is apt to narrow the vision and contract the mind. With Mr. Barnes' letter we went to the chamber of commerce, where Mr. Kunning of the foreign trade department received us with great courtesy and explained the importance of the trade connection between India and America and its effect upon the friendly relations between the two countries. He spoke of a turbaned man who slyly got on the programme of a meeting of the Chamber and talked extravagantly of the prosperity of India; the audience thought that he had shot his bolt too high. His speech was received with austere coldness, and the Chamber did not give him a second chance to address it.

Deshler.—We took leave of our friends and left for Detroit which we reached in the evening, taking our quarters in the Hotel Statler. Before reaching Detroit we had to change at Deshler (Ohio). It is a populous village and we had to wait at the station for nearly two hours for the corresponding train to Detroit. The postmaster Mr. T. A. Sherman and the railwaymen were interested to talk to us regarding India and the War. These goodmen circled round us, and with great force, using excellent lan-

guage and diction inveighed against the supercilious behaviour of the Europeans and their haughty and disdainful bearing towards the Asiatic soldiers. It was one of the most wonderful experiences in my life to have met these men whose knowledge of history, of politics, of psychology and of character of the different races of Europe was startling. They would score points against many a university man in any part of the world. One of them said to us that he had met his brother, an Englishman, in London, who had been a soldier in India and spoke with such contempt of the Eastern peoples as to make him indignant and proud of his American nationality. These men swore that they would on no account permit their government to have anything to do with European complications. They earnestly wished that the people of India should liberate themselves from religious bigotry, untouchability, ignorance and superstition, and take the broad and extended path of progress and teach the nations of the world the great idea of peace and good will. These men know a good deal of the peaceful nature of Indian philosophy. When the train steamed into the station, Mr. Sherman and his bright little boy, who had been presented to us a little while ago, saw us in the train and cordially shook hands and wished us good luck. The other men though engaged in their respective work, waved their hands shouting good luck. All these men have had the baptism of fire in Europe.

Detroit.—It is a delightful city like all the others that we have visited. The spaciousness of the country, the energy and the civic pride of the people have combined to turn every city bright and beautiful. We went to see Ford's Works. It is a gigantic building of many storeys high. Mr. Ford has engaged guides to show round the visitors this wonderful factory. The visitors have to observe certain rules made for the purpose. They have to sign a printed form with name, address and nationality. The guide led us

through all the rooms where every piece of the machinery was being made, where every bit of cloth was being stitched by electrically driven machines and where the parts of the car were put together and where we saw the finished product driven out of the factory into an immense garage. It was an astounding sight and those who have not seen the phenomena would not be able to realize the lightning rapidity with which the cars are turned out. We are glad we went to Detroit to see for ourselves the prodigious organisation, amazing efficiency and admirable order and devotion of the workers. Mr. Ford has laid out magnificent gardens and play-grounds for the workers and their families. And it is no wonder that the workers work with zeal and devotion. There are between fifteen and twenty thousand people working in the Factory and a great majority of them attend the Works in their own cars. The New West puts the Old West to blush. India and the Mahomedan countries are puling babies, sprats talking like whales. These countries rest placidly under the umbrageous civilisation of ancient Hindus and the so-called seventh century Arab civilisation.

Buffalo.—We took the steamer, the s.s. *City of Detroit* for Buffalo. Wali-ul-Huq had made the chart of this tour. It was a most pleasant trip over the Lake Erie, sailing in a magnificent vessel built after the type of the ill-fated "Lusitania." The porters who carried our luggage up to our cabins, were students of medicine and dental surgery. These four boys were half-breed or creoles, smart and intelligent and grievously complained of their unjust and mean lot in the country. I sympathetically spoke to them and advised them to make themselves efficient in their professions and to take lightly the social disabilities which they suffer. I pointed out to them that they enjoyed more liberty and freedom than the peoples of Asia and Africa. As I was speaking to them, one of the boys brought half a dozen real coloured



The Horseshoe Falls of Niagara from Table Rock, Canada

students to hear the advice I offered them. They were highly pleased and thanked me for my sympathy and counsel. These boys were working during the vacation to scrape together money sufficient to pay their college fees at the next fall. In the boat where we had to pass the night I met two excellent men, Rev. Father T. Raymond Dark and Mr. Sandy McDougal of Saginaw-Michigan. Mr. McDougal is in business and a man of parts. He was exceedingly friendly and knew a great deal about India and other countries. Father Dark and he were travelling together. Father Dark informed me that for some years the American schools and colleges had books written by Englishmen which gave wrong ideas in regard to different countries, and he regretted that American antipathy to the people of India was mainly due to the opinions and descriptions given in those books. But of recent years the American educational authority has rejected those books and employed American educationists to write the histories of foreign countries. The change has been for the better. By training and discipline the Church of Rome turns out its clergy as Roman gentlemen. Rev. Mr. Dark is suave in manners and bland in demeanour. He and Mr. McDougal invited me to a breakfast on the steamer. The invitation was exigent. I accepted it and partook of their hospitality, for the first time severing myself from Wali-ul-Huq. Wali-ul-Huq had not met them on the steamer. After breakfast we reached Buffalo and I took leave of these two kind men; they went their own way, Wali-ul-Huq and I went our way to the great waters. The memory of this meeting dwells in my mind.

As we were about to leave, the coloured students about ten of them came eagerly to wish me good-bye, saying that they would always remember my advice to them.

Niagara Falls.—We took the excursion car to view the Niagara Falls. We were six of us in the car,

four Americans and we two derelict individuals—for-
saken by the enlightened and progressive world. Mr.
and Mrs. Curtis of the Argonne, Washington D. C. and
I sat on one seat, Wali-ul-Huq and Clarence Curtis their
son sat on the other, the sixth man taking his seat beside
the driver. We had a long friendly conversation, Mrs.
Curtis giving proof of her power of mind and apprecia-
tive and critical faculty. She was exceedingly affable.
Her husband was a man of few words, keeping a warm
heart under his cloak. Clarence possessed the grace of
an educated cultured youth and took to us with the
obandon of large-hearted adolescence. We had to cross
in a boat, sitting in our car, the river flowing between
Buffalo, with its tumult of industrial activity and the din
and smoke of its stupendous factories, and the pastoral
peace and listlessness of Ontario. We had to show our
passports as we entered Ontario. The serenity and the
tranquil nature of the country was disturbed by man's
perversity—the political suspicion and jealousy. Can
there ever be amity among nations? We drove along
paved road through magnificent sylvan scenery, adorned
by perfumed flowers, which seemed to cover us with soft
caress. It was a beautiful day. The sun that shines in
my country shone here with all its tropical effulgence.
The blaze of the sun irradiated the sky and we felt the
intense warmth of joy. It was a perfect epoch to lose one's
self among the brief flowers of the hour and to gather
them tenderly, without a thought of yesterday or to-mor-
row. The Victoria Park is beautiful, all arborescence
and flowers. All on a sudden, the lordly splendour of
the vast nappe of water rolling madly over reefs and
rocks, moaning incessantly like the agonised spirits, who,
the theologians assert, keep up constant lamentations in
hell, opened itself to the view. Man stands stupefied in
the presence of the insane, mournful and awe-inspiring
rush of this immensity of water. It is uncanny. In its
unbridled career, and deep groaning, it resembles the



Canada Rapids

id flight of thousands of wounded beasts. The stretch the water is four miles wide bounding and breaking o foam, hurling down a gorge two hundred feet deep broad sheets and columns. The spray, momentarily suspended in the irised vapour, pass away in the wind rising to mists. The gorge is in the shape of a horse-shoe. The troubled spirit of the waters, after reck- less plunge down into the gorge gets rest, and flows tranquilly like a wind-tossed river with a haze of mist over- d around it. The Rapids on the Canadian side which have just described are more striking than those on the United States side. The American Falls rolling down in huge columns with thundering noise mingle with the roar and rush headlong through Goat Island, named for the solitary goat that browsed on this island, unnoticed and uncared for, till the poor thing was discovered by a white man and given immortality. The Indian had this and more than this. He had the whole continent rich nature in her surpassing liberality made it one of the richest lands on earth. He lived in little groups in the jungles, on the sands and in mountain fastness and opted a course of animal, lethargic and vegetative life, heedless of the supreme endowment of intellect which is man above the beast. We took the rope car down the gorge for a trip round the misty river. At the bottom of the gorge, alongside the rocky platform a steam launch lay in the mooring to take in passengers. They have even a romantic name to this little boat. She is called the *Maid of the Mist*. We went on board and wore floor's oilcloth cap and coat. The little maid skimmed lightly over the surface of the stream and enveloped us with her mist. With all the rush, the roar and the turbulence of the great volume of water, the scene has the fitness and the enchantment of nature's bewitching voluptuousness. There is rhythm in the sounds and ductiveness in the aspects. And like the skippers in the beautiful poem "Lorlei," man is lured to his doom in

these whirling pools aglint with light. They tell me that one or two men have found death in trying to swim the river. In "Lorlei" the *hotess de volupté* used to comb her golden hair and sing sweetly to the men enticing them to court death. Here the bounding water has its own sweet songs to lure men to death. We were photographed here by young Curtis. The experience was bewildering. Again we moved on to Gorge Belt a distance of two miles from the Niagara Falls on the Canadian soil, where they have an aerial tram-car over a mile and a half long gorge. When I took my seat in it and the wheels rolled on steel cables I had aeronautic sensation. My friend Wali-ul-Huq at first showed unwillingness to take the trip but at length was persuaded by the man in charge of the machine. At the end of the return journey he expressed his delight. The gorge is between three and four thousand feet deep. One looks down the chasm with a shudder. In the car I sat beside an American, who spoke to me with great politeness and asked me where I and my friend had come from and told me that he had a fellow student from India who had taken the degree in medicine in the same year with him. He spoke well of his ability and talent. But Dr. J. A. Hugo of Nanticoke, Pa. was haunted by his countrymen's prejudice against the negroes and had formidable difficulty in introducing the "Hindu" into American homes, for, he said with a blush, the "Hindu" was as black as a negro. He received shafts or ridicule, and himself nearly suffered ostracism on account of his association with the "hindu" boy. He expressed profound regret at the frailty and intolerance in the nature of the Americans. He was very pleased to have met us and discussed the races of men, emphasising the Caucasian type of which the Hindus and the Americans form the groups. There is a bond of affinity between the two races, it is the colour standing in the way of the average American to mix freely with the Hindus of swarthy complexion and

irregular features, which are prominent in the negroes. Dr. Hugo is a charming man. He introduced us to Mrs. Hugo who promptly invited us to their hotel to take tea with them. We were unable to present ourselves as we had to be on board s. s. *The City of Erie* to sail for Cleveland.

Cleveland (Ohio).—We had our dinner on board, slept soundly in a comfortable cabin, and reached this city in the morning. There were several negroes travelling in the boat, enjoying the same comfort as the white men. The lot of the negroes in these parts is easy. They are not harassed or scoffed at as they are in the South. There has been a continuous exodus of the negroes from the South. They are migrating to the East, the West and the North where they rediscover the human soul. Cleveland is a lovely city and has an immense German population. There are two or three daily newspapers written in German language. We took the sight-seeing car and went round the city and its outskirts. In the city there is an arcade of resplendent artistic beauty. We made a few purchases in the shops under the arcade. The attendants recognised our nationality and showed us utmost courtesy and began to talk of Indian philosophy and its ancient civilisation and Gandhi's peaceful, social and political activities. They desire the people of India to keep to their high and peaceful philosophic thoughts and at the same time to acquire the lineament of modern civilisation. They all expect at some period of their lives to visit India. In the evening we took the train to Washington (D. C.) D. C. signifies District of Columbia.

Washington (D. C.)—The city of Megalopolis in Arcadia was called a great desert. Horace did not admire the smoke, the riches and the din of beautiful Rome. Washington, the father and maker of the United States, might have had the poet's lines in his mind when he conceived the idea of building a city for the capital of this

great country. The calm and peace of the city is soothing. The railway station is a magnificent piece of sober architecture. For cleanliness, order and spaciousness it is unapproachable—it is unique. There is an air of placidity and familiar solemnity about the place. The entrance to the city gives a striking introduction to the æsthetic nature of the capital. Each State in the Union schemed to set up the metropolis in its midst. All the States wrangled over it. Washington disappointed them all and carved out a portion of the territory from the State of Columbia, drew a ring round it and isolated it from all the States. It is a city by itself. It stands like an island with big guns dominating and menacing the seas of States around it. No one has a right to vote in it. It cannot be converted into an industrial or manufacturing town. There cannot be over head electric wires for tramways. Washington foresaw that there would be confusion, disorder and noise if the people were allowed to vote. He knew that if industrialism were permitted, uproar and commotion would follow in its wake and disturb the serenity of the capital in which matters of moment, domestic as well as foreign, have to be debated, examined and weighed. He by his extraordinary pre-vision had saved the seat of the government from all these ugly episodes of modern parliamentary government and industrial progress. The city itself is artistically laid out. Its simplicity is impressive. The whole physiognomy of the city including the White House is calm and pacific and appeals to the artistic and gentle instincts of human beings. One perceives the concord and harmony of a great desert. To live in the city is to lead beautiful country life, standing apart from the vulgar crowd. Walking round the city and looking at the wonderful monuments erected to the memory of Washington and Lincoln and other eminent men of that period, a clean minded and cultivated person is bound to acknowledge and admire the greatness, the nobility and the humanity of that wonderful group of men, who had

struggled and in the end achieved their supreme aim of emancipating and humanising man. The sublime genius of Washington and of his noble co-adjutors overturned imperialism and laid the foundation of enlightened and humanitarian constitution; the succeeding generations of eminent men have reared on it a magnificent edifice with all the fidelity of execution and details. These illustrious men have their images made of bronze or brass or marble, these may decay in the long passage of years; but the heart of every literate man throughout the world will cherish their memory which is imperishable. Their descendants coming often in touch with the imperial races of Europe and being in proximity to them are imperceptibly catching the taint and corruption. Were those distinguished dead to come back to life they would again have to start from Mount Vernon to the Valley of Forge, enduring terrible privations and cold, to make a clean sweep of their own volatile unthinking countrymen, and re-enter the Hall of Independence to write another Declaration of Independence and of pacific government and to lay down in clear terms the law against exploitation and snobbery. But the dead do not return nor do they speak in living voice. The city is replete with memorable buildings. I will mention a few of them. The Pan American Union is instructive. It commemorates the friendly union of all the independent republican countries on both the hemispheres. Over the doors of this noble building are carved in bold letters the words:—Peace, Enlightenment, Law and Patriotism. In one of its halls during the war, the World Conference held its meetings. The allied Powers met in solemn conclave hiding within their bosoms what neither man nor angel could discern. They, with their faces polished with specious art, assembled to divide the spoil, each assuming the features of crystal virtue, keeping the cunning fox beneath their empty breast; *fronte politus astutam vapidam servas sub pectore vulpem.* [The Capitol is one of the finest and most imposing build-

ings in the world. The Senate, the representatives of the people and the Supreme Court hold their sittings within the doors. The Library of the Congress is a beautiful structure excellently designed. It is a great temple and pantheon of human knowledge. A few beautiful ideas have been inscribed in letters of gold all around the walls. They impress the minds of them who enter within this hallowed precinct in reverence. On one corner we find the motto.—“There is but one temple in the universe and that is the body of man.” These simple words bear profound truth. The body must be kept clean, healthy, and strong, for within it resides God—the human brain which conceives lofty thoughts, perpetually discovering and inventing for the comfort and relief of mankind and spiritualising the universe of men and women. Yet there exist human beings who neglect their bodies, who live in dirt and filth, even so mortify the bodies for nebulous objects beyond this life. They cause infinite harm to men and women of poor intellect by arresting the development of their minds. They check intellectual and social progress. These ignoble teachers preaching false and unnatural doctrines should be arraigned and locked up in an asylum, away from the habitation of normal men and women, therein to pursue their own degraded principle of life and to perish. In another corner I find these shining words.—“The foundation of every State is the education of its youth.” The country that carries out the principle underlying this burning idea and puts it into practice is a noble country. It becomes culturally superior to the rest of the world. This illuminating concept of the true function of the State has permeated the minds of the American people. They have understood the fundamental nature of man. Man is born with definite intellectual quality. The aptitude for the acquisition of knowledge depends upon heredity, environment and opportunity. The wise framers of the Constitution well regarded the problems of environment and opportunity and

at the solution by constructing schools with amiable and pure environment and making the school-going obligatory, and remunerating the parents of the children handsomely to enable them to live in better surroundings. Heredity is a mighty problem; it is not for the humanitarian to solve. Its solution rests with the men of science who have not come into their own in politics and administration of the country. Scientific men tread on solid ground; to the politicians the ground seems to quake and is slippery. The politicians follow the beaten track and do the stupid things which have been done before. Science breeds true courage and breaks through barriers. No mass of matter, however stupendous and ponderable, can withstand it, the earth and sky succumb to its force and the very heaven itself is broken open. Science tells us, in unhesitating and unmistakable words, that unworthy human beings, those who suffer from incurable disease or are mentally diseased, should be eliminated from the community by strict segregation, preventing the propagation of their species. Half the troubles, miseries and misfortunes of the world will vanish, ushering in the golden age, where embodied men and women will have comfort and ease, and intellectual and artistic surroundings and society. In proportion to the increase of knowledge in science the future generation of educated men and women will have rationalised their minds and attend to the germ plasm *order to regulate and improve it. Germ plasm is the basis of heredity.* In another part of the hall we read the significant sentence, "There is one only good namely knowledge. And one only evil namely ignorance." Ignorance is hierarchised as good and blissful by the theologians. The ignorant people ever remain under the control and domination of the theologians. They surrender their intellect and mind and become subservient to the clergy of all religions. The schoolmasters are a hindrance to the age-long activity of the clergy. They revo-

lutionise the thoughts and ideas of mankind by their own intrepid, liberated and precise mind. American education tends towards the discovery of truth in life, towards humanity and spirituality. The bulk of the people are formed and trained to regard humanity with benevolence and charity. There are negligible exceptions. The mind of this minority is mouldy, moss-grown and antiquated. In the arithmetic of the country it is *un zéro en chiffre* and is barren of influence with the people.

We went to see the Federal Government manufactory of paper money and postal and revenue stamps. It is open to the public every day for three hours. The Government have employed guides to show the visitors over the buildings and explain the actual method employed in turning out these. The White House itself is open to the visit of the citizens during specified hours. There is no bar, no concealment, no night and no thought of expediency and reason of State. There is trust and confidence; there is transparency in the acts and conduct of the government. It is the government of the people, by the people and for the people. It is in truth and fact a democracy. There is a species of shore crabs called *Carcænas Moenas*. They are small in size and light in weight. In their birth they tear their mother into pieces. They get no support or aid to growth and have to fight the battle of life cut off from the past, relying on their own natural ingenuity and strength. The United States of America resembles in her birth this little fighting sea-animal. She has grown unaided and unfettered by ancient precedents and archaic political and social systems, originating new pattern and type. She has waxed without impediment, having thrown off the old baggage, and has become a giant towering above all other nations. Europe is continually quoting the antiquated sayings of the Greek and Roman writers on democracy and the arts of government to support its own system. The Greeks and the Romans could not have had the last words on these subjects.

Man's mind has travelled far and long since those ancient times and has gathered up much knowledge in the journey. Europe rummages in the debris of the past, sees only the rocks and stubble and breathes dank and malarious air of the earth. She is sick and like the consumptive patient thinks it is all well with her. The fast thinking, progressive democracy of America will have to lend Europe a hand to take her to a convalescent home on a mountain by the sea, where in the exhilarating air and amidst the beauty and fascination of nature, she will regain her strength and have her rebirth. America is the nurse, carrying a lantern in her hand, picking up the fragments of humanity, ministering to the sick and restoring them to the new and enlightened life of the present age.

Mount Vernon :—We went to Mount Vernon where Washington had lived in a simple and unostentatious home. The simplicity of his life proves the greatness of the man and his vast human heart. He tore asunder the trappings, the grandeur, the ornaments of the ancient life. He threw them aside to be trampled under foot by the new race of men and women, whom he had created out of the fire and furnace of the war, against the dehumanising past. Mount Vernon lies in the State of Virginia. The house and the grounds have been kept in tact. The pretty little chapel, which Washington used to attend, has become a place of pilgrimage. As soon as our car halted in front of its simple gate, a twelve-year old lad came running towards it, and opening the door, began to tell us all about Washington and his wife's piety, and actually took the reins from the guide's hands, and words out of his mouth, and showed us everything connected with Washington in the neat, quiet house of worship. The lad's sharp intelligence and memory, his sang-froid and fluent talk, were wonderfully attractive. He was proud as a little monkey to narrate the whole story, and we rewarded his trouble. He stood on the step of the car, enjoyed the

ride for half a mile and without hesitancy and nervousness jumped off the car running full speed and tearing down the road. *Maxima debetur-puero reverentia*. In all countries, the greatest reverence is due to a child. We listened with admiration to the lad without betraying the least sign of impatience or fatigue. It should constantly be borne in mind by men and women to reverence the young, and to beware lest they hear or see them saying or doing anything evil; where the old have no shame, there the young will be most unabashed.

In the evening the car brought us back to Hotel New Willard where we stayed. Two representatives of the press came to see us. These men have considerable education and refinement. They were interested to learn at first hand of the fate of Gandhi's exhortation to his countrymen in regard to the religious feud and untouchability. Aristotle's saying has been fulfilled in India. We have to remain in perpetual tutelage having lost all the masculine virtues—self-respect, honour, courage and energy for self-defence. India for the period of fifteen hundred years has been a shadow of a great name. She is like the ghost of Remus at the bed-side of Romulus, "see what I am, think how great I was—*cernite sim qualis qui modo qualis eram*." The eyes, which just a few minutes before looked at me boldly and steadily, drooped; and without wasting a minute more of their valuable time, the two affable men politely took leave of me.

We went to the State Department to see an official whom we had met at Pasadena. He had not come back from his holiday. We sent in our cards and were cordially received by Dr. Stanley. K. Hornbeck who was acting in the other gentleman's place. I told him that I wanted to get some information regarding the prevention of flood and drought. He then and there wrote out a letter of introduction to the chief clerk of the State Department of Agriculture and handed the letter to me with a smile and invited us to luncheon with him on the following day in

the Cosmos Club. Dr. Hornbeck recommended the students from India to join either of the two universities of Illinois and Wisconsin, where special facilities are given to grapple with these problems. There are expert professors engaged to thoroughly train the students in these vital subjects. He was surprised to learn that in the present day, India suffered from excessive rain, 'flood' and 'drought', and that these natural afflictions caused distress and famine and rendered the people homeless. But, said he, these were avertible evils. Money and science could do all that. Fortified with the letter, I immediately made my way to the Agricultural Department. I handed the letter to the Chief Clerk's assistant, who was sitting in a separate room with an electric table fan agitating the close air of the room. The assistant took the letter and my name-card into the Chief Clerk's room, and I was in a second, ushered into dignified and urbane presence of the official of the Federal Government. The Chief Clerk was sitting under an electric fan and was exceedingly nice in his welcome. He, too, knows of the peaceful nature of Indian thought. He accompanied me, without a moment's delay to the office of Dr. Whitney and introducing me to him, the amiable man left, telling me, that he would be very pleased to see me again. The day was hot. Dr. Whitney sat under an electric fan. One needs have a fan to stir up the air in the summer for allaying the heat of the day. Dr. Whitney stood up, shook hands with me and offered me a chair beside him. He is the head of the Soil Analytical Department of agriculture. I told him of my mission of acquiring knowledge to produce two ears of corn where one is growing in my country and to alleviate drought and avert flood. I broached the subject of fertilisers which I believed would be useful to give the soil more fecundity and strength to the crop. The topic put him on his mettle and he afforded me an extensive survey of the state of agriculture and treatment

of the soil in ancient Greece and Rome. He related a conversation he had with a modern Athenian in respect to the method of agriculture in Greece; the soil of Athens was as productive to-day as it had been in the ages past; they did not employ artificial or chemical fertilisers. Dr. Whitney cited this instance to support his theory that natural manure was better and more effectual than the fertilisers of the laboratory. His resolute confidence in his theory had involved him in a perplexing polemical discussion with one of the heads of the agricultural department. Dr. Whitney is a man of great knowledge and vast information and exhibits his learning with the inborn bashfulness of a scholar. A controversy between two scientific men is interesting, it does not carry vulgarity and the sting of the scorpion, which make the political controversy so hateful. I do not venture to come into the breach, but the lay mind thinks that since the days of Socrates and Pericles, of Augustus and Cicero, of Isis and Osiris, the population of the world has increased by leaps and bounds. They had less mouths to feed, and fewer bodies to cover, yet the economic problem distracted them, and they had sometimes to resort to procrustean method of arriving at a solution. The modern man has a heavier task with inordinate population to look after. Some scientific agriculturists recommend rest to the land, for a season. They assert that repeated cultivation destroys the natural vigour of the land and brings about laziness and sterility. But the countless hungry bellies, impelled by the law self-preservation, cannot afford to rest their ploughs and stable their oxen while waiting for the land to awaken from its seasonal slumber. Land should be treated with natural manure but fertilisers should be kept ready to hand to give the soil the needed force in the event of its becoming weak and effete. In spite of natural manure the soil of Greece, of Rome, of Egypt and of India does not bear enough to satisfy the hunger of its population.

The Greeks and the Italians emigrate by thousands to the more progressive and scientific countries. Dr. Whitney slurred over this episode in the life of these races. He is an admirer of the English and of their foresight in business and industry. On my expressing unequivocal esteem for American energy and dash and intensive method of production, Dr. Whitney sagaciously said, that the Americans live for the present, the English with wise forethought exploit the minerals with husbandry. They keep things in reserve; when one portion of the earth is made to yield the last grain or ounce of its products, the English move on to the other parts for exploitation. The Americans live from hand to mouth, moving faster than it is prudent. They do not foresee what would happen to them a hundred years hence. The English, on the other hand, with frugal management are securing their destiny in the future. I answered the learned man by pointing out to him the striking difference between the lives of the peoples of the two countries. In America the labouring classes earn more than the labouring classes in England. They live in better homes and surroundings and are better educated. An American skilled labourer has an income superior to that of a middle class man in Britain. He commands more comfort, enjoys better amenities of life and has greater capacity for work. In America every fourth or fifth man owns an automobile. Which country in the wide world can show such a spectacle as this? Britain is tormented by the hungry spectre of unemployment. What is the good of storing for the future when the present is distressful and man is dependent upon doles and charities? A fat year of the future cannot brighten up a lean year of the present. Every man in America is employed earning between six and twenty dollars a day. The two sides of the picture brought to the savant's mind the realities of life. He kept silent. It was not the courteous silence of opposition but, it was the stillness of defeat. The ills

of India, he thought, were entirely 'due to the ignorance and unprogressiveness of the natives who cling to their age-long customs and superstitions like a limpet. [The disease which has attacked them is the 'disease of degeneracy. He is not without hope for the people of India, for, there are instances of such races having renovated themselves and risen to high eminence. The 'Arabs had been a vicious and wicked race, sunk in ignorance and superstition, and had touched the bottom of degeneracy; then came a man among them with dynamic force of intellect and will, who changed the whole people, giving them new mind and body, into a living and forceful race. India needs a man like Mahomet, to drag her out of the slough of degradation. Then we discussed the question of the flood and of the drought. Dr. Whitney said that it was mainly the duty of the government to mitigate the evils of flood. The United States Government has 'managed to check the Mississippi, and other devastating rivers. As regards the drought, it is the primary duty of the government to have reservoirs of water throughout the country, affected by the dryness of the weather, and the private citizens, the owners of the land, offering financial aid, to the State in the execution of this work. In the United States, the land-owners and the government join hands in the irrigating operation. In India, the cultivators and farmers are the tenants of the land-owners, who are mostly absentee landlords; in that case, he said, the landlords should come to the assistance of the government. It was pointed out to him that the landlords have to pay to British Government a tax in the shape of revenue, according to the schedule of payment, fixed by the government. For a moment he was confused, for Indian land law is alien to American system. Nevertheless, it was his opinion, that the government and land-owners must unite to effect this important work. He was surprised that in the present age, India should be crying out for rescue from the ruinous flood

and drought. In his country, books follow sciences, but in India sciences follow books; that is the reason why India is not progressive. Moreover in his country they think that civilisation is not fool proof; in India they consider it is. He was amused to hear this. I took leave of him, *venerabile ingenium*, having had the delight of an intellectual banquet. It was one of the most pleasing experiences I had ever had. On the next day we drove to the Cosmos Club to keep our engagement with Dr. Hornbeck. The Club is one block from our hotel, and the White House, the official residence of the President, is two minutes walk from Hotel Willard. A block is a chain of houses between two streets. The streets in this country have been laid in straight, parallel lines. It is a perfect, simple geometric arrangement. Our car pulled up in front of the Club, we walked up the steps and were greeted by the porter, who informed us that he had received a telephonic message from Dr. Hornbeck saying that he would be kept back to finish some urgent work and would be a few minutes late. We were taken into a fine comfortable room where several newspapers and illustrated journals had been placed on the tables. I looked into good many of these and found a few excellent articles and writings side by side with the most disgusting and revolting incidents of unhappy love and matrimonial events. The abhorrent and offensive exposures of the blisters and sores in the intimate, private lives of the people do not refine or invigorate the mind of the readers of newspapers. The newspapers should be the daily chronicles of history and inculcate healthy ideals, and correct and improve the animal instincts of man instead of encouraging his vicious propensities. Why is it, I have repeatedly asked myself this question, why is it the European and American minds dig and wallow in the cesspool and dung-heap of human frailties. I should have thought that American writers would strive above the vulgar European tribe of journalists. High credit

should be given to the Asiatic nations for their freedom from this vice, and their noble anxiety to keep the mind of the public, untarnished and pure. Human nature is made up of brute elements, with the intellect added to it, for controlling and moderating them. An honest civilisation can never permit the newspapers to debauch the mind and add fuel to the fire of animal passions. Hypocritical excuses are offered, false reasonings are applied to vindicate the existence of the nuisance. If we pull off the mask and rub off the paint, the ugly, avaricious nature of the transaction is uncovered. It is the salaciousness of the particulars which attract the readers. Money must be made at any cost and the easiest way to do it is by corrupting the morals of the public. Make money, if you can, honestly, if not, by any means make money. Even Horace complained of the prostitution of the intellect for money:—*Rem facias, rem, si possis, recte si non, quo cum que modo rem.* This is the truth underlying this profession or trade, the rest is highfalutin and hypocrisy. Within ten minutes of our arrival Dr. Hornbeck burst into the room accompanied by his friend Mr. Wallace McClure, an attorney who has entered the service of the State. Dr. Hornbeck has travelled far and wide and studied men and manners of different climes. The knowledge he has acquired has stiffened his intellect and made him an interesting and agreeable companion. Mr. McClure is a modest young man with fine education and possesses the delicate traits of a true lawyer, insinuating and precise—the insinuation of an advocate and the precision of a conveyancer. We had pleasant and light talk during luncheon. It was when we came down into the lounge, over our cigars, that we began to discuss serious subjects. India was the theme of conversation. We talked of its vast resources and agricultural produce, its deficiency in industrial enterprises, the weak and suspicious nature and character of the people and its low economic condition. They admir-

ed the peaceful nature of the people, which they attributed to the noble occupation of agriculture. Cultivation of the land is the foundation of civilisation. Land is the real capital, it is the source of wealth. Aristophanes puts the case of agriculture in noble and strong words.—“A. The faithful nurse, house-keeper, co-operator, guardian, daughter, sister of Peace, the friend of all men, all these names are used by me.” “B. What is your name? A. What? Agriculture.” The pursuit of agriculture is confined to the ignorant and superstitious peasants. The English educated men have neglected it, thinking, that it is beneath their dignity to follow the plough, even with modern scientific knowledge and mechanical implements. It is a wrong and dishonourable notion. English education has not been effective in enlightening and liberalising the antiquated outlook on the social and economic life, but has had the opposite effect of turning the people's head and producing an army of dilettantes and snobs. India has become, for the time being, the home of tutored political Babalooths, who have suddenly picked up the speech, and of trained parrots with fine crests and rainbow hue. Dr. Hornbeck made tender enquiries of American Christian Mission Work in India. The missionaries are doing their best among the wild tribes and aborigines. India has a surfeit of religions and castes, in consequence, she is in agonising pain. The missionaries by conversion create another caste. The oppressive feeling, due to the excess of religions and castes, which India experiences, can only be relieved by a large measure of secular and scientific education. To introduce Christianity into India is to add leaves to a wood, and stars to a crowded sky. India will be eternally grateful to the American wealthy men and women if they could send out education mission instead of the Christian mission. If we could get the American schoolmasters to take charge of the boys and girls in their tender years, there would then result a complete mental

and social revolution. Dr. Hornbeck has inherited the fervency of his Puritanic ancestors, but his intensity of feeling has been softened by culture and education. We examined these questions and argued them out with freedom and without restraint. There was no desire on our part to discuss this topic with a rope round its neck. We shall always remember his openhearted courtesy and civility. There is nothing imposing in the outward appearance of the White House. It is a simple graceful mansion. There are no solemn-faced janitors on horseback, looking like statues, or foot-soldiers with naked shining bayonets, to guard the entrance. We found at the gate only a jovial, communicative Irish-American policeman who welcomed us with the natural warmth of a Southern Irishman. He spoke to us of the country of his birth and rejoiced in the better turn of its political fortune. He had helped the Irish cause with money for very many years. He would not pay a single *dine* now. It was up to the Irish in Ireland to arrange matters amicably. India should put her house in order. The White House is a simple innocent-looking residence of the President of a free Republic. He stretched out his hand which we received in ours and wrung them warmly. In Europe the residences of the Chiefs of the Republican States are hemmed in by menacing pomp and splendour of ancient monarchy. The United States has cast off the ostentation and the spirit of the Middle Ages. On the following evening we said good-bye to this beautiful city and left for Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—We reached this beautiful old city in the evening. I was delighted to visit this place. The pretty little song of an Irish emigrant, "I am off to Philadelphia in the morning," flashed through my memory with pleasant recollections of the far off years, and revived the traces of my student days in London. Philadelphia is full of sad reminiscences of England's failure and defeat, but is replete with glory and renown of the old

colonists. It is the home and cradle of American independence and liberty. It is on this spot the evolution of new ideas and progressive thoughts began. It was here that man was invested with dignity and freedom which he had never enjoyed before. It was here that Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Army against the Imperialism of England. The Declaration of Independence was read and signed in this historic city. It was on the hills near by, and in the Valley of Forge, that Washington's army bivouacked, and nearly perished with cold and hunger, where one of the bloodiest battles was fought and won. The guide of the sight-seeing car takes the visitor over the whole extent of the hills and the valley, and relates the incidents of the desperate fight. Philadelphia is the seat of a great university and *facile princeps* in dental surgery. We went into the Independence Hall crowded with historic memorials. We read the original manuscript of the Declaration of Independence. The memorial building is not insignificant. It is in the old style of architecture. On account of the associations and the position of the building on the main street, it looks prominent and stubborn.

Two pressmen came to interview us in Hotel Bellevue-Stratford. Both were charming men and fine conversationalists. One of them was surprisingly tall, considerably over six feet. They riddled me with questions in regard to Gandhi's movement and appeal. I disclosed the story of his failure and its causes. They were particularly solicitous in seeking information, respecting the problem of untouchability. The Hindu mentality has been so formed by narrow religion, that it has become incapable of perceiving the injustice of the insensate social practice. The Hindus have no conception of politics. There has not been approximation of peoples of different grades, which has led to their disruption and disunion. There was a look of disappointment and a tinge of sadness in their eye, as they said good-bye to me. Two

young men from the Orient called to see us in the hotel. One Mr. E. Shirazi an Egyptian and the other Mr. M. H. Sajjad from Delhi, India. They have taken their degrees from the school of dentistry of the University of Pennsylvania. Both are emancipated young men, both in the flower of youth, both are Mahomedans, both have leaped over many of the bars of the Koran. Both have realised that some of the social mandates in the Koran are antiquated, and a stumbling-block to the progress of the Islamic peoples. The Arabs had been successful conquerors and had dominated Asia and a portion of Europe, during the period of Europe's intellectual darkness, and of its complete subserviency to the narrow religious doctrines of the church; but as soon as the light of knowledge illumined the mind and the church began to relax its hold on the soul and spirit and Europe's emancipation came, the Arabs were driven out, and have ever since, stayed in the jungles and sands returning to atavism. If the Arabs had been really civilised, or if their civilisation had been founded upon solid basis, they would have surely carried on the civilisation in North Africa, and would have established schools and universities as they had done in Cordova and other places. These two young men have understood the situation and burst the chains forged by the commandments of the Koran. They are faithful to the principles of Islam for its religious doctrines, discriminating between religious and social mandates in the Koran. The young Egyptian is a member of the reforming sect of Islam—the Bahaism. In America they make travelling easy. They have an institution called the Travellers' Aid Association. In almost all the stations it has its office and many people profit by its services. There is a large Negro population in the city. The major portion of it are afflicted by the inexorable law of the reversion to original type. There is a defect of personal hygiene in the community. They seem to enjoy the freedom which the constitution has given them and

are treated with kindness and consideration. We left Philadelphia to pay a short visit to the Atlantic City.

Atlantic City—It is a lovely sea-board town of hotels of all sizes and prices. The town is full of fun and sober gaiety. The rich men of the country have presented to this city many excellent piers. Heinz, the millionaire, famous for his pure food products, has also made a gift of a magnificent pier by the side of the Boardwalk which extends for eight miles along the Atlantic. Hundreds of bathers are seen in fair weather taking their ablution, swimming and fighting with the waves. The scene is similar to that of a European sea-side resort. Doris and her daughters are here, some of whom are seen swimming, others, sitting on a rock, are drying their sea-green hair, others gliding on fishes' backs.

At night the sea-front looks like an enchanted city of the Arabian Night's tales. There is a man from India who has a shop on the Boardwalk and is reputed to be a teller of fortunes. He was in deep meditation in an inner room burning incense, after the manner of his ancestors, who had been occupied more with spirituality than with mundane affairs. We could not wait long enough to see him. Spiritual meditation in India, is a long process of cleansing the body and the mind. At the end of it, it is said, the grossness of the flesh disappears, making it radiant, the spirit shining through the undefiled body. Wali-ul-Huq told me that this man was liked by the people. As we came out of the clean little alcove, leaving two ladies to consult the magician, and beheld a great multitude of people in redolent health and spirits, I thought of this man, a little atom floating on the stormy sea of life, the billows of the Atlantic raging and beating against the iron posts and girders on which the tiny shop is built, following the mystic calling far from his home and friends. He left his home, perhaps it had not been a home to him. He left his friends, it may be, that they had proved fail

less. I hope he is happy. We returned to Philadelphia and said good-bye to the two boys and took the train for New York.

New York.—Our train pulled by a leviathan engine rolled silently into Pennsylvania station. It is a colossal structure and has many confusing sections and paths. One needs instructions from Cumæan Sibyl to find one's way out to the Elysian fields. The porters in America wear red caps. There are white men, Negroes and half-castes who act as porters. There are a few men from India who are in this occupation. These men earn a lot of money from tips. From the station we drove straight to Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. New York has four systems of transport; overhead railway, street cars or tramways and sub-way or underground railway. All these are driven by electricity.

The underground railway has trains running day and night. I do not know of any other country having such unceasing service. In the city also they have motor-bus service. In the bus and tramcars we find electric buttons, for the convenience of the passengers to stop the vehicles. The motor-buses do not allow passengers to crowd in. Standing room is not provided in these buses. In Europe it is a nuisance to travel in buses owing to the crowds standing between the two rows of seats. New York has a population of five and a half millions, of which, nearly two millions are Jews. They are an enormously prosperous community, and control the banks, the theatres and the moving-picture houses. They are wholesale and retail traders and own several big stores and thousands of houses and tenements. They wield great power in civic life and exert considerable influence on a certain class of politicians. They know that money has prodigious value, it gives honours and friends. They are Americans yet not of them, and like rooted iceberg show distinctive features above the water in the sea of American life. The Jews who are

less affluent have formed a colony. They call this colony ghetto. There are, perhaps, more Italians in New York than in Rome. They, too, live in their own quarter of the city and are not so thriving as the Jews. The Poles, the Greeks, the Russians and other Europeans jumble themselves together in different parts of the city. Broadway is a wonderful thoroughfare and about eight miles in length. In the evening it is brilliantly illuminated, looking gay and sprightly. We were asked to see Greenwich Village and the Ghetto. The denizens of these localities have reproduced the helter-skelter manner of living of their parent countries. But there is more sunshine, restraint and sobriety than we find in similar localities in Europe. New York has exuberance of spirit; it has also its soft, radiant, unobtrusive life of dalliance. New York is not only commercially and financially great, but equally distinguished for art, literature and philosophy. We accidentally met a remarkable man, Mr. Claude Bragdon. He is of philosophical turn of mind and of considerable spirituality. He is the author of "Architecture and Democracy," "The Beautiful Necessity" and other books in the series called Four Dimensional Vistas. He has also translated in collaboration with Mr. Bessaraboff a philosophical treatise, "Tertium Organum" by Ouspensky, a Russian, who came to Constantinople as a refugee, poor and neglected, and carried in his bundle this work, the result of his transcendent thought. It lay for some time among his other papers, unnoticed and uncared for, till he was discovered by an American, who brought his work over to New York and gave the translation to the world. The book commands a fair sale and the income, derived from the sale, is remitted to the indigent author, who has since gone over to London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over to this philanthropic country. Mr. Bragdon is a Hindu philosopher of the type of the Upanishadists and believes in

reincarnation. He is gentle in manners and mild in conversation. I do not believe he can ever be seriously angry. He loves India for its pure and lofty conception of man and follows the great master's precepts as closely as it is possible for a man living in the modern restless, bustling world. Mr. Bragdon took me to the flat of his friend Mr. W. Kirkpatrick Brice. Mr. Brice has a splendid library where I met him. He has noble presence and the reticence of a scholar. From the moment Mr. Bragdon introduced me to him his manner and talk became exceedingly friendly, and I felt, as I did with Mr. Bragdon, that I was in the company of an old friend. Mr. Brice has been a great traveller and visited India. Mr. Bragdon, he and I had a long conversation on intellectual and spiritual subjects embracing all the nations of the world. When we came to discuss the Indian problems, Mr. Bragdon, who knows most of the Indian students in New York, despaired of the country for, he said that the "Hindus" whom he met had always spoken ill of one another. He thought that it might be the characteristic of a low and effeminate civilisation. He also said, more in sorrow than in anger, that the boys entertained communal and provincial antagonism. His statement is surprisingly true and incontrovertible, for, in India itself we see these hideous features in the nature of the people. Mr. Brice invited Wali-ul-hug and me to dine with him two days afterwards, and I left him and Mr. Bragdon in his commodious flat and returned to my hotel late at night.

We had a letter of introduction from Mr. Ramendra Maulik to the Manager of Mergenthaler Linotype Company at Brooklyn. Mr. Reginald W. Orcutt, the representative of this firm, called at our hotel and drove us to the Works. Mr. Orcutt is a brilliant young man, well-read, much-travelled, with a mind stored with knowledge. The factory is a gigantic concern, and it took us well over two hours to go over the buildings.

As we took leave of the Manager and Mr. Orcutt, the latter invited us to luncheon at the India House near Wall Street. We found our way through the busiest part of the city to the India House. It is a pretty little, two storied house converted into a club. - When Great Britain had this colony, the commercial men used to meet in this house to transact business with India. Those rich merchants called this house the India House. The old inscription is still over the doorway. I was glad that the Americans have preserved the name. It daily reminds them of our distracted country, of the triumph of the new over the old and of the victory of knowledge over ignorance. Mr. Orcutt received us at the door and took us upstairs into the dining room, where several people were lunching. At the table he related to us his experience of the War and the peoples of Europe. He was in the Flying Corps, and with his air-craft flew all over Europe hunting down enemy machines; and at the time of Armistice found himself in Finland with a few British and French comrades. He was not less daring and capable than his European comrades. When they were returning from Finland there were a few Englishmen in the boat, whose boastings and superior airs were disagreeable and hurtful to men of refined disposition. Their conversation was so pompous and impudent that he nearly got into trouble with them. One of them gave him cheek with the observation that they would have to send a few war vessels to New York to bring the Americans to their proper level. Mr. Orcutt's grave, sententious retort "again"? made them wince. They did not speak to him for the rest of the voyage. After luncheon we came downstairs where we enjoyed coffee and cigars which are excellent in this country. He wrote out a letter of introduction to his father at Boston. Mr. Orcutt is a pleasant and trusty friend. In my opinion I should compare no blessing greater than a pleasant friend—*nīl ego contulerim jocundo sanus*

amico. We thanked Mr. Orcutt for his hospitality and the letter of introduction to his father Mr. William Dana Orcutt and said good-bye to him. After leaving him we went to Coney Island which is a fine bathing resort, where the daughters of Nereus lead the dance with "the Cerulean foam" of the waves whitening the sea and where the music-loving dolphins leap and whirl in the midst of the ethereal dances of the stars. There are innumerable small wooden huts which are let out to persons of moderate means to spend the week-end. These shanties are owned by the Jews. From there we went to see the statue of Liberty, the gift of the King of France. It is a colossal figure. We went up the Woolworth Building, 54 storeys high, the second tallest structure in the States. Wali-ul-huq, being a lover of music and histrionic art used to go to the theatres almost every night. I accompanied him on three occasions and was charmed with the acting and singing. There were one or two first class London companies which drew large audiences. The other evenings kept me engaged in writing down my impressions. We drove to the flat of Mr. Kirkpatrick Brice to be present at the dinner. He received us with the calm cordiality of a sedate scholar. Mr. Bragdon was in the company. After dinner, we sat in his beautiful library, where we discussed philosophical subjects and the greatness and meanness of human mind. Our host and Mr. Bragdon are not tainted by politics of the inexact and unconscientious politicians. They have both drunk plentifully of the clear, tranquil stream of the Bhagabat Gita and spoke highly of two translations of this great work, one by Mrs. Besant and the other by my cousin, Mr. Mohinī Mohun Chatterji. They are so saturated with the peaceful and practical doctrines of the Bhagabat Gita, that they have come to believe, that the universal recognition and acceptance of its principles would considerably moderate the ferocious and inhuman constitution and tendency of

mankind. From a distance a cat may loom like a tiger; from the other hemisphere it may appear to them that the Bhagabat Gita has influenced and shaped the character of the Hindus. Castes, untouchability and image worship are incompatible with the spirit of the Gita. In order to release the mind from the limited conception of God and to enlarge it, Vyas offered a prayer of exquisite beauty in these words.—“Thou art ineffable, yet we sing Thy praise in hymns, Thou art omnipresent, yet we make pilgrimage, Thou art without form, yet we worship Thee in form; forgive us these three sins that we daily commit.” What could be more emancipated and universal than this sweet supplication. There is only one spot in India, the Temple of Juggernaut, where the shackles of castes fall off, where people, stern and unbending and boastful of caste outside the temple, have to mingle and eat with men and women of all castes, high and low. In the days, when poverty was not a crime and money was not the stamp of rank, the members of each and every caste enjoyed complete social freedom; its poorest member was entitled to receive the same consideration and treatment as the wealthiest of them, no one could dare place him below the salt. All this is changed. We examined the theory of *Karma* affecting the destiny of a race or of an individual. Mr. Bragdon stressed the argument in its support with his own experience of reincarnation. I could not subscribe to the idea of former and future births; I am convinced that in the scheme of life, mankind is influenced by the doctrine of Cause and Effect. Man's good or bad action, his good or bad thought react upon his course of life. Good action brings him reward, evil action causes him pain. Purity of thought gives comfort to the mind, wicked thinking causes suffering in the mind. It is human experience. Disguise it as we may, it is an inviolable truth that man feels exalted when he does or thinks kindly, and feels lowered and sickened when he

acts or thinks evilly. This is Buddha's prescription for the sorrows of mankind. For 'discovering the cure for the diseases of the body and mind, Sidhartha, throwing aside the adornment of life, left his palace, his wife and child. He reasoned out things, never permitting ignorant emotion and deceitful imagination to cast a shadow over his reason; and by the hard intellectual process of thought and observation, achieved and offered to mankind what he had left the beauty and charm of life for. He laid the injunction upon mankind to hold inquisition over its own acts of commission and omission and thereby to reach a decision favourable or adverse to itself to correct its conduct. Knowledge and civilisation are indispensable conditions to get into a frame of mind like this. The world has not been nor is now, sufficiently educated and civilised to withdraw for a while from the hurry and scurry of the plodding, toiling world for self-examination. The Church of Rome, be it said to its credit, has instituted a system of like nature. Its priests and laity go into Retreat once in a year to take stock of their deeds and misdeeds. But the Church puts them within the enclosure of its own walls shutting out the vision of the world outside of it. One cannot go into Retreat and come out of it, chastened and refreshed, without being a member of the Church. It is a narrow idea, the reverse of Buddha's injunction which embraces the world, irrespective of the latitude or the longitude and of the religions and dogmas. These topics were raised in the assembly of Americans who deliberated upon them; and yet the jealous and petty-minded world tells us that the Americans are so immersed in money-making occupation that they have neither the inclination nor the time to reflect upon the higher things of life. Mr. Barnhardt came after dinner and joined in the conversation. He is an artist and a man of culture. There is an admixture of gaiety in his temperament lightening his intellectuality. Mr. Kirkpatrick Brice has brought back with

him a miniature Taj Mahal in white marble, a souvenir of his visit to Agra and showed it to Wali-ul-huq and me with a tinge of pride. Mr. Kirkpatrick Brice's hospitality and simplicity of manners and taste are delightful. America with its knowledge, culture and immense wealth is more unassuming and artless than Europe. The gorgeous East, like the stupid bird of Juno, displays its feathers and tries to deceive the unwary world. The peacock conceals behind the bright plumage the black bird—the raven of ignorance, squalor and destitution. We took leave of our host, and Mr. Barnhardt and we took the elevator down. He invited us to take our seats in his fine automobile and gave us a lift to our hotel. We thanked him and parted with the expression of our mutual pleasure of having met in this great town.

In the Hotel the English have a permanent place of meeting. It is euphemistically called "The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge Club." They have lectures on various subjects and on the component parts of the British Empire. I fancy that the graduates from these ancient seats of learning from England also periodically assemble to introduce the students and professors of the Universities in New York into the Arcanum of Oxford and Cambridge learning and manners. Is it not that manners makyth man? The English are earnest practical politicians; and finding the people of New York dull and apathetic in the great game of politics, have undertaken the unselfish mission of instructing them in the art and practice of it. During our stay one of the assistant managers of the hotel informed me of two meetings which the Club had convened. We could not attend any of them owing to pressure of engagements, and besides I was not sure of gaining newer knowledge than what we have had in India—a leaden discourse on politics, a plethora of vainglory and vapid literary rhodomontade. On each floor of the hotel

there are servants in attendance. One afternoon when I sat down to write my experiences the chamber-maid, an Irish woman, came into my room with a message. As she was on the point of leaving, I asked her to tell an attendant to bring me a pitcher of iced water. Her answer took me by surprise. She said to me with a look of contempt, that she would not speak to these rough and rude Germans. I had to leave my work to speak through the tube which was fixed on a table at the head of my bed. One of the fellows came in with the water and a tumbler. He had a sombre look and a gruff voice, and knew just enough English to understand and answer simple questions. A stay of few years in this cuntry will reconstruct him and smooth the angularities of the old world.

Waterbury.—Mrs. Henriette Beardsley and her son Herbert Lewis renewed the invitation which they had given in Korea and Japan and wrote to us to be their guests in Waterbury in the State of Connecticut. At the station Mr. Herbert Lewis Beardsley met us with a friendly smile and appeared pleased to have rediscovered us in his own country—a country immense in extent, beautiful in natural configuration and breathless in activity; Korea and Japan seem tiny patches in the great panorama of this wonderful country. He took us in his automobile to the beautiful home of his mother, who welcomed us with her unaffected kindly smile and looked thankful for their return from the wanderings, unattended by dangers or troubles. But we had still to go through our adventures before returning home, unnoticed and unsung. Herbert Beardsley conducted us on the first floor into our respective rooms which became the home and castle for a couple of days. Mrs. Beardsley and he drove us to the golf club where we sat down to an excellent dinner, amidst glorious verdant surroundings and in the blessedness of kindly human feeling. The golf links extend over a chain of hills and are about the best I have ever

seen. Golf is popular and fast becoming a national game like Baseball. In some of the States there are private and public links; the latter are owned by the States which exact a few cents from the people using them. It is a nominal contribution which the lovers of golf cheerfully pay. It is much in advance of Europe and Asia. The imperial-minded Americans, who would like to lead the country back into classes and castes in imitation of monarchical countries, and to rend the constitution to pieces, have no love for the social and political freedom in the States. But as I have said above, they are nonentities, a mere cipher in the vast roll of self-respecting democratic population. After dinner we reached Mrs. Beardsley home and went over to the house of Mr. Harry J. Beardsley, the eldest son of our hostess. Mr. Harry Beardsley is an Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law, in large practice in Waterbury. He has a charming home and two little charming boys. In the drawing room, Mrs. Harry Beardsley, without strangeness or stiffness in her manners, received us with cordiality. The Attorney was exceedingly kind and natural in according us welcome. Their two little boys with quick eyes and intelligent faces forgot their sleep and sat up to listen to the stories from the jungles of India. We had to coax them to retire to bed and to dream of good angels. They are lovable children. On the next day the Attorney and Mr. Herbert drove us over to Waterbury Rolling Mills, of which their second brother Mr. Fred B. Beardsley is the Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. Fred was quite as courteous and kind as the other brothers. He showed us sheets in scroll and bars which the machines had turned out, afterwards taking us to his brother-in-law's factory which turns out what we call German-silver. He presented us with two spoons made of this material as a keepsake. We caught him in his shirt-sleeves taking a final survey of the place for the day. He was affable and open-hearted.

We visited Mr Harry Beardsley's office and chambers. The office has a staff of clerks for doing the solicitor's part of the work. We sat in his chambers adjoining to the office. The bookshelves were loaded with legal text books and reports, in his chambers he looks up the authorities, consults the text books, and holds conference as counsellor or barrister. Mr Harry Beardsley is an old scholar of Yale University and a man of culture and erudition. He is a fine character. Being of the same cloth as ourselves he commenced to address us as brothers. In his mother's sitting room he called in Mr Darragh de Lancy, an intelligent clever young man, representing one of the important daily newspapers, published in this city, and asked me several questions relating to social and religious problems and Gandhi's reform movement.

Gandhi's wonderful personality has drawn the attention of the American people to divers problems of India. Gandhi has given them the animated picture of its life. What distressed them most was the case of untouchability and of the religious quarrel between the Hindu and the Mussalman. They wished to hear the painful story from living voice, and were so genuinely sympathetic that I had to relate the doleful tale of the religious and social situations of the ancient country. I told them of the rigidity of the castes, of the stringent rules governing the Hindus in regard to food, of the almost universal practice of vegetarianism among the touchable classes, of the mild and yielding temper and physical weakness and want of fortitude and pluck of the Hindu races, I told them of the physical strength and fanaticism of the Mussalmans, of their intellectual deficiency and mental surrender to the words of the Koran, and of the indifference of the entire population to scientific knowledge. The people of India, having the gods continually in the mouth, have become slothful and are incapable of obtaining a fair and decent livelihood. They have a sad,

solemn look and never a smile, and have forgotten to laugh. The domestic life is pensive and restrained, precluding expansion and expression of heart and mind. The social and domestic ordinances have been so severe in laying down the etiquette, that the people have lost the faculty of innocent gaiety. It is said, that there was a sea weed found on the shores of Sardinia, which was of a poisonous quality, and occasioned death to those who tasted it, producing hysteric affection, resembling laughter. The home and society order us to laugh sardonic laughter. They were bewildered. But when I said to them that Wali ul huq was a Mussalman and I was a Hindu they were taken aback, and Mr Harry Beardsley ran out of the room to call his mother to tell her the surprising fact that a Hindu and a Mussalman were travelling together like brothers. Mrs Beardsley, her sons and Mr de Lancy looked happy and expressed their delight. Mr Harry Beardsley told us of an institution called 'The Imperial Council of the Ancient Arabic Order and Nobles of the Mystic Shrine'. He is a member of this Order. Mr de Lancy took leave of us and put the faithful account of the interview in his paper. He is a young man of veracity and has been trained in honest journalism. Mr Harry Beardsley wanted to know if we would like to meet the Governor of the State of Connecticut, who lived right opposite to Mrs Beardsley's house, on our expressing the desire to meet him, he immediately telephoned to the Governor enquiring if he would be at liberty to see us, he telephoned back saying that he was about to leave to attend an urgent meeting of the Executive Council but would at once come over to Mrs Beardsley's house to meet us. He crossed over, met us on the Italian verandah of Mrs Beardsley's house, warmly shook hands with us and told us what the urgent business was about, in the most natural, open and simple manner. We were impressed by his alertness, intelligence and political acumen. He

expected a great opposition at the meeting. The opposition did not frighten him, on the contrary, like an old war-horse, holding the neck and head high with distended nostrils, stamping the ground, sniffed the impending battle. We wished him victory. He regretted that he had to go away and could not spend more time with us and wished us good luck, ran down the steps like an athlete and nipped into his car driving off like an ordinary private citizen. This is democracy *par excellence*. It is incomprehensible that such men, being so democratic in ideas and practice, could support a party of imperialists who dominate and exploit far eastern countries. But human nature is paradoxical; that is the reason why there is so much disharmony among nations. Mrs. Beardsley took us over to the house of Mr. Fred Beardsley to meet her daughter-in-law. Mrs. Fred Beardsley received us with great kindness and as they were going out of town for week-end, we had to cut short our visit. We thanked Mrs. Beardsley for her great hospitality and graceful sentiments. In saying good-bye to her, I told her in sincerity, that the kind and generous treatment that we had received at their hands and from her countrymen, whom we had met in our journey through the States, had obliterated from our memory the unfavourable and pernicious impressions which the philistines and hypocrites of the world tried to create in our minds. The mother and the sons assented sympathetically with gentle, modest nod. Mr. Herbert Beardsley and our *confrere* Harry Beardsley whisked us off in their cars to show us the Yale University which is half-way between Waterbury and New Haven. Mr. Harry Beardsley took us into the dining-hall. It is a spacious hall, simple in decoration, resembling a monastic refectory. It is a residential university, an immense building; and some portion of the university has the appearance of a cloister. The students of this university, coming under the amiable influence of this seat of learning, are sure to acquire refine-

ment and imbibe the spirit of peace. They saw us off at the New Haven Station and in bidding us good-bye, Mr. Harry Beardsley told Wali-ul-huq, to act up to his 'Arabic name. *Amici sunt donum cæli*, and we parted from our friends. We returned to New York. On the next day I went to see Mr. Richard J. Leies, of Warren Street, the representative of the Landis Machine Co. I had introduction from Mr. Primo, the Manager at St. Louis, requesting him to show me Mr. Klein's shoe repairing business. Mr. Leies obligingly took me over to Mr. Klein's shop, where I found people waiting for their boots and shoes being repaired. It did not take more than five minutes, seven minutes at the outside, according to the nature of the repair, to finish the work. Mr. Klein began his life with a single shop and now is the proprietor of fifteen depots. He told me that labour in India was so ridiculously cheap and time was of so little value, life being infinitely less strenuous there than here, that the machine might not be favourably received. He showed me everything in his place and came up to the door and said good-bye. On the way, Mr. Leies told me that Klein put all his money which he had received from his father on this venture; and it was only possible for a big-hearted Jew to have staked his all on such a hazard. Klein had to work with his own hand, having had one assistant to aid him, and now he is a wealthy man. Our young men live poor and ragged life, because they look askance at manual labour and humble beginning. In this country no work is derogatory to a man. In India, the young men fret and fume and chew the cud of disappointment, and either lead an ignominious, idle life or

a false standard of presnige It is for the young men to strike at the root of the evil, to emancipate themselves by being independent and self-respecting, otherwise they will have to mourn for ever in sackcloth and ashes They must make up their mind and act, for a people that passes the time in consultations, hesitations and complaints is afflicted with incapacity and impotence I have broken my silence, by silence Amyclæ was lost We took a last look at brilliant Broadway and left for Boston

Boston —We arrived here late in the afternoon and took our abode in Hotel Lennox It is a beautiful city and in many respects has the aspects of old European towns The city proper is half a mile from the district, where the hotels and big residential houses are situated I telephoned to Mr William Dana Orcutt, who invited us to meet him at the Back Bay Station on the following morning to take us to Plimpton Press I went to the station at half past eight in the morning and saw, among others, two men with golf sticks waiting for the train There was some little cmbarrassment in recognising each other I looked at them, they looked at me, and in the twinkling of an eye Mr Orcutt and I moved towards each other and made ourselves known The young man in his company was introduced to me as young Mr Longmans, a member of the well known publishing company of London The press is an extensive building Mr Orcutt put us in charge of one of his assistants to take young Longmans and me through all the departments We first went into the compositor's room and were told that most of the workers were educated men and women, and the proof-readers, some were doctors of philosophy or of science, some were masters of art or of science, to whom we were introduced, were engrossed in their work They are affable, scholarly people We then went to the printing department, from there to the book-binding department, where everything was done by machinery

The machines are like the arms and fingers of human beings, possessing more deftness and precision and working with greater rapidity and efficiency, as though animated, and gifted with intelligence. It was a wonderful sight. Longmans, the publishers, have some of their books printed in this press. Young Longmans was here on business to see to the printing of their books. Business conducted by educated men, unhampered by social and religious restrictions, brings together different races and nations of mankind. It helps people to travel abroad to understand each other, and in many instances furthers international alliance. Outdoor games are also an auxiliary to international concord and good will. I returned, thanking Mr. Orcutt for his courtesy and good nature, they started for the links to play a friendly game. In the evening we had a visit from a countryman of ours, Mr. Syed Hossein. He had been for some years in this country. In New York, Wali-ul huq had communication with him and wished to meet him. It was arranged between them that the meeting would take place at Boston. Syed Hossein is a brilliant man of letters, a fine speaker and writer. He has emancipated his mind, having cut a few knots which the Koran has twisted and tangled, suppressing intellectual and social progress of men and women of Islamic faith. Besides intellectuality, he is endowed with strong common sense. He entertains great regard and respect for American women, whom he places high above European women in worth and character. He has lofty and affectionate regard for Gandhi, and spoke with affection of his country, his native Argos. An arrant knave or a brazen fool injures his country for a title or gold. I had not met Syed Hossein before, his conversation and manners charmed me with delight.

We went out to see the sights in the sight-seeing car, and passed through Charles Town, named after

King Charles II of England to Bunker Hill. It is close to this hill that the last decisive battle was fought and lost by Britain. The guide, like all the guides in this country, made the journey interesting and historically instructive. His description and illustration were admirable. He told us that Boston's another name is Tea Party, in memory of the sinking of the ship load of tea in the harbour of Boston. The greed, the stupidity, the frenzy and mania for prestige and the want of knowledge of human nature on the part of British politicians of those days, had lost this rich and magnificent country. Identity of language and race cannot rise superior to self-respect, honour and independence of mind. Brothers fight brothers, sons quarrel with fathers, Romans fought against the Romans on points of honour. No two persons are the same, either in body or in mind. Men of intellect are ruled by ideas and possess noble self-esteem, these become part and parcel of their very nature, which if scorned at, will stir up violent anger bursting asunder even the most intimate ties of kinship. When people leave their mother country and settle in foreign lands, they enter into larger life and thought and evolve new political and social ideas and new conception of humanity, and looking back upon the past life in the home lands, they perceive the difference between the two lives and become elated with joy at the fresher and ampler manner of living and mode of thought. The liberal environment in the new country causes great mental and physical changes, producing an estrangement from the old order of things. Besides, the United States are composed of different races of Europe, influencing each other and turning the country into a harmonious and homogeneous whole, in mental attitude vastly different from the European races.

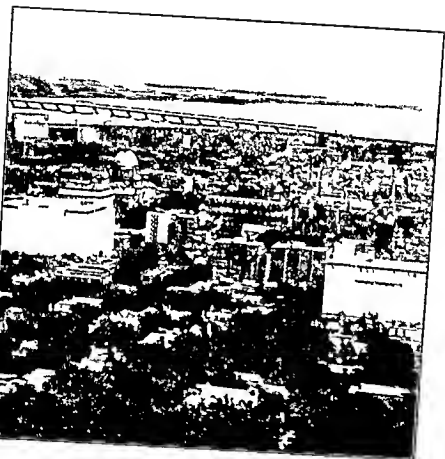
We passed through Harvard University and stopped at Arlington where Hawthorn, Longfellow, Emerson and other eminent writers and thinkers had

their homes. The beauty and quiet of the place gave them inspiration and humanised them. The natural scenery such as Arlington possesses could alone rouse humane feelings which these immortal men have expressed in their literary works. The din and smoke of a city can only produce half-civilised thoughts. From Arlington we were taken to a village where a sanguinary battle was fought. The villagers left their ploughs in the field, rushed into their homes, took up their unused guns and stood on the bridge, fighting against the British soldiers to beat them back to the sea-shore. At the foot of the bridge they have put up a statue in memory of the brave farmers, who turned out of the peace and simplicity of their homes to drive the enemy from the last foothold of the country. Near by, there is a grave of two unknown British soldiers, who fell in the midst of a beautiful, rural scenery, here they have been honoured with a simple monument, adorned by the flag of their country, flapping in the gentle breeze and keeping their earthly remains in mournful company. The generous and human victors have carved a sad and sweet inscription on the stone over their grave. There is a line full of deep pathos and significance and laden with the changed spirit and thought of the victors:—"They left their home and mothers and came to put the past upon its throne." It is the disavowal of the past, the spirit of the new that guided the country then. Even now, the people have the fresh and progressive ideas of matter and mind, which are constantly unfolding themselves casting wholesome and genial influence over the country; and if they keep to their new, brilliant and straight career, putting aside the mouldy ideas of the past, they will exert exalted and peaceful sway over mankind. In the Naval Dockyard we were taken on board the Frigate and shown the old guns mounted as they were then. The old ship rides at anchor in the dock majestically, proud of its achievement in the historic naval engage-

ment. On our return journey we saw the great technological institute, a branch of the Harvard University, standing on the banks of Charles River. It is one of the best technological institutes in the country.

In the hotel, the manager, a cultivated middle-aged man, had many friendly conversations with Wali-ul-huq. He regretted his country's participation in the war. He is a man of large human heart animated by the spirit of the constitution. We shall always remember his courtesy. In Washington Avenue, two young ladies sold me a few pamphlets on ethical subjects. They were college students earning money during the vacation, to meet the college dues. It is a country of self-respect and independence. In the morning we left this terminal seaboard city of the United States for Montreal in Canada. We bade adieu to the country and its people of smiling faces and innocent laughter and guileless talk, "casting a longing, lingering look behind." We shall ever keep green the memory of the generosity, the frank cordiality, natural courtesy and friendliness of the estimable men and women we have met during our sojourn. I earnestly hope that the present generation of men and women will transmit unsullied the brilliant lamp of the beautiful life to the next age that is to succeed it.

Montreal.—At 8 o'clock in the morning we took our seats in the train fairly crowded with passengers. The train passed through a fine stretch of the country. At Itherville we had to show our passports and crossed a magnificent bridge over St. John's; and at seven in the evening we arrived at the beautiful, extensive station, resembling those of the United States. Here too the porters wear red caps. From the station we went straight to Hotel Windsor. The hotel has its cafetaria, dining hall and other appointments after the fashion of the hotels in the States. The women attendants wait at the tables in the cafetaria and the men in the dining hall. The population of Montreal is for the



Montreal from Mo nt Royal

ost part French. They have become bilingual people. All public notices and advertisements are written in French and English. In point of language and diversity of population it is analogous to Switzerland where they speak and write three languages. The French out here are big-bodied, deeply religious, taciturn and a sedate people. I have had opportunities to speak to them in their language. They love France but not her politics or politicians. They love Paris and the great cities of France but not their ardent and exuberant ways of living. The Frenchman in France lives too fast and thinks extravagant thoughts and loses himself in brilliant, impractical ideas, and weakens himself in the hard, competitive and bellicose world of Europe. He squanders his intellect and energy in a world inhabited by barbarous, rude people and by races with a civilisation redeemed by refinement and culture. The French Canadians are a stalwart and prolific race, the French in France are slight, diminutive and sterile. In intellectual and inventive faculties the French in Canada may not be their equals, but it is an open question. We went out hunting in a four-in-hand Char-a-banc to Mount Royal through the extensive grounds of McGill University. The university is built on a fine site and is famous for medicine and surgery. It is as good as any in Europe and in the States. Its researches in medical and surgical departments are notably sound and up-to-date. The driver of the vehicle was a finely built young man, born of English parents, who had emigrated to this country. He combined the two functions of a driver and guide. His queer and rambling talk and vague manner was curiously odd and roused us into the consciousness that we were in a country of local option and freedom of action. Those of us that had occupied the last two benches could not hear a word of this worthy driver's explanation. Amongst us were several ladies; two of them sat in the immediate neighbourhood of the

driver. He tried to describe the objects of interest to please us but failed in his attempt, his speech becoming a drawl, his tongue sticking to his lips. As we struck into the interior and the horses strained their muscles to climb the Observatory Hill, and the man struggled to enunciate his words, all on a sudden the coach stopped, and two of the ladies got off with a look of disgust. The poor women had to trudge a long distance back to their hotel. After this incident, the man gave up the duties of the cicerone and attended to his own avocation and safely landed us on the summit of the hill. It is a beautiful situation and the prospect all around is gorgeous. There is a refreshment room as also a curiosity shop. The things therein were tempting to a *bon viveur* or a collector of curios. On the return journey we were taken over a different route and halted at the celebrated fur store of Messrs. Desjournains & Co. We walked in and saw a magnificent exhibition of fur and fur garments. It is a huge repository, where persons having surfeit of wealth and prizing Lydian life could with ease, in a short hour, rid a portion of it, such is the enticement of the place. India has a large, lazy, luxurious, effeminate and imitative population for whom, skilled men with an eye to business can profitably import some of these articles from this shop. We came back to the hotel without further *contretemps*. After dinner we set out for a stroll in the city. Outside the taverns and tap-rooms, the negroes of both sexes indulged in repulsive license of life. Their ungoverned passions and unclean indulgences in public were loathsome. We have just arrived here after a long stay in the country of slavery, where common sense, and the knowledge of human nature have passed the law against alcoholic drinks, testifying to the desire on the part of the legislators to keep the life and society free from moral corruption and decay. But, here, we are staying in a country of freedom, of emancipated politics, of wonderful

cathedrals and of the appurtenances of creeds. Alcoholic drink with its associated evils has formed an adjunct to the equipage of European civilisation and can only prosper in such surroundings. The United States, before it was lashed into slavery, could have competed with Canada in the unsightly representation of foul and immodest life. We found the States much better off under the so-called serfdom. In the Province of Quebec the general run of the people are agriculturists. Land has been given to them and we find big and small farmers living in contentment and happiness. There are no poor in the country. In England and Germany land is not free. The poor cannot get it and they remain needy in the midst of wealth; *magnas inter opes inops*. Sir William Butler, who knew human truth and possessed the force of love, tried to communicate the moral laws to the rulers of countries, in his fascinating and humane autobiography, quoting an utterance of Napoleon regarding happiness dwelling in a cottage and some acres of land, remarked, "that it is the only true wealth of men and of nations. Man under modern dispensations has been graciously permitted by his masters to go back to the land only after he is dead; I think if they would permit him to do so during his life and allow him that cottage and some acres of land, things would not be so bad in our world." We met two young men, at the station in Montreal, carrying on porter's job wearing the insignia of red caps, one hailing from Madras and the other from Nepal. They are students in McGill College of Medicine and told us that they enjoyed all the facilities and amenities of collegiate life. Both of them are clever and sharp lads. It was the vacation time and they were pulling in a few hundred dollars to pay for the expenses of their education. Canada is so greatly influenced by the United States in regard to democracy that the porter's profession is not scouted or contemned. The boys work hard in the College, are cheerful, and inspired

by hopes and radiant life expect to enter as pastors into Arcadia. My best wishes are for their success in life. They told us that the Canadians tried to discriminate between the swarthy folks from India and the Negroes, but all the same they suffered under the indignity of colour. It is a terrible problem and deeply rooted in the foundations of life. Civilisation has fruitlessly endeavoured to solve it. The question had been first posed at the time of the Indo-Iranian civilisation; and the riddle of this immortal sphinx remains unsolved to this day. In the meanwhile, catastrophic mental changes are taking place among the coloured peoples. They are out to fight the white races for their repugnance and antipathy to the colour. Is it the truth that colour is the badge of inferiority and slavery? Or is it that colour is a mere accident in the physiology of life? The stately movement of the coloured races against the mighty white races is full of pathos and tragedy. The heroic attempt to try conclusions with the masters of this earth, for expelling vanity out of them, is as touching as the valiant effort of the dwarf going to war against the giants filled with conceit. The world mocked at him, the dwarf, armed with the verity of life, turned to the mocking world, tossed back words of defiance and threatened to shake the earth, its empty pride, its meanness and baseness in its face. Are the coloured races incapable of making progress in physical and chemical sciences or of having dominion over them? We went to see the Lachine Rapids. It is weird and fine to look at. There is a power station built on them for generating electricity, which serves the city and its suburbs. The Canadians have got and push in them and turn every natural resource into profitable use. The people and the Government of India, stuffed with literary knowledge and undigested sciences, perpetually wrestle on the political arena before an empty stadium, neglecting the vital questions relating to the food and comfort of the gigantic population of the

country. What is the use of the gladiatorial contest or the bull-fight in politics, when modern civilisation, holding aloft the standard of social and intellectual freedom for men and women, is knocking at the gate for entrance; when science is clamouring for its application to various industries in the country? Innovation has to be made in accordance with the spirit of the time. Tradition has to bend before the ascendant necessity of the present age. It is a progressive age of science and education, which are the foundation of modern democratic civilisation. Throughout the world, unclean men for selfish ends and transient fame play the foul game of politics, disregarding the true interests of the vast population of working men and women. In the countries embarrassed by antiquity and traditions, worth means wealth and the poor are despised. The United States and Canada in a great measure, are free from these evils. Humanity is much cleaner and sweeter in these countries than in Europe and Asia, excepting Japan. Canada is as progressive as the United States. These two countries constantly introduce changes, breaking with the past, for material and spiritual advancement. If Canada could get rid of the drinking habit and pass a law, compelling people, to abstain from drinking, she would undoubtedly be on the same spiritual level as the United States. Europe potters round its old method of life, swollen with pride of tradition, which has lost its brilliance and gold in the new world of constant changes and unfolding of human brains. The Eastern nations lie at perfect rest in darkness, like the pearl in its shell at the bottom of the great roll of the sea of life. Pearl oysters in their native beds have no worth; they have to be fished, the pearls have to be taken out of the shells and exposed to the gaze of the world for appraisalment. These marine bivalve molluscs have no inherent merit and excellence in them; it is the world that puts the value on these humble forms. The progressive world has not set any price upon the Eastern

people, for they have not forced themselves out of their shell, being content to live in obscurity with false pride of the past.

Quebec.—Quebec standing on the magnificent St. Lawrence makes a pretty picture. At night lit up by electricity it looks beautiful. In many parts the inhabitants only speak French. Catholicism is the dominant religion and we do not hear of religious strife between the Catholics and the Protestants. Man of any religion or of any dress or of any colour can freely travel throughout the length and breadth of this country without the fear of personal injury or insult. In uncivilised countries in Asia one carries one's life in hand, expecting an ambush at each turn. Education and freedom of women on modern method are essential for civilising and refining the conduct of men; for, it is the mothers who bring up and guide the children for good or for evil. In unlettered countries the children grow up wild and vicious.

We sailed for Glasgow in the Canadian Pacific vessel *McTagama*. She is a well appointed, comfortable boat. The commander is a delightful man. He told Wali-ul-huq and me all about the icebergs, their habitation, movements and course. He has written, which is in manuscript, a clear exposition on this natural phenomenon and lent it to us to read it. The chief steward, a North Scotsman, is the incarnation of politeness and good humour. He looked after us with great care and was always anxious to please with his light, good-natured talk. He placed a South African man at the table with us. The man, when he came to the table looked shocked at the sight of us, and sent for the chief steward to put him at another table. He was given a seat at the other end of the dining saloon at a separate table and sat alone. The chief steward did not like the unseemly behaviour of this man, and paid more attention to us in consequence. The South African man, with his deep prejudice and contempt for the natives of India,

took us for the relatives of the coolies in South Africa or thought that we had escaped from his jurisdiction. After the breakfast we came up on the deck, and were discussing the anti-alcoholic legislation in the States and its effect upon the life of the people with a few Scottish ministers of religion, who had gone to the States to study the question at first hand. They are estimable men and filled with the desire of purifying society in Scotland. The South African man sought us out and tried to explain his abrupt conduct at the table. He aggravated his offence by telling an untruth that he had spoken to the chief steward to assign to him a seat at a table with his friend. I gave him the cold shoulder. The man came once a day to have a chat with Wali-ul-huq on South African politics and used to nod to me with politeness. There are men in India, aspirants for honour and power, who would submit to personal and national injury and pass it off with laughter. These are mean-spirited and tainted men like Philocrates and Æschines, who were notoriously sordid and recreant. This infirmity is congenital; it is only the external sign of deeper-lying malady and reveals the poisoned root of degeneracy. Everywhere in the United States, we were treated with equality and graceful behaviour. The passengers in this boat were nearly all Scotsmen and Scotswomen, returning from Canada or the United States. We had also a few men and women from the north of Ireland, returning to the Orange Lodge, a storm centre of religious and political hatred and animosity. The flower of civilisation can hardly blossom in all its beauty and graceful tints in that land of mental and intellectual ferocity. The flower droops and fades and loses many of its magic petals. The experiences of the clergymen in regard to the mind and attitude of the American people agreed with ours. The bulk of the people have accepted the law with cheerfulness. The Americans are sensitive to taunts, which are constantly

flung at them by the Europeans, and a small minority stung by the sarcasm show impatience toward the law. Surreptitious manufacture of alcohol had been carried on by the men who had not surrendered their apparatus to the Federal Government. They had kept them concealed. The New York State is the greatest offender, for before the present legislation, the Governor of the New York State permitted the people to brew beer and distil alcohol. The majority of the brewers and distillers have given up their plant and follow the law, and a few refractory people carry on the business in secret. It would be putting too much strain upon the language to say that the country in the main has not accepted the prohibition with readiness and good humour. The Europeans seem to make a mountain of a mole-hill, and are apt to exaggerate things which stand in opposition to their cherished ideas. The ministers were in agreement with these thoughts. Their campaign, however vigorous, against this plague of civilisation would be fruitless. They would have to contend against the ignorance and selfishness of vested interest. Vested interest is a kind of Nematoda, a group of free living forms and parasites, dangerous to the health and peaceableness of life and is hard to be brought under rightful control. On our voyage in the North Atlantic we passed several icebergs of different shapes and sizes. Some had the appearance of Acropolis on a smaller scale; others resembled small bungalows. They seemed rooted into the sea, immobile; fifteen feet of ice was visible above the surface of the sea, and the commander of the ship informed me that between forty and fifty feet of ice would be under the water. These icebergs are as hard as steel and in their mad career, should they come in contact with vessels of whatever size and draught, would break them into pieces and sink them. They are beautiful to look at from a distance in a motionless state. There is a seduction and coquetry in their appearance, as terrible as the art of

Ligystian Circe that turned men into swine, but these lure men to change them to sea-deities. The commander having had long, perhaps sad, experience of the art and fascination of the world did not yield to the alluring stratagem of these beautiful objects. We glided past them. Our boat stopped a while in the Irish coast to allow the Irish passengers to tranship.

Glasgow.—As we entered the Clyde the ship-yards were idle and still. The ship-building was at a standstill. The men were without occupation and looked glum. It was an unmerciful sight to see men and boys standing in the street corners and in the wharves with hands in their pockets in cheerless mien. The war has been a curse to the labouring men who suffer privations to the uttermost and descend into the gloom and sunless life with void in their hearts. The political and theological ferry-men ply their cars, chanting the hymns of gratitude to the forces which have been prodigal to them, and try to comfort the poor people, who have had to bear the burnt of their selfish actions, with soft, limpid words signifying nothing. No scientifically civilised nation should have the poor in its midst. The time will soon arrive when the poor will begin to ask the reason why, then the fat will be on the fire. President Hardinge once said, in dealing with the problem of labour, that it would be better that one man should run after four jobs than four men should run after one job. The words are pregnant with deep meaning and truth. We saw the universities and the technical and engineering colleges. The head-porter, who is an instructed man, told us that there were a number of Indian boys on the roll of the engineering college who could not get practical training beyond what they received in the college. He gave us the reason, the Scotch boys having come back from the war got the preference. From Glasgow we went on a trip to the lochs and the trossach. The blue waters and the blaze of purple heather and the sheen

of the white ones combined to make the scenery magnificent. The whole trip was enlivened by the conversation of a kindly, cultured Irishman. We left him at Callendar. Civilisation, culture and humanity set no boundaries between man and man. It is the half-savage, half-educated and half-human people who erect a wall of steel between man and man. We encountered no wall of any description in any country throughout our tour. India puts up many fences and ramparts between its own peoples and between themselves and the outsiders. There is one enclosure which galls a cultivated man, and it is the political impenetrable hedge. Political Europe and America have dug deep and wide trenches around them against humanity, but the moat sometimes shrinks making it possible to ford it. But Hindu castes and untouchability and Mussalman bigotry and fanaticism are the walls of granite which never even wrinkle.

Edinburgh.—We came to Edinburgh, the intellectual, beautiful and clean city. I revisited Scotland after a quarter of a century and found all the cities considerably altered and expanded. Man is always destroying and constructing. From an artistic point of view the changes did not appeal to me ; but nature in the lochs and trossachs and in Bens, has remained kindly, sweet and placid. Its peacefulness compensated for the feeling which came over me at the sight of the innovations.

We met on the *Metagama* one of the directors of Dobbi & Co., the well-known horticulturists, who invited us to visit the place. Mr. Taylor, an affable and kindly man, took us over the immense gardens and beds of flowers of infinite variety and colours, acting as a walking teacher of botany—*soloitur ambulando*. After showing us over the vast place, he took us near the tomb of a rich Scotsman and pointed out to us two pieces of marble slabs with ancient Roman carvings on them. He told us that he was a wealthy man and purchased these exquisite stones in his life time for placing them on his tomb.

The vain man lies buried underneath it in a remote and solitary part of the city, unfrequented by the sight-seers. These pieces of stones with his name inscribed on them deserve an honoured place in Edinburgh's museum of Arts. This man, Mr. Taylor told me, left relatives who had stepped into his possessions; and half in seriousness and half in irony, told me that his relatives had gone away from Scotland to live in England after the manner of wealthy Scotsmen. The great Dr. Johnson once said that, "the noble prospect of Scotsmen was the high road to England." The shrewd remark remains true to this day.

London.—We left Edinburgh and arrived in London where I have a few stanch friends, who are always pleased to see me, and treat me as one of the household. One of the chief blessings of life is to possess a friend. Mrs. Holyoake Marsh, Arthur and Reginald Prail, Miss Emilie Greening, Sir John G. Woodroffe and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Anderson have been true friends. Times are changed but they have not changed with them.

Mrs. Holyoake-Marsh and her great father George Jacob Holyoake, the Prails and their parents have been the sweetest and kindest of friends ever since my student days in London. In that far away season of life, their refinement and sympathetic and natural human conduct exerted profound influence upon my mind. Never for a moment, I felt *dépaysé*. Miss Greening and her noble father, E. Q. Greening were, in like measure, friendly and hospitable. Poor, dear man died when we were in the States. Another old landmark in life has been removed. I deeply regret Mr. Greening's death.

*Sit tibi terra levis, tenuem et sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocus et in urna perpetuum ver.*

Sir John Woodroffe invited Wali-ulhuq and me to Oxford where he is the Reader in Indian Laws. He was staying in the Guest House waiting to get into his own

residence. The Guest House is a superior kind of boarding house; but the English middle class have mosaic minds, instead of calling a thing by its proper name, they would paint a bright ring round it to cover up its humble origin. There was an American staying in it. Sir John and Lady Woodroffe received us with the same degree of cordiality and open air as they had shown us in Calcutta. Sir John has been for many years a genial and kind friend. A scholarly man of simple habits and a lover of Indian philosophies, he has translated several books on *Tantras*, a branch of Hindu philosophy, and written learned commentaries on them, and with money and organisation rescued them from neglect, for they were on the brink of perishing and falling into everlasting oblivion. The work of preservation initiated by him is still in progress. He has been thirty years in India without losing the gold of character unlike the majority of his countrymen in the service of the State. He lived among a cringing, fawning people and never succumbed to their flattery and sycophancy. When a question was put to him, what beast inflicts the worst bite, Diogenes said, "of wild beasts the sycophants and of tame animals the flatterer."

The greater number of his countrymen deteriorate in character in India. They come fresh from the cramming workshops. Their intellect and learning are not of such high order and quality as they lay claim to, they are undoubtedly blessed with the progressive spirit and impulse of the scientific age, and dash and daring of a conquering race. In India, among the blind they are one-eyed kings, —*au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois*, or to put it more elegantly, in a country where there are no trees, the pigmy castor plant assumes airs of distinction of a tree,

Nirashṭa pādāpay 'dayshay,
'Ayrandopi drumayatay.

Sir John was clean-minded. In his relations with men, he did not practice the art of diplomacy, and kept himself from being lost in politics. His words were of weight and sincere. His countrymen, immersed in politics and surrounded by crowds of self-seekers are condescending and high-browed and patronising; their words are lighter than the falling leaves, the wind bears them wherever it chooses. As a host he was perfect. He made every man on a level with himself whom he admitted to his table. His guests received equal honour and were never labelled according to the rank.

Wali-ul-huq and I lunched with them and their eldest daughter. Their cordiality was uniform. After spending a couple of hours in agreeable conversation, we took leave of them. Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lyon, whom we had met at Nikko, had not then returned to Oxford from their tour round the world, and we were sorry to have missed them. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson are charming personalities. They have wealth, learning and culture and do not let their high fortune obtrude itself. Mr. Anderson has made his fortune in England in the teeth of fierce competition. It testifies to the character and worth of the man. They have three clever high-souled sons. Norman L. Anderson, the eldest son, is a fine character with practical mind; he is witty though a Scotsman. Norman and his brother Collin were in the Great War and thrice wounded. They think nothing of the incident, regarding it as a mere bagatelle. Men of such grit and daring are destined to rule and guide the backward races. Like most Scotsmen their parents have settled in England and forgot their ancient home. Poor Caledonia!

Venice.—We came to Venice and stayed in Hotel Luna, where we found a large number of German tourists taking life easy. Venice, its fascinating stench and poor population brought to my mind's eye the brilliant life of the New West. The contrast is stunning. The mean,

age-old environment has held these people in the vice and pressed the spirit out of them. They slouch and draggle in their humble clothes, in the narrow streets, in St. Mark Square and alongside the Palace of the Doge. These people are the type of European poor, the dupes of unsympathetic and clamorous politicians who gaze beyond the sea, neglecting to look at the human condition within the country's boundaries. To all appearance they are physical and mental wrecks. Poverty has killed the human in them and they have lost all understanding. In despair and in vague expectation of receiving a reward, they play the chorus to the noisy and artful politicians, who with the aid of the theologians, knowing that the uneducated and half-educated people are, like women, disposed to yield to those who know how to stir up the passions to please them, lead these people by the nose and hold out hopes of better manner and circumstance of life. All this is cruel and tantalising, for the hopes can seldom be realised in the present state of social and political temper and thoughts. But as soon as these waifs and strays are transported to the United States, their hanging appearance disappears and they put on svelt and upright gait and air.

We left Venice and came on board S.S. *Pilsna*, one of Lloyd Triestino's vessels sailing for India. After putting my things in order, I came upon the deck and looked at the wharf and the workers standing in groups, and cast my mental eye beyond it and thought of the miseries of the poor in Europe, the result of unprogressiveness and absurd adherence to ancient customs and traditions.

As I stood gazing on the blue waters of the Adriatic and caught the sound of the waves gently lapping, with musical cadence, the sides of the ship, all the races passed in review before me. I saw the dignified Chinese, weighed down and victimised by famine, ignorance,

superstition and the insane ambition and selfishness of their rulers, with pleading eye, begging for liberation. The Mongols and the Manchus, with imperturbable faces, joined in the awful dance of death ; the Koreans, with the stamp of the old world civilisation and gentle manners quietly attending, on the completion of the training in self-government by the kindred race, to take up the reins of the administration ; the Japanese, self-respecting, progressive, hard working and artistic, watching silently and calmly the drift and trend of the modern world ; the American people, the outcome of a harmonious commingling of the European races, instinct with the advancing spirit of democracy and animated by the love of peace and the tired of war, standing like Colossus with the right arm stretched, holding in the hand the ancient symbol of peace—peace, which is the best blessing on earth and for which it is worth a thousand triumphs. Then followed to the rear the mimetic tribes of the world, the ugly mannikins, decked in purple and gold, striving to copy the customs and manners of Europe, which have become readbare and out-at-elbows, uttering outworn shibboleths of society and politics and vying with each other to snatch the laurels, and like pierrot in loose long-sleeved robe, tumbling and throwing summersaults to the amusement and delight of the spectators,—

*O imitatores, servum pecus, ut mihi sæpe
Bilem, sæpe iocum vestri movere tumultus."*

The spirit of the East, it is the spirit of my country, followed me throughout my wanderings and was luring me to my native land. The siren call was irresistible. In all the assemblies of men, in every part of the world, I was given a place only as the inheritor of the sublime philosophies, preached thirty centuries ago. I had no other credentials. The genius of my country sustained me with the truth and doughtiness which are the peculiar essence of her philosophies.

In this reverie, with my face turned towards the East, the beautiful words of Horace flashed into my mind :—that little nook of earth charms me more than any other place, *ille terrarum mihi preter omnes angulus ridet.*

And the heavenly twins driving their chariot through the sky, under the eddyings of the stars, on the dark-blue wave of the sea, sending to the sailors a gentle and favourable wind, rode by us over the main to bring us home to our country ; and I planted my foot on the soil of Bombay.

The World Civilisation of To-day.

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BY

K. P. Jayaswal M.A. (oxon)

Barrister at-Law.

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